A·E·F·

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PROPERTY OF
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TEN YEARS AGO IN FRANCE

BY MAJOR GENERAL
HUNTER LIGGETT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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FOREWORD

In the preparation of the seven articles on the A. E. F. appearing in the *Saturday Evening Post* from April to July, 1927, I had the very able assistance of Wesley W. Stout, assistant editor of the *Saturday Evening Post,* as collaborator, which service is gratefully acknowledged.

This book is a publication of those articles—amended.

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A. E. F.

CHAPTER I

CONDITION ON THE WESTERN FRONT IN THE FALL OF 1917

A WAR began in 1914, of the complex causes of which we Americans knew nothing. We never believed that it could happen; we could not believe that it had happened; the only thing more incredible was that we ever could be drawn into it. Yet force of circumstances had drawn us in three years later.

There was glory enough to go around in the final victory. No one of the Allies—and yet each one—won the war. France and Russia put the most men in the field, shed the most blood, but Great Britain saved them in 1914 with her control of the sea and a small army, and thereafter bore an increasing share of the burden. Italy probably saved the day in 1915 by her entry on the Allied side; certainly if Italy had joined her former allies, Germany and Austria, France would have been hard put to defend another frontier. Perhaps Rumania feels that she saved the day in 1916 by her entry on the Allied side. Yet with the collapse

of Russia in 1917, the day had to be saved again. The Allies were losing very definitely from March to July, 1918. We have their word for it that their backs were to the wall and that they must have help, quickly and in force, or the best they could hope for—and that highly unlikely—was a draw.

INTO THE BREACH

We brought new money in the hundreds of millions to bolster the Allied finance. We tapped for them fabulous reserves of supplies. The moral effect of our intervention was incalculable. But none of these stopped the German the second time he came to the Marne. It was the 132,000 fighting men we threw into the breach that turned the scales in that crisis, in my judgment; and judgment becomes certainty when I say that it was the 200,000 men we had ready on July 18, and they only, that permitted Foch to strike back and wrest the initiative from the enemy. It was these men and more than 1,000,000 more in the same uniform that enabled Foch to retain the initiative from that moment until the German sued for peace only four months after he had been at the flood of his tide. The war ended when the American offensive in the Meuse-Argonne, the greatest battle in American history, after drawing in one-quarter of the whole

German Army and using up the reserves pulled in from other fronts, had burst on November 1 through the enemy's last lines in his most sensitive position, severed the jugular vein of his communications, the Carignan-Sedan railroad, and thereby broken the German people's will to fight longer.

It was not our war, to begin with. We were as innocent and ignorant of its causes, its offensive and defensive alliances, its balances of power, its spheres of influence, Bagdad, corridors and Alsace-Lorraines as was Uruguay. We hated and feared it. We asked and received no share in the vast territorial spoils.

But when this war, so alien and remote from us in 1914, was over, and by virtue of it, a momentous and unforeseen thing was found to have happened. The war had lasted much longer than any one believed possible, had been incredibly destructive of life, goods and capital. Now it appeared that the earth's center of gravity had shifted from the Old World to the New. The change was not merely relative, but positive.

It had not come about through our selling necessities to Europe at all the traffic would bear. It had not come about through raiding Europe's foreign trade while it was unable to protect its business, legitimate as both practices are by European precedent. The average American was worse

off materially from 1914 to 1917 because of the war. It nearly caused a panic here in 1914, and did lead to a protracted business depression. Later the Allies bought heavily enough of us to boom some industries and restore others to normal; but it was a spotty, unhealthy condition, and a balance struck in March, 1917, would have shown us to be a heavy loser.

THE BACKWASH

What really had happened was that the star of destiny, having been westward bound for many generations, finally had passed over the horizon of the meridian of Greenwich. Largely unperceived, we had come to equality with the world's greatest by 1914. We had finished conquering a new world and had consolidated our positions, and now we had, with our youth, our inventiveness, our economic isolation and our tremendous natural resources, perfected a new theory and practice of production, a new industrial society in which high-priced labor, working short hours, could outproduce and outsell European cheap labor, working long hours. We should have passed Europe anyway, but the war had expedited the process.

We may or we may not retain this eminence, but for the present we have it, and Europe's emotions are human and understandable enough. There is

bound to be so much anger, disillusion, chagrin and self-pity in the backwash of such a war to such a result; and Germany, whipped and disarmed, has ceased to be an adequate scapegoat. The Allies have about made up their minds that it is we who are to blame because we arrived too late. The same nations that implored us to come to their aid, which we enabled to win the war finally and to which we have lent hundreds of millions of our public moneys since the war to reëstablish themselves, now are asking us, as a moral duty, to restore to them the unrestorable.

We had led an isolated, self-contained national life up to 1914; so few of us knew what was meant by propaganda. When we bragged to foreigners or hid our dirty linen from them, we did so with the transparency of a child. From 1914 on we learned the meaning of propaganda; but after November, 1918, we thought to return to our former idyllic state. Germany having been subdued, we again asked nothing of the world except a pleasant smile. To our mutual regret, however, Europe now had more than mere neighborly approval to ask of us.

We have shown ourselves repeatedly to be a sentimental people. Perhaps if we could be made to believe that we paid in money while our Allies paid in men, we might be so overcome with chagrin

that we never should be able to speak of money again. A necessary step in this direction has been to minimize the contribution of the American Army to the winning of the war.

Did we parade some troops down the Champs Élysées or did we fight to decisive effect? I hope to tell here, as fairly and as simply as I know how, what our Army did do. I intend no stump speech, no counterblast. The French and British Armies had and have my cordial respect and admiration. I liked them, officer and man. I liked the French people, and it is difficult for me to believe that they—particularly the provincials of the Marne, the Aisne, the Meuse, the Oise and the Ardennes—do not still think kindly of us. They liked us when we were with them, and if their feeling has changed, it is because they have not been permitted to know the truth. I shall not attempt a history of the war or a history of the A. E. F.; the length and detail of the complete story would frighten the reader away—and the Navy, the finances, morale, politics and the rest are better left to some one else.

If we intervened to decisive effect, what was the situation that made our intervention decisive? The facts are not in dispute. All sides have printed their military records, the statesmen and generals have written their memoirs. They are recited here,

not for the purpose of making capital of our Allies' distress but to set the scene.

When we declared war on Germany, in April, 1917, the Allies had a distinct superiority of men and guns on the Western Front. Joffre had called a conference of the commanders in chief in November, 1917. The British fighting strength in France had reached 1,600,000 and more could be depended upon by spring. Colonial troops and a new class of recruits had brought the French, with the Belgians, to a fighting strength of 2,300,000. Against this Allied total of nearly 4,000,000, the Germans had only 2,500,000, in the west.

The French knew that their strength in the spring of 1917 would be greater than it ever could be again, and a general attack was agreed upon for the first week in February. The British were to assault between Vimy Ridge and Bapaume, the French between the Somme and the Oise and again in the Champagne Front west of Rheims. If advisable, the British were to follow up with further attacks in Flanders. The Allied high commands did not expect an immediately decisive result, but they had lively hopes of a victory before the year was out, with the aid of a great Russian drive.

This plan never was carried out. Elements of the French general staff, distrusting Joffre's theory of exhausting the enemy's reserves, intrigued

with elements of the civil government at Paris who feared the cost in blood and were groping for some royal road to victory. Joffre was relieved, retired to Paris on half pay and given a marshal's baton. Foch's fine work in 1914 in covering the French withdrawal from Lorraine after Joffre's offensive had failed, and again at the St.-Gond marshes in the first Marne battle, had been dimmed by two costly failures at Vimy Ridge in 1915. Injuries in an automobile spill in 1916 offered a convenient reason for sending him off to the Swiss border on some empty errand. When he finished it he was retired on half pay in the midst of the war.

HIGH HOPES AND DARK DESPAIR

Meanwhile Lloyd George had come into power in England. Nivelle had a new plan of his own and he so impressed the new British Premier with its wisdom and his personality that Great Britain not only agreed to the changes but placed the British Army under Nivelle's general direction for the offensive.

The first result of the change was that the battle had to be postponed six weeks. Before it could begin, it was discovered that the German had used the respite to retreat from the whole of the Somme battlefield to a new prepared position of unprece-

dented strength thereafter known to us as the Hindenburg Line. The enemy had exchanged a poor position for the strongest yet developed in the war. He had shortened his front and increased his reserves, and he had utterly destroyed the region he had abandoned, even to cutting down all fruit trees and sowing the devastated region with mines and other traps of diabolic ingenuity. Finally, he no longer was where Nivelle intended to attack him. This involved a loss of three more invaluable weeks. Nivelle, moreover, had retained direct command of the French Armies, and with the British under his strategic direction, was trying to ride two horses at once. The campaign opened on April 9, however, with the highest hopes. The United States had just come in, and though no American troops could fight in 1917, the moral effect was prodigious. The Russians would strike Germany from the east in a great offensive, which was to prove their last. The Allies had in the west 108 French divisions, 64 British divisions and 6 Belgian divisions, against 128 German divisions; and the German retreat had at least given the Allies more elbow room in their most crowded corner.

Nevertheless, the offensive failed. The Allies took 62,000 prisoners and many guns and gained important positions in April and May, but at fearful cost, and they fell so far short of the high ex-

pectations aroused that despair and defeatism took the saddle in France. The Russian revolution would more than cancel American intervention, it seemed. Agitation for a Socialist peace conference at Stockholm became insistent and the delegates demanded their passports. The notorious daily newspaper, *Le Bonnet Rouge,* subsidized not only by Germany but by Joseph Caillaux, and by Louis Jean Malvy, a member of the French cabinet from the outset of the war, was distributed free in the trenches.

PLENTY OF TROUBLE AT HOME

At the very time the American Army was beginning to arrive in France, soldiers returning from the trenches were being harangued openly by agitators and it had been necessary to detour troop trains returning from the Front away from Paris, so clamorous were the men for peace overtures. Finally mutiny appeared in 118 battalions, including some of the finest troops under the tricolor, and was subdued only by turning French guns on French soldiers. Strikers rioted in Paris and labor troubles spread through the country. On May 15, Foch had been called back to active service as chief of staff, with extraordinary powers, and Nivelle had been replaced by Pétain in command; but de-

featist propaganda did not cease, and it was not until November that Clemenceau came into power, Malvy and Caillaux were charged with treason and Bolo and other German agents executed. This left the British to bear the brunt of the war in the west for most of the year. They battled through Flanders all summer to such effect that the Germans were unable to exploit the near debacle of the French. It was said that in July the French had no division on which Pétain could rely to attack and carry through successfully. It was not Pétain who said it, I am confident. If he believed it, he kept it to himself, for more than any other one factor, it was his personal work with his men that rallied the army's morale. By fall he was able to retake all the ground lost at Verdun the year before and to throw the enemy off the Chemin des Dames, but it was done only by choosing such narrowly limited fronts, making such painstaking preparations and insuring such an overwhelming preponderance of guns and men that failure was hardly possible. These successes, in turn, further restored the French Army's faith in itself.

The British meanwhile still were up to their waists in the horrible Flanders mud, and in mid-November they broke the new Hindenburg Line at Cambrai, one of its strongest points, by a surprise attack led by tanks. The Germans were in

a bad way for a moment, but Byng lacked the reserves to press his advantage. Italy had met with disaster at Caporetto and six French and five British divisions had been hurried to the rescue. They arrived too late, inasmuch as Italy had held at the Piave, but conditions were such that the eleven divisions were kept there. The break through at Cambrai slowed and stopped; then enemy counter attacks with new tactics won back much of the lost ground.

When the year ended, losses had reduced the French from 108 to 98 divisions, the British from 64 to 59 divisions, all much lowered in strength. British recruiting and drafts were not beginning to replace casualties, and France was near the end of her man power, though Clemenceau combed the *embusqués* out of government offices and other swivel-chair jobs and called out the 1919 class. The collapse of Russia now was definite. The new Russian red government was parleying with Berlin, but even if it should refuse the German terms, a few divisions now would take care of any eventuality in the east, releasing thirty to forty divisions, to give Germany a vast superiority in the west.

REPORTING AT HEADQUARTERS AT YPRES

There was one bit of good fortune on the Allied side, not then perceived. Had the great German attack that was to come in March, 1918, been launched from the old position rather than from the Hindenburg Line, to which the enemy had retreated in March, 1917, the Germans would have been in Amiens and have driven a disastrous wedge between the French and the British on the second day. That retreat, caused by British successes on the Somme in 1916, may well have saved the Allies from defeat in 1918, before we could aid them in force.

Paris and London were not unduly discouraged. The prevailing feeling was that if a distinct Allied superiority in 1917 could not accomplish much against the German, a 300,000 German superiority in 1918 would accomplish no more. The American Army would begin to appear in force before the summer was out. Meanwhile the German was to be permitted to wear down his greater strength in butting his head against a strong Allied defense until the coming of an army from across the Atlantic should permit the Allies to regain the initiative.

This was the situation in my early months in France. I was one of fourteen commanders of new American divisions, then being mobilized and

trained in camps at home, who were sent to France in September, 1917, to inform ourselves at first hand of what was in store for us. We were scattered about among various transports to insure that enemy submarines should not bolt us all at once, I being on the *Finland,* with other general officers, my chief of staff, Colonel Malin Craig, and a regiment of field artillery commanded by Colonel Locke. My division, the Forty-first, had been transferred from Camp Fremont, California, to Camp Green, North Carolina. I had seen it there only one day. It was composed of National Guard units from eight Western states and the District of Columbia, and was the fifth division to reach France.

General Pershing and his staff were in Paris, and two divisions, the First and Second, already were in France. We debarked at St.-Nazaire, which our engineers already were beginning to transform from a minor port into one of the world's great sea terminals, traveled through a countryside seemingly populated only by women in mourning and German prisoners at work, reported to the commander in chief in Paris and were assigned at once to sectors from the sea to the Vosges Mountains. I was ordered to Ypres. We had left our commands so hurriedly and traveled so fast that most of us had lost all contact with our baggage.

Mine did not overtake me for a month, and it was in the light marching order of one uniform, an overcoat and a kit of toilet articles that I reported at the headquarters of General Gough's Fifth British Army, not far north of Ypres, in early October.

THE AMERICANS SIT IN

Nothing that I had read—and I had read everything to which I could lay hand—nothing that I had seen of our own locally celebrated Virginia clay, prepared me for the unbelievable ground over which the British were fighting. The American Army encountered mud in the Argonne, but not in the Flanders sense of the word. One false step off the duckboards and you were engulfed to the knees. I knew at last what Napoleon meant when he named mud as the fifth element in war. The bulk of the British Army had been here since the fall of 1914, when the German had been thrown back to the Aisne. Ever since then the British had been attempting to turn his flank to the north without success. The country had been pounded and churned by shell into soup. It was flat, with low ridges fifty to sixty feet high, and the rains this year had begun unprecedentedly early and were incessant.

The German held the Passchendaele Ridge. On

July 31, Haig had opened the third battle of Ypres with the intent of driving the enemy from the ridge and gaining artillery command of the plains beyond, leading toward Ostend and Zeebrugge. If successful, a combined naval and land attack was to be made against the German submarine bases on the Belgian coast. In preparation, the British took over the Belgian coast sector near Nieuport from the French, but before the British could adequately prepare this narrow strip with the Yser River at its back, a German attack captured the east bank of the river.

This was a bad start, and now the rains set in as they never had before in August within memory. The new German elastic defense, with its thinly held front zone, its concrete pill-box machine-gun forts and determined counter attacks as soon as the attack had spent its first force, took a bloody toll of the British massed infantry for every yard of gain; but most of all, the British transport bogged down and foundered in the ghastly mud. They had just reached the high ground between Broodseinde and Becelaere when Malin Craig and I reached the Front.

The depression of a long day's travel by Amiens in a cold driving rain was removed instantly by the warmth of our reception by General Gough and his staff. Taken in as part of the family and made

LT. COL. P. L. STACKPOLE
PERSONAL AIDE-DE-CAMP

GEN. MALIN CRAIG
CHIEF OF STAFF. FIRST ARMY CORPS AND THIRD ARMY

to feel at home at once, we had the honor of being present by invitation that evening at a conference of corps commanders of the Fifth Army, where the immediate status of the drive on Passchendaele Ridge was freely discussed and orders were framed for the next day's work. The high hopes of shaking the German loose from his U-boat bases, with which the drive had opened, already were certain of disappointment, but no one of the corps commanders or the staff let it appear for an instant that operations were not proceeding as successfully as reasonable men might expect. The splendid optimism of these officers was reflected in the ranks. The dogged cheerfulness of the British soldier was the most heartening symptom of the Allied cause that I saw in France in 1917. It is so in war; the atmosphere at headquarters, when it is as it should be, is the bulwark of army morale. Let headquarters shake its head in the morning and the whole army droops before night.

In acknowledging receipt of a copy of my book, *Commanding an American Army,* Field Marshal Sir William R. Robertson wrote me on June 22, 1925, in part: "I am gratified to see that you pronounce the British to have been optimists. It is difficult sometimes now to be one, but in course of time the world may shake down."

It was a delightful and an invaluable experience

to meet these fine men and hear each report on what had happened that day on the front of his command, and to suggest what was quite certain to happen to-morrow. The meeting wound up with a general discussion of how much time the United States would need in preparation and when we might expect to take our place on the Western Front in force. We then left for our destination, the headquarters of General Fielding's Guards Division near Elverdinge, where we met the division staff and were assigned to billets.

With characteristic freakishness, the weather changed abruptly at dusk, the skies cleared and it became much colder. At mess, our British hosts told us that we were in for excitement before morning, as the enemy's night bombers always were out in force when the sky was clear. The promise was kept. The distinctive drone of German motors was heard at midnight, and from then until dawn we had a concentrated dose of the newer war.

There was an important munitions dump immediately back of our billets and at the terminus of a narrow-gauge railroad. The enemy had located it by day presumably and now returned by night to destroy it. Each plane carried four bombs to a trip. Four violent explosions, a pause, then another series of four. More than one hundred bombs were dropped and all missed. All the while

a little narrow-gauge engine continued to fuss up and down the track, shunting cars. As each quartet of bombs went off it drew an answering salute from the engine; four blasts of high explosive, four ridiculous peeps from the peanut-roaster-like whistle of the toy engine. In the language of the A. E. F., he was giving the enemy "the birdy." The spirit of the British Army and an Irish sense of humor both were in that engineer, and I was glad that a bomb did not hit him and his fussy little teapot. By pure accident, one set of bombs blew up a picket line of fine horses.

TO BATHE OR NOT TO BATHE?

A soldier soon grows used to shelling, but I never adjusted myself to night bombing. A shell arrives, hits or misses, before you know it, but there is too long an interval of suspense between the threat of a bombing plane and the dumping of its load. At breakfast I discovered that our messmates took the night's show as a matter of course, but they were furious over the killing of so many fine horses by chance, for the enemy could not have known that the picket line was there.

With the dawn had come the batman who ministers to the comfort of the British officer. Your batman always is an old soldier and an efficient

one. Ours was, I thought, too efficient, for on this freezing morning he left a tub of ice water, soap and towels beside my bed. I had a tremendous cold, and no overweening fondness for ice baths when in the best of health. Whether to forfeit the respect of the batman or to risk double pneumonia was the question. Had he remained close by, I should have had no choice, but he left to attend to my chief of staff—to prepare, I hoped, a similar tub for him. In his absence I splashed the water about until I had made a good showing, used a bit of it on my face and hands, crumpled up the towels and took care to leave the soap wet.

Something—perhaps a guilty conscience—told me that I did not deceive the batman. As he removed the débris a shadow of reproach crossed his sternly disciplined face. Presently my chief of staff appeared rubbing his hands briskly in imitation of a man fresh from an exhilarating toilet and inquired most solicitously about sleep and bath. Had I enjoyed both? Then he remarked that in this war frankness and honesty were greatly to be desired and that he knew very well that there had been neither sleep nor bath for either of us.

We went to breakfast with a renewed faith in an army that began each day with such a voluntary ordeal.

When we had paid our visits to corps and division commanders, we enrolled as students and went at the job of learning all we could. On November 3, after we had left the Front, the British finally took the village and ridge of Passchendaele. They paid more for it than they could afford, more than it was worth in itself, but they had no choice. They had to dingdong away, for Italy was all but out of the fighting and the French were just returning to it.

Five months later, in March, this British Fifth Army, still commanded by Gough, was all but destroyed by the opening German offensive of 1918, through no fault of its own. That is admitted, but were the facts not so well known, I still should know that they did not fail. I knew them pretty well before I left them.

The first thing I determined to my own satisfaction at the Front was that a general officer has nothing to learn in the front line. He should know every inch of his ground and know it well, but in modern war on the scale that it was fought in France, the nearer one gets to the first line, the less one sees. The perspective is smothered in the close-up.

The fundamentals of warfare remain the same,

but the application changes constantly, and under the forced pressure of three years of desperate fighting, human ingenuity had devised many new aids to killing and perfected old ones, a great deal of it known to the American Army only by hearsay. All of them, however, were and are dependent for real effect upon the closest association with infantry and artillery. Many were of enormous assistance to the infantryman, but none or all could replace him.

The British had come to France with one machine gun to 500 infantrymen, but by now there was one gun to 20 infantrymen. I remember a debate at the War College, as to whether infantry regiments should be equipped with four or with six machine guns. I felt and said, the more the better; but the machine gun of the time was imperfect. It overheated quickly and had a habit of jamming when it was needed most, hence the limited faith in it. The American Army used the Hotchkiss, bought from the French, until our Brownings arrived. The Browning was the most dependable and foolproof of all—French, German or British.

Under the stimulus of war, European aviation had left our own remotely behind. The newest in air tactics and equipment was apt to be obsolete in six months. When we came in, aerial warfare had

not long emerged from the knight-errant stage in which the rival pilots flew over one another's lines and challenged to single combat. They had a code of their own and fought a gallant war, but one with little relation to the operations beneath them. It was the more practical but less knightly German who taught the Allies, by example, to fly in formation both for their own protection and for the opportunity it presented of ganging lone crusaders. At this stage the airplane had almost no offensive value beyond chasing away enemy observation planes and balloons and protecting our own, but already it was the eye of the army; yet a layman might fly over the enemy all day and have nothing worth telling to report when he returned.

Like most American soldiers, I knew next to nothing of the new art of camouflage. There was a camouflage school attached to General Holland's First Corps. One afternoon a sniping instructor took me to his practice field, a flat pasture of several acres, with an occasional rock or tuft of grass higher than the general level of vegetation. Leading me to the center of the field, he asked me to look about carefully and tell him if I saw anything that did not appear to belong there.

"I think I do," I said, after a long glance. "I suspect that stump really is a sniper in camouflage."

"Right," he confirmed. "Do you see any more?"

I have good eyes, and they were better in 1917 than they are now, but I looked long and hard and saw nothing except Nature's handiwork. When I gave up, the instructor made a signal and twenty men leaped up from all about me. Their clothing blended in color with the dead grass of autumn, and headdresses of grass and other foliage did the rest. The Germans were equally skillful, and death was the penalty of carelessness in the front lines even on quiet days. The entry of the airplane had made it equally necessary to conceal battery positions, and the skill with which guns and caissons were camouflaged was such that I could not see them until I was upon them.

TWO LINES OF TRAINING

From the British I went to General Messimy's division of the French First Army to the north in front of Houthoulst Forest. Messimy had been a French Minister of War and had asked for a command in 1914, saying that any able-bodied politician who remained in Paris deserved to be shot. In this position between the British and the Belgians, operations had ceased for the year except for periodical trench raids and daily airplane strafing. His were seasoned troops, brought up from

the south to protect the British left flank in the drive on Passchendaele, and if disaffection had touched them, it was not apparent to me. The French is and always has been a democratic army, but at no sacrifice to discipline.

Though the British had permitted defensive trench tactics to overshadow open war offense, as we saw it, in their training, they still were proceeding on the theory that the rifle is the primary arm of infantry, and I found them bearing down hard on both marksmanship and bayonet fighting. They told us that the commonly accepted report that the enemy had no stomach for cold steel was correct. In contrast, the French seemed to be in grave danger of forgetting that they had rifles and bayonets and that trench warfare would not go on forever. I found them giving every minute to hand grenades, rifle grenades, the Chauchat automatic rifle—which our men called the Shoo-shoo—and the Stokes mortar, all developments of trench warfare. I spent some time at a large French training school, where they were attaining a wicked accuracy with all.

The technic of the hand grenade was simple—pull the pin, count "1-2-3," throw with a free arm swing, and at "5" the grenade exploded in or immediately over the enemy trench if aim was good. The American soldier expected to excel with the

hand grenade by virtue of his baseball prowess, but we had to unlearn the baseball throw first of all. The grenade was not a baseball and the enemy trenches were not home plates. The rifle grenade was merely a heavier bomb, fired mortar-like from the regulation rifle by a cartridge. At ranges of 200 to 300 yards the French were deadly with it. The Stokes portable mortar served a like purpose at ranges of 200 to 500 yards with a heavier missile. A shotgun charge propelled the three- or four-pound shells and the French learned to load and fire with such machinelike rapidity that one mortar would keep a string of shells in the air.

THE FIRST ARMY CORPS

The Chauchat rifle was a cross between the army rifle and a machine gun, fired from the hip. Unfortunately, the French excellences in these seemed to be at the expense of the rifle. I was told that the enemy was beginning to show himself with impunity at rifle ranges opposite the French, who quite often were supplied only with grenades and mortar ammunition.

Nothing impressed me more than the excellence of the British transport. I knew their splendid care of and skill with horses, and I was prepared for the extent to which the motor truck was used,

but their light railroads opened my eyes. Using a track gauge, locomotives and light steel such as we see on construction jobs in America, they laid them quickly over all but the most difficult terrain, carried them almost to the front lines and took an enormous burden off the highways.

I returned to Chaumont in early November, stopping in Paris long enough to be measured for a change of clothes, and went into the staff departments to learn what I could there; to study the areas assigned to the American divisions soon to come, particularly that of my own, and to watch the training of the four divisions now in France—the First, Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second. Early in December all the touring generals were ordered home to bring over their commands. At Bordeaux, the morning I was to sail, a wire from Chaumont called me back, saying that my division was about to sail.

With six divisions in France on January 15, orders were issued for the forming of the First American Army Corps, of which I was given command. Accordingly I moved to Neufchâteau in the Vosges Mountains, began organizing the First Corps staff and took over administrative command of the First, Second, Twenty-sixth and Forty-second, which were to be the line divisions of the corps. My own Forty-first was to be the base and training

division and the Thirty-second—Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard—the replacement division. These, with corps troops, headquarters and staff, would total about 200,000 men.

But almost immediately we adopted the French system of corps command under which an army corps consists of its staff, certain technical troops, the corps artillery and such divisions as happen to be on the lines at the point to which the corps is assigned—a more mobile and adaptable organization than our own. My men of the Forty-first were distributed among six divisions, the bulk of them, 12,000 each, going into the First and Second, in the gallant battle records of which they were to share.

The first now was in the line north of Toul, the Second was preparing to enter the line south of Verdun, the twenty-sixth was training at Neufchâteau and assigned to the Chemin des Dames, the Forty-second was scheduled for the Lunéville-Baccarat sector shortly, and the Thirty-second, which had been changed from a replacement to a combat division, would appear later in the Belfort region, all quiet sectors and all under French tactical command, to learn the feel of the front line, how to man the trenches, how to relieve, the business of bringing up supplies, assignment to billets, intelligence, signal corps and liaison work, and all the

complex business of trench warfare. Though they were not yet ready to take care of themselves, they were beginning to permit the release of French divisions to Foch's reserves.

Their French instructors did not regard them as being adequate as yet to trench raiding, nor did the French care to stir up the enemy with such irritations. On both sides, the lines had been garrisoned by tired troops from active sectors, and there was an implied agreement to avoid harassing one another beyond a few shells thrown over at the same time each afternoon just to show that the war still was on.

Our advance guard insisted, however, to the mild annoyance of the French and the greater objection of the Germans, on hostile excursions into the enemy lines in which we lost a man or two and brought back an occasional prisoner.

THE GERMAN PLAN

In Alsace, where I went later to inspect the Thirty-second around Belfort, I found the villages still intact, a tacit understanding not to shell one another with high explosive having existed since early in the war. Shrapnel only was in use, and that reserved for such irresistible targets as an occasional motor car of staff officers. In that long

stretch from the eastern edge of the St.-Mihiel salient to the Swiss border, where the war had been static since 1914, there were many places where civil traffic went on as usual, children played between the lines and German and French sentries walked their posts within pistol shot of each other.

Already the First, Second, Thirty-second and Forty-second had good serviceable staffs. The Twenty-sixth's headquarters was not so well off. A number of its original staff had been promoted to other duties and a reorganization was in progress.

Colonel Malin Craig, who had come with me as chief of staff of the Forty-first, now became my chief of staff of the First Corps, to my great good fortune. He had been an old associate of mine in the War College faculty and had asked to be assigned to me as soon as he learned I was to have a division. I could not have asked for a better; and knowing his ability, I gave him a free hand and charged him with full responsibility in selecting his section chiefs and otherwise building the machine. An army-corps staff is divided into three sections: G-1, in charge of administration and personnel; G-2, in charge of military intelligence; and G-3, having to do with operations and training. We also had a G-4, which functions with the Service of Supplies. This properly is a field-army staff

division and was transferred to the First Army when it was organized. There also is another staff, purely administrative, composed of an adjutant general, chief signal officer, chief air officer, chief medical officer and chief engineering officer, each with as many assistants as needed.

As I had given my chief of staff a free hand in selecting his section chiefs, he gave them like freedom in choosing their assistants and held them to a like responsibility. I demanded of all not only ability and loyalty but harmony, and let it be known that the first trouble-maker would go. I also demanded that they relieve me of all detail, the first function of a staff, permitting me to concentrate entirely on my job as commander. Once or twice it was necessary to confer with chiefs of section on minor matters, but I was able to give virtually all my time to watching the training, equipment and supply of the men in line with the French, looking to their comfort and morale, and to studying the ground from the Argonne Forest to the Vosges. From first to last, the First Corps staff was a harmonious family and I always shall believe that there never was a better. That opinion draws support from the fact that it was transferred to the Third Army as staff of that unit when it marched into Germany.

We come down now to the opening of the great

German attack of 1918. The Russians were out and Italy was marking time after Caporetto. Two new German armies were created, one under Otto von Below from Italy, the other under Hutier from the Eastern Front, and most of the other army commanders were newcomers from the east. Great captures of guns on the Italian, Russian and Rumanian fronts, and German cannon released there, gave the enemy an equality with the Allied artillery.

In February, the Reichstag indorsed the German plan, explained to it in secret session by Ludendorff and Hindenburg. Whatever the Americans might or might not be able to do eventually, the Reichstag was told, they could not reach France in force for six months at least. Before then, probably in four months, Germany would have destroyed the British Army or forced it back across the Channel, then beaten France to its knees, and American intervention would be too late. This might cost as high as 1,500,000 casualties, but victory was certain if nothing was spared. All Germany was convinced and enthusiastic.

Ludendorff had no geographical objective; he was not aiming for the Channel or for Paris. What he intended to do was first to break the British right center, separating the British from the French, hem in the disorganized British Army be-

tween the Somme and the Channel and hold it there with relatively few troops, then turn on Pétain and destroy him with a series of hammer blows in quick succession. The general strategic plan allowed a wide latitude of particular objectives to be governed by conditions as they arose, but it demanded time-table dispatch and no breathing spell for the Allies.

A SELECTED ARMY

I say Ludendorff, rather than Hindenburg. The latter was the army's chief, the former his executive officer, but Ludendorff was the younger man, the greater organizer, more brilliant strategist, more resourceful mind; he was the greater in every respect but one—character. Hindenburg had character, which explains why he is president of the German Reich to-day, while Ludendorff is lost in obscurity. Military character, like all character, is best tested by adversity. When defeat was certain, Ludendorff resigned and, like his imperial master, left the country. Hindenburg was made of sterner stuff. He stayed at his post, held the army together as a unit until the last, and probably saved his country from a moral disaster as great as was its military failure.

The new German tactics of infiltration, first used with great success against the Russians by Hutier

and later tested and proved by Von Marwitz and Otto von Below at Cambrai and Caporetto, were to be employed. This German innovation called for troops to disregard their flanks and go ahead, letting support divisions take care of that detail. Objectives were unlimited and support troops were to follow closely, leapfrogging the leading elements when the latter became winded. There was to be only a short, intense artillery preparation, followed by a rain of gas on the enemy's rear areas, and the field artillery was to keep on the infantry's heels.

Instead of the old German mass attack, selected troops, with an unprecedented armament of machine guns, portable mortars and flame throwers, were to advance in loose order in successive waves. The best of Germany's army had been painstakingly combed out in early winter and removed to the rear for rest and training in the new tactics. These shock divisions were brought up by forced night marches at the last moment in great secrecy.

During the winter France had broken up 100 battalions. In March, Haig had 180,000 fewer infantrymen than he had had in March, 1917. Labor battalions drawn from the colonies and from the British Isles themselves were more plentiful than ever, but he was so short of fighting men that he had to reduce all his divisions from thirteen to

ten battalions in January and February and fill up the remaining ten with the demobilized three.

Since the previous summer France's demand that the British take over a greater share of the line and relieve France's dwindling army had grown in insistence. In January the British had to agree, and my old friends of General Gough's Fifth Army relieved the French on a front of 40 miles.

The British now held 125 miles of line with about the same force with which they had accounted for 80 miles of it two years earlier. They continued to keep a large force at home to resist an invasion that always had been improbable, and since the naval battle of Jutland, grotesque. They had other armies in Palestine and Greece.

Haig understood his peril thoroughly and pleaded for reënforcements from home and from the various British side shows. Political considerations prevented him from getting them, so, from January on, the Fifth Army held a front north of the Oise River just twice as long as its numbers warranted, and the best the French could promise was to extend their left to aid the Fifth if the attack came there, which the French were convinced it would not.

Gough had eleven divisions in line and five—

two cavalry—in reserve to protect a front of 72,000 yards. On his extreme right, three divisions in line and a cavalry division in reserve were given the task of holding 30,000 yards, this region being protected in theory by the Oise and its marshes. But the season had been dry after the unusual rains of 1917 and the marshes were much less formidable than usual. The British worked frantically through the late winter, attempting to offset this and other weaknesses with a deep and elaborate series of defenses heavily wired and bristling with redoubts, but the battle broke before they had prepared the final defensive zone.

The Allies knew the blow was coming and in great force, of course, but not when or where, and the enemy took pains to keep them in doubt. One of the first advantages of the offensive over the defensive is this element of surprise. Ludendorff feinted heavily both at Ypres and at Rheims and completely deceived the French, who still were bracing themselves for the shock in the Champagne when the British Front already was broken.

AMERICANS INTO THE BREACH

The German attack was soundly conceived and skillfully executed, the most adroitly handled movement of heavy forces yet seen on the Western

Front. As General Pershing said in his final report, "It cannot be said that German hopes of final victory were extravagant, either as viewed at that time or as viewed in the light of history."

Early March had been dry and sunny in Flanders. There was a heavy fog on the morning of March 20. The fog settled down again at night and at 4:45 o'clock of the morning of the twenty-first the German let go with every gun he could crowd into a front of 47 miles. The gas shelling reached 20 miles behind the British lines. Then at eight o'clock he struck with three armies from Croisilles to Vendeuil. Of some 190 divisions now in the west, 62—and all but 10 of these specially trained shock troops—had been set aside for this offensive, known, from its code name, as the Michael. Some 35 moved forward in the first wave under the cover of a perfect fog screen. The fog was heavier than ever the morning of the twenty-second and the Germans drove on.

By that night the thinly held lines of the Fifth Army had buckled and broken, the enemy was through the final zone and Gough was retreating on the Somme, to be forced across that river the following day. By Sunday the twenty-fourth, the day the Germans opened fire on Paris with their long-range gun, what was left of Gough's army was battling on soil untouched until now by the

war, and a motley force of American and Canadian engineers, labor battalions, school personnel, stragglers, auxiliary troops and every loose and whole man that could be found in the rear areas, was thrown frantically into the breach under the command of an artillery general returning from leave at home. The autumn before, the Eleventh and Twelfth American Engineers had been drawn into the battle of Cambrai, so the engineers have a double claim to the title of first of the American Army to fight.

The German attack had everything, even the weather, in its favor. I thought at the time, and still think, that under the conditions there were no troops in the world who could have stood to their work more gallantly than did this desperately outnumbered and outfated army of Gough's. They retreated with their faces to the enemy and with such stubbornness for four days that French reenforcements got up just in time to stop the enemy short of Amiens.

THEIR BACKS TO THE WALL

By a margin of eight miles, Germany had missed splitting the French and the British. Why the gallant and able Gough ever was blamed, I do not yet understand. He was not so blamed by his chief,

but by the civil authorities, who kept an army in England to repel a mythical invasion and other armies in the Near East for political reasons. Had Haig been given the reënforcements he pleaded for, Gough would have parried the German blow as Byng parried it, and the first of an ominous series of Allied crises would have been avoided.

A happy result of this crisis, and perhaps the only one, was the meeting of Clemenceau, Poincaré, Foch, Pétain, Loucheur (the French Minister of Munitions), Lord Milner, Haig and Sir Henry Wilson (the British chief of staff), in the backwash of the retreat in the village of Doullens on March 26 and their agreement on Foch as Allied generalissimo.

For three years the Allies had opposed German unity with disunion, and only a disaster of the first magnitude had overcome mutual prides and jealousies and political fears.

As Grant said of the Union Armies before he took command, they had acted "without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together." Even now the Allies withheld the title of generalissimo from Foch until April 14, when the overwhelming approval of the decision was everywhere apparent.

There had been no time to secure General Pershing's attendance, but our commanding general

immediately—March 28—offered Foch the American Army to the last man.

The Government of the United States, in fact, had urged such a move from the first, and when the Allied Premiers met at Rapallo on the Italian frontier in November, 1917, and created the Supreme War Council, usually known as the Versailles Council, Washington had proposed that the council be given executive authority. The French had been willing, but Lloyd George held back.

The German had lengthened his line by 25 miles by the wedge he had driven into the British Front. He had lost heavily, but had inflicted greater losses, and he could much better afford it. The aroused British Government hurried 350,000 troops across the Channel to Haig between March 21 and April 21 and recalled others from the Near East. On April 10, the British Commons raised the conscription age to fifty, extended it to Ireland and tightened exemptions.

For all this, when the Germans attacked the British-Portuguese Front along the Lys on April 11, intended by Ludendorff only as a subsidiary operation with a limited objective, the Portuguese division was destroyed and the British broke badly. With a great bulge effected, threatening the two vital British centers of Hazebrouck and Bethune, the agreeably surprised German threw in his re-

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

A LESSON IN FRENCH

serves and drove for the Channel ports. He was deviating from his prepared plan, but that was small comfort to the British.

Their straits may best be indicated by the order of the day issued by Sir Douglas Haig on April 11:

"There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end. The safety of our homes and the freedom of mankind alike depend on the conduct of each one of us at this critical moment."

In his order of the day, Lieutenant General Sir Arthur Currie was saying:

"Looking back with pride on the unbroken record of your glorious achievements, asking you to realize that to-day the fate of the British Empire hangs in the balance, I place my trust in the Canadian Corps, knowing that when Canadians are engaged there can be no giving away. Under the orders of your devoted officers in the coming battle, you will advance or fall where you stand, facing the enemy. To those who fall, I say, 'You will not die, but will step into immortality. Your mothers will not lament your fate, but will be proud to have borne such sons. Your names will be revered forever and ever by your grateful country, and God will take you unto himself.' "

These are portentous words, and neither Haig nor Currie was given to rhetoric or to crying, "Wolf! Wolf!" The British never fought more desperately, and with the aid of the Belgians and more than twenty French divisions, six of them cavalry, that Foch had rushed to Flanders, the enemy was kept from the Channel. The battle ended April 29, when the French counter-attacked and drove the Germans back a mile.

The British Army was exhausted and reeling from losses of close to 500,000 men in two months. On April 17, Haig had evacuated Passchendaele Ridge, which he had been from July to November in winning. In coming to the aid of the British, Foch had been forced to use the mass of maneuver he thriftily had been accumulating to throw into the next breach. Germany was riding high, but Ludendorff stopped to re-form. He had brought up five fresh divisions from Russia in the midst of the battle, but he, too, had lost 500,000 men. It was no more than he bargained for, but it led to a lull through most of May, a surcease for the weary Allies that had not been contemplated in the German plan. Second guesses are easy, yet any soldier must wonder what the result would have been had Ludendorff struck again at Amiens without this pause.

But what of the American Army?

CHAPTER II

EVENTS LEADING TO OUR ACTIVE PARTICIPATION IN THE WAR—CHÂTEAU-THIERRY AND BELLEAU WOOD

On June 13, 1917, General Pershing reached France. German submarines and mines had sunk 3,250,000 tons of Allied shipping in five months. Germany, its own soil untouched, had fought the war in the west entirely in France and Belgium. Only one German offensive, that at Verdun, had failed, and Germany had withstood every Allied attack since the Marne. Russia was quitting. Nivelle's heralded offensive of the spring of 1917 had failed at heavy cost. French soldiers were being shot down in mutiny and defeatists were powerful in the civil government.

General Pershing found the Allied high commands and governments content with the defensive until our numbers could restore them to the offensive, and the French and the British Armies being trained almost exclusively in the defensive tactics of trench warfare. He found the opinion that the war would end in the trenches widely held.

By the second week in July, he had made up his

mind to a number of things. They were that we must have 1,000,000 fighting men in France in less than a year; that we must plan on a minimum of 3,000,000 eventually; that the mission of our Army was offensive, not defensive; that it would take the aggressive and maintain it as rapidly as it could be trained; that it would be trained primarily in offensive tactics and open warfare; that the war would be decided in the open; that the American soldiers would fight under their own flag and their own officers, not as Allied replacements; and that our Army would ask for a front of its own—the most formidable front in France.

THE MAIN ARTERY

General Pershing reached these conclusions as a soldier seeking the quickest and most effective way of winning the war, after full weighing of all considerations, not as a man looking to aggrandize himself or his army or his country. His reasons will be found in his admirably brief final report of September 1, 1919, which few of his countrymen have read.

"Our mission was offensive and it was essential to make plans for striking the enemy where a definite military decision could be gained," he wrote there. Roughly, from the Champagne to Metz

there was a long stretch of front where the enemy was most vulnerable strategically. It covered one of the two great railroad arteries of the enemy in France, protected the Briey iron fields, from which Germany was getting the bulk of her munitions materials, and the important coal field east of Metz.

The center of the German line had its back to the Ardennes Mountains, through which there were no serviceable railroads or highways, and all supplies and evacuations of the enemy armies in Northern France were dependent on two great railroad systems. One passed to the west of the Ardennes through Belgium into Germany at Liége; the other ran eastward in front of the Ardennes, parallel to the front, then through the Moselle Valley into Germany. It had many radial lines, but from Carignan through Sedan to Mézières there was a four-track section through which all traffic must flow. Should either of these two railroad systems be cut before the enemy could withdraw by the other, it would mean disaster to his armies in Northern France, but the Carignan-Sedan-Mézières line was much the nearer to the front.

FORTIFICATIONS

The German had a battle line and three withdrawal lines from the sea to the Vosges Mountains.

The distance between the battle line and the final withdrawal line was as much as 65 kilometers, but in the center the lines converged sharply to protect the great lateral railroad, and in the vicinity of the Meuse River, it was only 18 to 20 kilometers from No Man's Land to the last stand. Yet the enemy had been virtually unmolested here since 1914 except for the heroic give-and-take around the citadel of Verdun. It was partly with the idea of better protecting his lateral railroad that the German had tried so desperately to take Verdun.

This was no discovery of ours; the strategic advantages of a gain on this front leaped to the military eye, and it was not for lack of perception that the Allies had let it alone. The British were pinned down to Flanders and the defense of the Channel. The first interest of the French was the protection of Paris, and this region did not threaten Paris directly. Neither the French nor the British had enough troops to take care of their major jobs and to operate elsewhere on a large scale. Then the sore thumb of the St.-Mihiel salient had been sticking out here since 1914 to threaten the flank of any offensive either to the east or the west of the Meuse.

There was a further decisive factor. In full appreciation of his vulnerability here, the enemy had been fortifying it for four years, until he had a

continuous series of fortifications some 20 kilometers deep. In strength and skill these fortifications were second to the Siegfried Position, to be conquered later by the British, but there the country itself offered almost no cover. Here only slightly less formidable fortifications were backed superbly by the lie of the land. The heights east of the Meuse protected the enemy's left flank and gave him a made-to-order artillery position from which he could fire obliquely on the west bank. The elaborately and ingeniously fortified Argonne Forest could conceal any amount of artillery to cover his right flank, and in coöperation with the guns on the Meuse heights, pour a crossfire against an attack. Midway the heights of Montfaucon gave him perfect observation and a naturally strong defensive position. The whole region was masked and tortuous, one of dense woods and thickets, steep and rocky ridges, valleys and ravines, and in front there was a devastated area. The whole constituted much the strongest position on the Western Front, and the Allies had put it down as impregnable for all practical purposes.

General Pershing asked for this front for the American Army, believing it to be the enemy's solar plexus and that he had the only army capable of breaking through it. It was a green army, but it would learn, and it had youth and drive, which

none of the other tired belligerents could recover.

There was a further reason. The ports, railroads and highways of Northern France were overtaxed already in serving the British and French. If we were to take a front farther west we should have to use crowded ports and cut across the British and French lines of supply with new ones of our own; but with a Meuse front it would be feasible to employ the little-used ports of Southwestern France, St.-Nazaire, La Pallice, Bassens, Bayonne, St.-Malo, Sables d'Olonne and even Toulon and Marseilles. From this region there were existing railroads which could be expanded, and new railroads and highways were practicable. Later we did build 1,000 miles of new standard-gauge railway in France and bring over 1,500 locomotives and 20,000 cars, as well as repair 1,900 French engines and 50,000 cars.

AS THE JOB GREW, SO THE MAN

He got this front and all the rest of his program with two unavoidable exceptions. Lack of shipping prevented us from having even one-half of 1,000,000 men in France by May, 1918, and the desperate emergencies of the Allies forced us to send divisions into battle before they had completed their minimum of training. He won his

points, however, only after a year of stubborn resistance to pressure to permit our army to be used as a replacement depot for the Allies.

I have known General Pershing for many years. We served together in Mindanao, both captains in the Regular Army with temporary rank of majors of volunteers. I doubt that any other man in the American Army could have done the job in France quite as well. The task of shaping, directing and leading to success in the greatest of wars much the greatest army ever to fight a hemisphere removed from its base and government called for striking abilities. It was a staggering job, and as the job grew he grew with it. That is encomium enough for any man.

He had, in addition, to be diplomat and politician and withstand equably but firmly such personal urgency as no soldier, I think, ever before experienced. From the day of our declaration of war until less than a month prior to the Armistice, our Allies endeavored—by argument, cajolery, flattery; by counsels of panic and prophecies of disaster; by social, political and military pressure; ingratiating, plausible, necessitous; diminishing as our troops began to show their wares, but not abandoned until victory was certain—to sway the United States from its insistence on an independent American Army working in concert with the

Allies under the strategic direction of an Allied generalissimo.

There was nothing sinister in these efforts. There may have been political, national or dynastic motives in the background; but in the main the Allied governments and high commands were sincere in their fears and doubts; and being sincere, their importunities were the more pressing. With no understanding of our national psychology, it was reasonable, even obvious, as they saw it, to use the A. E. F. as a replacement depot from which to fill their depleted ranks. It was the quickest, more practical way of meeting the emergency. Here were great numbers of physically and mentally splendid but green young troops. How better to use them than to leaven their inexperience with Allied experience, Allied weariness with their youth, by scattering them among the British and French? If they were to serve amidst seasoned troops, only scanty training would be necessary, and no time lost. At the least, they wanted our Army distributed by brigades in their own divisions.

THE BULWARK

If they feared the greenness of our men, they distrusted more the inexperience of our junior officers, and they had no faith whatever in our senior

officers, whom they knew to be utterly without practical experience in high command. Knowing little of the extent and development of our army staff and tactical educational system in the ten years just preceding the war, they scouted our ability to conjure up the general officers and staff to direct and supply corps and armies when we had known no larger units than divisions since 1866, and had scant experience with divisions. The result of the war rested on how effective use was made of the reënforcements pouring across the Atlantic, and I cannot blame them, as hopeless as their campaign was from the first. General Pershing bore the brunt of this pressure. A soldier who had not commanded a division, he had to set his military judgment against such as Foch. A soldier who had spent the greater part of his life on the American plains and border and in half-savage tropical islands, making his greatest name in subduing and governing the unruly Moros of Mindanao, he had to withstand such disarming charm and guile as was Lloyd George's, such an indomitable will as Clemenceau's. At the same time ambassadors and Allied missions in Washington pressed their suit with the President, the Cabinet, Congress, the newspapers and the public, discreetly but tenaciously. Misguided Americans at

home and in Europe were used as cat's-paws and approaches.

The commanding general was able to do it because of the knowledge that he had back of him such absolute and unanimous support of his Government and people as no American commander ever had been given before. Having entered the war, the United States did so unreservedly. As Stonewall Jackson would have expressed it, "When we drew the sword we threw the scabbard away." There is no other instance in history of all the military, naval and civil resources of a powerful but unprepared nation being so promptly and completely mobilized and thrown into a conflict.

But our Government, our soldiers and our people were all opposed to our men serving as Allied replacements. Any general officer publicly advocating anything of this nature would have been promptly relegated whence he came. One day in April, 1918, I was returning to Neufchâteau from Chaumont, when I met an American major general on the road. He signaled to me to stop, and coming to my car, began speaking of the great advantages which would result were we to put our men under the highly trained command of the French. The French had made a convert.

Neither my aide nor I took any part in the conversation until he had finished. Then I asked him where he was going. He answered that he was bound for Chaumont to press his views with the commanding general. I advised him to turn back to his own headquarters and sleep on his proposal for several nights, then to forget it permanently. He went on, presumably to his destination, but I am certain that he made no mention there of his new-found enthusiasms. Had he done so, and with a tithe of the earnestness with which I was regaled, there would have been a vacancy among our major generals—and justly so.

It is my conviction that Newton D. Baker was one of the greatest of American War Secretaries. If he had done nothing else than insist that American troops be put exclusively in the hands of trained soldiers, he would be entitled to the national gratitude. Mr. Baker, in turn, could not have held to this policy had it not been for the preparation of the War College and the Leavenworth schools. In the Civil War any politician with several hundred men was allowed to muster them into the army and to take them into action. There were not enough trained soldiers to go around, and under our military schooling of the time a civilian

accustomed to large affairs and the handling of men not infrequently made a better field or general officer than professional soldiers who lacked experience or ability as executives, either civil or military. The Leavenworth schools and the War College had changed that by offering post-graduate courses in which our more studious and ambitious officers could anticipate the problems of high command and staff in a major war, and very possibly prevented a repetition of our Civil War blundering, with the important exception that this time we were going up against not fellow amateurs but the real thing. Almost without exception, our division, corps and army commanders and high staff officers were graduates of these courses.

On his visit to the United States soon after our declaration of war, Marshal Joffre had asked particularly that one American division be hurried to France at the earliest possible moment, regardless of training, as visual evidence to the French people of our intention to fight side by side with the Allies. Europe had been so propaganda-poisoned by this time that its peoples believed very little that their eyes could not confirm. So we formed the First Division of a skeleton of Regular Army regiments, stuffed it with the youth who rushed to the colors in April and May, and had the division in France by June 27, less than three months after

our declaration of war. On July 4, 1917, the division paraded in Paris. It trained intensively for the next four months, moving into the quiet Sommerviller sector on October 21 for actual experience in the line under French supervision.

Joffre had asked also for engineer and other service troops as quickly as possible, and a number of these auxiliaries followed closely behind the First Division. Under the new divisional organization we had adopted, the strength of our infantry regiments had been trebled. An American division now consisted of four regiments of infantry, three regiments of artillery, fourteen machine-gun companies, one engineer regiment, one signal battalion, one troop of cavalry and other auxiliary units, making a total of 28,000 men—twice the size of a French, British or German division at full strength. This last should be kept in mind.

The 6,000 officers of the old Army had been scattered so widely through the new Army as a leaven that half of them never did reach France. The noncommissioned officers had been distributed similarly, or promoted to commissioned rank. My adjutant general of the First Army Corps, and a most able one, had been a sergeant major of a regular cavalry regiment in 1917. Few of the able older officers were denied service in France, but a great many of the younger, much against their will,

were still at home whipping new divisions into shape when the war ended.

AN ANTICLIMAX

From June until October, the First Division was alone in France except for some auxiliaries and staff, and our appearance on the scene became an anticlimax. The French are both a military and a provincial people, and they had no understanding of our unpreparedness as a nation. Instead of taking the arrival of one division as a pledge of good intentions, they had seen in it the advance guard of a great army about to stream across the Atlantic. In their distress they had seen us as a young giant from the West. In proportion to our numbers and resources as a people, and our conversation, our performance was ludicrous in their eyes. Their disappointment was intense and increasingly outspoken. In late October, the New England National Guard division, the Twenty-sixth, arrived, followed immediately by the Rainbow, the Forty-second, made up of the National Guard units from twenty-six states and the District of Columbia. The Second Division, regulars, was organized in part in France, its component parts arriving over a considerable period. Two of its four infantry regiments were regulars, the

other brigade the Fifth and Sixth Marines. From the outset the Marine Corps had begged for active service, and the Secretary of War had accepted these two regiments for early employment.

We had much to learn from our Allies, but when our troops first were sent to train with the French it was with this reservation from General Pershing: "Trench warfare naturally gives prominence to the defensive. To guard against this, the basis of instruction should be essentially the offensive in spirit and practice. The defensive is accepted only to prepare for future offensive. The rifle and the bayonet are the principal weapons of the infantry soldier. He will be trained to high skill as a marksman, both on the target range and in field firing. An aggressive spirit must be developed until the soldier feels himself, as a bayonet fighter, invincible in battle. All our officers and soldiers should realize that at no time in our history has discipline been so important. The standards of the American Army will be those of West Point. The rigid attention, the upright bearing, attention to detail, uncomplaining obedience to instructions required of the cadet will be required of every officer and soldier of our armies in France."

At the same time he cabled Washington advising that instruction in open warfare be the mission of training at home, leaving trench training to be con-

ducted as far as necessary in France. The necessity of shipping when and in such numbers as ships offered brought many troops to France with their basic training unfinished, and the necessities of the Allies sent them and others into battle before their final training was completed, as we shall see.

A BARGAIN WITH THE BRITISH

With about 175,000 troops in France by January 1, 1918, only our First Division had appeared at the front, and the Allies' annoyance at the added time required by our insistence on open-warfare training increased. The drive on Pershing and Washington to curtail the training to a strict minimum of trench requirements—as the French regarded them—and for the use of our infantry to fill up the French and British ranks, was renewed with every persuasion that they could command.

The answer was that while the Germans were practicing for open warfare and concentrating their most aggressive personnel in shock divisions, the training of the Allies was limited to trench warfare. As our troops were being trained for open warfare, there was every reason why we could not allow them to be scattered among the Allies, even by divisions, much less as replacements, except by sheer necessity. Any sort of permanent amalga-

mation would commit America's fortunes irrevocably to the hands of the Allies. Moreover, it was obvious that the lack of homogeneity would render these mixed divisions difficult to maneuver and almost certain to break up under stress of defeat, with consequent mutual recrimination. Again, there was no doubt that the realization of the German people that independent American divisions, corps or armies were in the field with determined purpose would be a severe blow to German morale and prestige, as well as beneficial to the morale of the Allies themselves.

The Allies still were fighting more or less independently of each other, and General Pershing gave his whole influence to a unified high command. Although the morale of the German people and armies was better than it had been for two years, he believed that only an untoward combination of circumstances could give the enemy a decisive victory before American support could be made effective, provided the Allies secured unity of action. If the situation demanded it, he would lend our troops temporarily to the Allies for the defensive, but nothing in the situation justified the relinquishment of our firm purpose to form our own Army under our own flag.

At this time Washington was dispatching troops at a rate that would put 650,000 in France by June

15, of which 200,000 would be for the rear-area services. We lacked the sea transport to speed up troop movements, our great new merchant fleet being scarcely under way, but in January the British struck a bargain with the commanding general and with Washington. They would transport six complete divisions for us in British ships if we would train these divisions by battalions with the British, behind their lines, where they could be used as reënforcements if necessary.

General Pershing insisted that the troops should be reformed into divisions when their training was complete and that their loan should not be understood to be permanent. However, we never did recover the use of the Twenty-seventh (New York National Guard) and Thirtieth Divisions (Carolina and Tennessee National Guard) as they served until the end with the British. The Second Army Corps staff was organized in February under Major General George W. Read to supervise the administration and training of these divisions, and he and his staff likewise were with the British until the Armistice.

Several times between January 15 and June 1 the First American Army Corps was on the point of taking over a sector in Lorraine, but the necessity of sending our older divisions to the relief of the Allies prevented. Once I had gone so far as to

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

THE AMERICAN INFANTRYMAN ARMED WITH THE RIFLE AND BAYONET, THE MACHINE GUN, THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE, THE HAND GRENADE, THE 37 MM. CANNON, THE RIFLE GRENADE, THE 3-INCH TRENCH MORTAR AND THE TANK

start moving my headquarters to Toul, where I expected to relieve a French army corps.

When the Germans broke through in March, 1918, and Foch was made commander in chief of the Allies, General Pershing hurried to Foch's headquarters at Bombon and put the entire American Army, lock, stock and barrel, at his disposal for the period of the emergency.

"I have come to tell you," he is quoted as having said, "that the American people would consider it a great honor for our troops to be engaged in the present battle; I ask for this in their name and my own. There is at this moment no other question than that of fighting. All that we have is yours; use it as you wish. More will come in numbers equal to your requirements."

AT THEIR BEST IN DISASTER

We had four divisions ready, equal to eight divisions of our Allies or the enemy. The First and Second were in the line in quiet sectors. The Twenty-sixth now relieved the First, which moved into an active sector near Montdidier and, in turn, relieved two French divisions. The Forty-second released two French divisions from quiet sectors for battle. The Third, Fifth and Thirty-second Divisions were arriving. The Forty-first had been

impressed temporarily into the undermanned Service of Supplies. The Thirty-second, also intended as a replacement division, likewise had been drafted into the S. O. S., but was reassembled and put into the line May 21 in the Vosges, releasing French troops. By the latter date, the Twenty-eighth and Seventy-seventh Divisions were with the British in training and six more of our divisions were arriving with the British under the January agreement.

Depression hung heavily over France in March and again in June. I saw signs of it even at our own headquarters at Chaumont. General Cyril Wagstaff, the senior of a group of British attachés stationed at Chaumont, used to visit me often at Neufchâteau. He was our guest at dinner several times during the great drive for Amiens, and was much downcast.

I got a smile out of him by telling him that the British Army, in all its history, never had won a battle except the last one. It is true that the British are at their best in disaster. The British regular army of 90,000 men that retreated from Mons was the best army in the world, at the moment, in individual training and particularly in the use of the rifle. These Old Contemptibles, terribly outnumbered, one corps commanded by Haig, the other by Smith-Dorrien, saved the day in 1914.

They inflicted ghastly losses on the massed waves of Germans, who offered a shooting-gallery target for rifle and field guns.

There had been big talk at home of sweeping the enemy out of the skies with 20,000 American airplanes, but the first planes of American manufacture did not reach France until May. By July we had 200 *DH*-4's, British in design, but made in America and powered with the Liberty motor. On April 3, however, we had only two air squadrons at the front. The machines were French single-seater Nieuports, already obsolescent, and the Lafayette Escadrille still was serving with the French. None of our machines was equipped with guns as yet, and the pilots of one of the two squadrons had not even been instructed in the use of airplane guns and had to return to school later. The enemy had no suspicion of this condition and the boys were making daily sorties over the German lines, but their value, either offensive or defensive, was nil.

Guns and other much-needed equipment arrived the first week in April. While Squadron Number 95 returned to Cazau to school, Number 94, the famous Hat-in-the-Ring group, was ordered on April 10 to active service east of Toul, taking over an old French airdrome. Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, who commanded this group later, already

was a member of it. He had come to France with General Pershing as driver of the general's motor car and transferred to the air.

Four days later the Hat-in-the-Ring pilots went into action and immediately shot down two enemy planes in our first engagement in the air within our own lines. At dawn of April 14, Captain David Peterson, Lieutenant Reed Chambers and Lieutenant Rickenbacker set off on their first patrol, leaving Lieutenants Jimmy Meisner, Douglas Campbell and Alan Winslow to stand by on the alert for emergencies. The patrol had just returned without event when the anti-aircraft station on Mont St.-Michel, just outside Toul, signaled the approach of two enemy ships above the low clouds. Meisner could not start his Nieuport, but Campbell and Winslow slipped their leash at once. The enemy ships still were hidden in the clouds, but the hum of their motors was plainly audible. Thousands, the populace of Toul and soldiers, craned their necks to watch.

AMONG AMERICA'S FIRST VICTIMS

Just as Winslow and Campbell approached the cloud level two Germans emerged from it. Winslow shot down the first, Campbell accounted for the second, and our pilots were back at the air-

drome four and one-half minutes after they had left it. The effect on the watching soldiers and civilians was electrifying. Toul had suffered much from German bombers, and its populace was ecstatic. At the request of the mayor the remains of the planes were set up in the town square, where the jubilant townsfolk still were admiring them and toasting Number 94 Squadron with many "Vivent les Américains!" when Colonel Mitchell asked me over to congratulate the men. A section of the fuselage of Winslow's victim, containing the black Maltese Cross insignia, hangs in my home in San Francisco now, appropriately mounted and inscribed, a gift from the Hat-in-the-Ring group. The German pilots, who had lost their way in the clouds, both escaped with minor hurts.

Another time Colonel Mitchell took me to see one of his balloon companies. They showed me their operations office and maps, ran up a balloon, received the observer's report by telephone, and the like. Then, in their zeal, they threw out a sandbag with a parachute attached, from an altitude of about 2,000 feet, to show me how the observers jumped. The sandbag snapped its rope and hit the ground viciously some fifteen feet from where I stood. I have no doubt that there were plenty of American soldiers who would have been most

happy, upon occasion, to drop a sandbag 2,000 feet upon a general officer, but this was an accident.

Number 94 Squadron may be said to have struck the first official American blow against the enemy within our own lines, though American aviators operating with our Allies earlier had many victories to their credit. The Yankee Division received the first substantial blow from the enemy. It occurred due north of Number 94's airdrome six days after our opening air victory. Here the First Division had made its first trench raids, first repulsed enemy raids. Our first raids were attempted only after preparations as elaborate proportionately as those for a major offensive. The enemy's and our own trenches and the intervening No Man's Land at the point selected had been reproduced to the last detail behind the lines, and the attack rehearsed under expert French instruction as often as a play, and more carefully.

At that, the first raid proved to be a dud, and with General Pershing looking on. A small detachment of engineers who were to carry up the tubes of explosives from the dump through the approach trenches had failed to rehearse their part. When the night came the engineers were so slow in getting up that the foray had to be called off. Others, however, were carried out with success, and a German raid was handsomely repulsed.

A COSTLY LESSON

Profiting by what the French had taught them of the signs that usually precede an enemy raid, the division detected one an hour in advance. When the German came over he found our front positions empty at this point, and before he could make up his mind what to do next, a counter attack annihilated him. In fleeing, the Germans became tangled in their own wire and left behind, besides prisoners, flame throwers and machine guns, a string of corpses hanging on the wire.

The enemy made more elaborate preparations for his next raid, by which time the Yankee—Twenty-sixth—Division had relieved the First. Slipping in extra artillery, he laid down a box barrage around the ruined village of Seicheprey on April 20. The barrage cut off reënforcements, and behind it came a force of picked enemy troops who captured some 180 of our men and a number of machine guns, and returned immediately to their own lines with heavy losses. Our first skirmish was a check. On the enemy's part, it really was only a large-scale raid for information purposes. We avenged it in the first ten minutes of the St.-Mihiel drive five months later.

The American Army gave battle, however, for the first time a month later at Cantigny. When

the First Division relieved the French in the Montdidier region in April, the enemy held the ruined village of Cantigny at the apex of a salient that had been pushed into the Allied lines east of Amiens in the great March drive. It was the one weak spot in an otherwise strong front locally, and the French twice had taken it and twice lost it before the First Division came.

The enemy discovered the presence of American troops immediately and there was vicious artillery fighting daily, and constant trench raids and reprisals. In fact, the losses of the division averaged 60 a day during three months in this sector. We experienced our first bitter dose of gas here, too, 800 of the First being gassed in one night in and around the village of Villers-Tournelle.

In the midst of this constant harassing, General Bullard prepared, under French command and with the aid of French artillery, airplanes and tanks, to take Cantigny. The attack was rehearsed in the most minute detail for a week prior. Secretly moving in 175 French field guns to support the divisional artillery, Bullard opened on the enemy at 5:30 A.M. of May 27, our first *H* day, with General Pershing looking on. At 6:30 o'clock, our first zero hour, the bombardment shifted to a barrage, behind which twelve French tanks, some French flame throwers and our

Twenty-eighth Infantry, with one battalion of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, advanced. The attack was perfectly executed and the surprised and overwhelmed enemy were captured or killed almost to a man. The twenty-eighth was commanded here by Colonel Hanson E. Ely, now major general and president of the War College.

But the attack was merely the beginning of it. The artillery had obliterated the German trenches and most of the cover in the village. Now our infantry, aided by our engineers, had to dig themselves in while the enemy cut loose with everything he had. Shell holes were linked up, shallow trenches dug and three strong points found to shelter a platoon each, one in the cemetery north of town, another in the woods a little east and a third in the woods northwest, all under galling artillery fire.

In just two hours the Germans launched a counter attack in force. German planes directed the barrage, behind which their infantry followed from Framecourt and Laval woods. Their infantry, however, failed to keep closely enough behind the barrage, and when the curtain of shell passed over our lines, our infantry rose and cut the German wave to pieces at 100 yards with rifle and machine-gun fire. The enemy fell back in disorder, but five more bitterly pressed counter attacks followed in

the next forty-eight hours, all smartly repulsed. The enemy was angrily determined to teach us a lesson. The lesson cost him 700 dead, as many more wounded and 255 captured, and failed to take. The First Division held its ground until called away suddenly on July 8, on more serious business, and the enemy never again set foot in Cantigny.

As the war went, it was a small action, but important out of all relation to the numbers involved. Here was the first decisive proof that the American soldier could fight and the American officer could lead him. It was the first cold foreboding to the German that this was not, as he had hoped, a rabble of amateurs approaching. As an inspiriting promise of deeds to come, it was worth all our previous preparations combined to the Allies; it bucked up the morale of our own troops immensely and set a mark for other divisions to shoot at; and it strengthened the hand of General Pershing when he most needed such support.

THE OLD QUESTION OF REPLACEMENTS

Upon the first German break through in March, the Supreme War Council and the Allied Military Representatives had urged us in Joint Note Number 18 to rush them infantry and machine gunners

with all haste and let all other arms of the service wait. Such reënforcements, however, "must be obtained from other units than those American divisions now operating with the French." It was in these branches that the Allied shortage was most desperate. Such transport priority to one arm of the service would delay further the creation of a balanced and independent American Army.

Secretary Baker was in France, and he, General Bliss and General Pershing conferred on the terms of the note. They decided to permit in principle again the temporary service of such infantry and machine gunners, but under the specific condition that all should be under the command of General Pershing and be assigned for training and use by him at his discretion. "He will use these and all other military forces of the United States under his command in such a manner," our reply read, "as to render greatest military assistance, keeping in mind always the determination of this Government to have its various military forces collected as speedily as their training and the military situation permit into an independent American Army acting in concert with the armies of France and Great Britain."

On May 1, the Supreme Council met again at Abbeville and reopened the whole question of using our troops as replacements. For the first time the

Allies were willing and anxious to give us every ship they could muster to ferry new American infantry across. The British pared their food supply to put more ships in the Atlantic ferry service. As a result more than 600,000 American soldiers landed in France in April, May and June, the rate increasing from 117,000 in April to 276,000 in June.

By odd coincidence, the very morning that the First Division attacked at Cantigny, May 27, Germany launched its great and immediately successful drive on the Chemin des Dames, which carried the enemy swiftly forward to the Marne, where the American Army began to fight in force. By another coincidence, the drive came straight at the region in which most of our divisions were training.

In the first chapter I recounted the series of Allied disasters in March and April, and how Ludendorff had halted in early May to get his breath and realign his forces for another great blow, his fourth to date that spring. When he was ready, he chose the heights of the Aisne, his nearest point to Paris. If he could make a bend here, then another to the right toward Compiègne, then unite these two with the Montdidier salient, he would be ready to administer the *coup de grâce* in one final smash.

The German excelled himself in the skill of this

attack. He concentrated so secretly that the Allies were completely surprised. Foch was so sure that the next German move would be to exploit his advantages at Amiens, and so confident of the strength of the Chemin des Dames position, that he moved fresh troops out of that sector to reënforce Amiens and replaced them with tired troops, the Fourth and Fifth French Armies and part of the Sixth, and the British Ninth Corps, "withdrawn to a quiet place on the Aisne" after two months of bloody work in Flanders. It was well, too, for our Yankee Division that it had left the Chemin des Dames in March.

CONVERGING ON CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

The Allied line broke like paper and the surprised enemy, who had planned for Soissons and Fismes at the most, took Fismes and put the Aisne far behind the first day.

The second day he crossed the Vesle, and with the French line now so broken that it could not be repaired for days, he set off almost without opposition for the Marne. In 72 hours he advanced more than 30 miles, took 55,000 prisoners and 650 guns, overran more than a dozen French aviation fields, capturing 200 planes, and seized a stretch of country that had not been touched by war since Sep-

tember, 1914. With bells pealing the tidings in the Fatherland and the Kaiser graciously sharing the credit with God, the German Army now, on our Memorial Day, was at the Marne, 40 miles from Paris, and still going.

I was still at Neufchâteau watching the final touches being given the Twenty-sixth, Second and Forty-second Divisions and keeping an eye on the newer divisions in training. A day or two before, I had seen the Second Division in rest billets at Chaumont-en-Vexin. They had been pulled out of a quiet sector and were preparing to go north to relieve the First Division. On Memorial Day I was attending exercises of the Third Division in the Châteauvillian training area, 150 miles southeast of Paris, when the call for help came from Foch.

The Third had not yet completed its training, but it was put under way for Château-Thierry at once. Its motorized machine-gun battalion, the Seventh, commanded by Major James G. Taylor, of the Regular Army, took the van, traveled 108 kilometers that night and reached Château-Thierry through tangled traffic the late afternoon of May 31, to find French Colonials defending the bridgeheads. Lieutenant John T. F. Bissell crossed the river with part of the battalion and joined the Colonials. The balance mounted their machine

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

INFANTRY READY TO ADVANCE, NEAR CHÂTEAU-THIERRY

guns in the windows of houses on the south bank of the Marne, behind garden walls and in other natural positions commanding the bridges, all under increasing artillery fire.

At dawn of June 1, the German infantry appeared in force. A German machine-gun battalion, advancing toward the river through an open field, was scattered quickly by American machine-gun fire. We withheld our fire later while the German Red Cross gathered up the fallen. The battle for Château-Thierry itself grew hotter as the day advanced, and the French abandoned the north bank at nightfall. The enemy had filtered into the town so closely on the heels of the French that a number were caught on the stone bridge when the French engineers blew it up. Following detachments charged the bridge in the dark in ignorance of its destruction and were caught in a withering machine-gun fire from Major Taylor's men. A small detachment of his force had been cut off on the north bank when the French blew up the central bridge, but they managed to cross under the protecting fire of their comrades on the south shore. The enemy artillery fire now was blasting the town apart, but their infantry was checked. On June 3, the French blew up the last bridge and at three o'clock the next morning the Seventh Machine-gun Battalion was relieved after 82 hours in

action, during which they had helped signally in holding bridgeheads the enemy never did cross.

Meanwhile the balance of the Third Division and the Second Division were hurrying up by truck, train and forced march. In French lorries, in which springs were an afterthought, and driven by poker-faced little Anamites from French Indo-China, the Second rocked and bounced from Chaumont-en-Vexin, some 35 miles northwest of Paris, toward Château-Thierry. Meeting the retreating French the next morning, June 1, near Montreuil-aux-Lions, the Second was thrown astride the great Paris-Metz highway, stopping up a gap in the French line. General Bundy deployed the Third Brigade, regulars, under General Lewis, to the south of the road and General Harbord's Marine Brigade to the north of the road; and quickly backed up by their division and French artillery, they and the Forty-third French Division stopped a smashing attempt of the enemy on June 3 and 4 to break through toward Paris along a front of 12 miles. The Germans gained ground only at Hill 123, and were thrown off that on June 5. This was real fighting.

THE RED CROSS CUTS RED TAPE

During that time the Third Division, less its artillery and engineers, traveling by train and truck to Provins, some 35 miles south of the Marne, and by forced march from there, passing on their way streams of refugees who had only half believed in the existence of American soldiers, reached the river on June 1 and joined the French Thirty-eighth Corps in defending crossings of the Marne from Château-Thierry to Damery, a stretch of 25 miles.

Ahead of the Germans came a pitiable horde of refugees, bound, like the enemy, for Paris. Some had had time to organize their retreat and they marched beside farm wagons laden with their effects. Others had no draft stock, and women tugged between the shafts of cars or pushed barrows and baby carriages top-heavy with their cargo. Goats, dogs, kittens, burros, pigs, milch cows and crates of chickens were in the ragged columns. And as in the panic of fire we are prone to salvage the least essential of our goods, every last umbrella and bird cage in the department appeared to have been saved, whatever else was left behind.

The war-evicted peasantry plodded with dogged patience and resignation past and through the hurrying-up American and French reënforcements

and the transport columns, but once they reached Paris they began to mill like frightened cattle. For the most part they had neither money nor food and no destination, beyond escaping the enemy. More than 1,000,000 of the inhabitants of Paris, or about one in three, had fled the city as the German advance reached the Marne. The city's food supply was low and the municipal government was disorganized. The national government was straining every ligament to stop the breach at Château-Thierry and could not concern itself with civilian woes.

The possibilities of riot and looting, with a further breakdown of the national morale, were ominous, and here the American Red Cross performed one of the greatest of its many great services to the Allied cause. With an admirable absence of red tape, it waited neither for requests nor for orders, but took over the task of feeding, sheltering and clothing this pitiful horde to the limit of its resources. I do not think it is an exaggeration to say that the Red Cross saved Paris from having pillage and riot added to panic in those early days of June.

AN APPEAL FROM THE WAR COUNCIL

Paris had been the capital, metropolis and railroad center of France in 1914 when the Germans first reached the Marne. In the intervening four years it had become the great munitions center of the nation, its military heart in all senses of the word, and its capture now might well be decisive. On June 4, with the refugee columns pouring in the north gates and the city's population pouring out the south gates, Clemenceau had faced the Chamber of Deputies and said, "Je me bats devant Paris; je me bats à Paris; je me bats derrière Paris."

At a historic meeting of the Supreme War Council at Versailles on June 1 and 2, Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando had cabled a dramatic appeal to President Wilson.

"We desire to express our warmest thanks for the remarkable promptness with which American aid in excess of what at one time seemed practicable has been rendered to the Allies during the past month to meet a great emergency," the message read.

"The crisis, however, still continues. General Foch has presented to us a statement of the utmost gravity. . . . One hundred and sixty-one Allied divisions now oppose 200 German divisions. . . .

There is no possibility of the British and French increasing their forces; on the contrary they are put to extreme straits to keep them up. . . . There is great danger of the war being lost unless the numerical inferiority of the Allies can be remedied as rapidly as possible by the advent of American troops. He therefore urges with the utmost insistence that the maximum possible number of infantry and machine gunners, in which respect the shortage on the Allied side is most marked, should continue to be shipped from America to avert the immediate danger of Allied defeat in the present campaign owing to the Allied reserves being exhausted before those of the enemy. . . . He represents that it is impossible to foresee ultimate victory in the war unless America is able to provide such an army as will establish numerical superiority. He places the total American forces required for this at not less than 100 divisions"—equal to 200 European divisions.

I have no doubt that Foch fully indorsed the urgency of this appeal; it was intended only for the eyes of the United States Government, but never did he let it appear to the armies in France that defeat could be humanly possible. I question that he admitted it even to himself. As teacher in and as chief of the French War College in past years, he had told his students that the general who

refuses to admit the possibility of defeat can compel victory; that admission of the possibility is the better part of defeat. The commanding general, he taught, is his army's sword; his will and spirit are supremely important. Within three months of being given that supreme command which Great Britain had distrusted so long, answerable to other nations than his own, Foch had been badly deceived and defeated by the enemy. It was an unhappy situation in more than a military sense, but he held to his doctrine and justified it magnificently.

General Pershing, too, may have agreed with the urgency of the cable, in general, but he knew our own situation too well to be able to indorse it wholly. We had hurried infantry and machine gunners across so rapidly in answer to previous appeals that we had virtually none of any training left at home. Moreover, that priority had held back reënforcements for the Service of Supplies, now badly undermanned. Nor were the French supply services much better off. Later in the month, Foch, Milner and Pershing reached an agreement whereby 25,000 men for the railway services, and other absolutely essential auxiliary troops, should be included in the June and July priorities. It was agreed also that as soon as Paris was safe we were to have a sector of our own in Lorraine.

These priorities also, in part, had forced us to buy from the French and British most of our artillery, aircraft, tanks and much other combat equipment, although our own unpreparedness was principally responsible for our lack of military tools.

THE BOIS DE LA BRIGADE MARINES

The new German wedge had extended the French lines by 45 kilometers more on top of the 60 kilometers of line they had taken over from the British in their critical times of March and April. Now, on June 3, Sir Douglas Haig agreed, as a return service, to part with five of the eight American divisions he then had. The Seventy-seventh and Eighty-second were moved south to relieve the Rainbow and Yankee Divisions for battle work, the Fourth and Twenty-eighth Divisions were thrown into the Château-Thierry region as reserves and the Thirty-fifth relieved two French divisions in the Vosges Mountains.

The moment the German drive down the Paris road on the Second Division and the French slowed and stalled, the Americans and French struck back here. The whole Second Division counter-attacked on June 6, the main effort being by the Marine Brigade against the natural stronghold of Belleau Wood, now known on the maps of France

as the Bois de La Brigade Marines. This wood evidently had been a game preserve. Its 300 acres were a tangled wood cut with rocky ravines. It gave the enemy excellent cover for concentration for a further advance on Paris, and important observation points. Already he had wired it and sowed it with machine-gun nests.

Attacking and beating off counter attacks, the Marines fought their way into the forest, while the French gained the heights of Torcy and Bussieres. German machine guns, echeloned behind one another, and their artillery made it a bloody job; and if we made a mistake it was in the recklessness of our attack. The Marines took the machine-gun nests by hand and bayoneted the enemy out rather than wait for the slower method of sifting in behind. But if they paid heavily, it was one more proof of the drive of the American Army—that it could stand the gaff.

With the Marines in the railroad station of Bouresches and on the summit of Hill 181 in Belleau Wood, the Regular Brigade attacked farther south and got a line abreast of Belleau Wood on the slopes of Hill 204, dominating Château-Thierry. The night of the seventh and eighth the enemy counter-attacked furiously and failed. Dingdonging ahead in a rain of shell, gas and machine-gun fire like wind-driven sleet, the Marines

had all but the northern edge of the wood on June 11. On June 15, after throwing back two successive counter attacks in force, the Marines were exhausted. The French had no troops to take their place, so the Seventh Infantry was borrowed from our Third Division. For six days they fought off the German until the Marines returned, and on June 25 threw the German out of the last corner of the wood.

During this time Von Hutier, in an effort to widen the narrow pocket driven so far into the Allied lines at Château-Thierry, had attacked June 9 toward Compiègne in a general action, and had been stopped short by the French, the first failure of a German offensive in 1918 and correspondingly heartening to the French morale.

On July 1, the Regular Brigade of the Second Division returned to the attack and by a very skillful piece of work, backed up by our own and French artillery, took the strongly held village of Vaux. The enemy counter-attacked quickly and our artillery dropped a barrage behind them, cutting off and capturing two companies of shock troops. That answer silenced them until the next day, when they failed again.

On June 21, the First Army Corps had been ordered to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, between Château-Thierry and Paris, with instructions to estab-

lish proper relations with General Degoutte's French army and familiarize ourselves with conditions in that sector in preparation for taking over a command there soon. On reporting to Degoutte, I was instructed by him to work for the present with General Lebrun, commanding the Third French Corps, in which the Second Division was serving.

CELEBRATING THE FOURTH

At his headquarters at Trilport every morning, General Degoutte held a conference of his corps commanders, Generals Mondesir, Massenet, Lebrun and Philipot, their chiefs of staff and other officers. I had as interpreter a French staff major. After the daily meetings I spent my time studying the lines, which lay a mile apart except at Vaux, and the surrounding country.

These meetings continued until July 4, when, with ceremony and a formal luncheon, the sector commanded by Lebrun's Third French Corps was turned over to the tactical command of the First American Army Corps. The troops then assigned to my corps were General Bundy's Second Division and General Schmidt's One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French division. It was the first time French troops had served under American tactical command since the American Revolution,

and the beginning of the first tactical operation of an American army corps since the Civil War. The corps grew to nearly the size of a French army before the Château-Thierry fight was done.

On this same July 4, the Thirty-third American Division played a small but interesting rôle in a small but interesting battle in the north. I know of it only by hearsay. The British planned the operation to clear the Villers-Bretonneux plateau and take Hamel as a preliminary to a major drive to shake the German coils loose from Amiens. The task was given to the Australian Corps, with which the Thirty-third was training in the line. The attack was led by sixty of the newest type of British tanks.

In the past the tanks had suffered much from direct hits from German field guns, but this time they were protected by a barrage. They set a new mark in tank efficiency this day and made the infantry's work easy. According to Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, in his *Last Four Months of the War*—and I have heard it elsewhere—the Illinois National Guardsmen were preparing eagerly to join the Australians in the fight when orders came at the last moment forbidding their participation, their battle training not having been finished. "Nevertheless," says General Maurice, "four companies went over with the Australians, who are re-

RELIEF OF III FRENCH BY I AMERICAN CORPS, JULY 4, 1918

ported to have said of them that the Americans were good lads, but too rough."

THE SUAVE GENERAL SCHMIDT

The First Corps held the Paris road to the immediate west of Château-Thierry, but for the time being the Front was quiet, while the enemy prepared for the next blow and Foch waited cannily. Our staff had been working since June 22 with the corresponding heads of the French staffs with whom we were associated, but we continued to give every spare moment to getting better acquainted; you can't know too well the man you are fighting beside. I had with me a cook I was willing to compare with the best *cordon-bleu chef* of France, a Greek candy merchant from Seattle who had been cook of the headquarters company of the Forty-first Division, and I entertained General Degoutte and his corps commanders and staffs as often as possible to that end. My headquarters was a pleasant château, the country home of a Paris business man, and it permitted a hospitality not always practical in war. The owner traveled up from Paris several times to inspect it and complimented us on the care we gave it. I have had several letters from him since the war.

As always, we found the French good comrades

and good soldiers. I had wondered mildly how a French division commander might accept the tactical command of an American corps commander, but General Schmidt was as easy as a fellow American to work with. He told me, in fact, that he preferred to serve under American command; that his own corps commanders were too inclined to annoy him with petty details. The French, as has been remarked, are a suave race.

The new German attack was about to break and the Kaiser was on his way to the Château-Thierry front in preparation for a gala luncheon at the Hotel Majestic, Paris, for which place cards are said to have been already written—with the date left blank.

CHAPTER III

THE SECOND MARNE CAMPAIGN—DEFENSIVE AND OFFENSIVE

As a war story, the tale of the Second Battle of the Marne is as dramatically satisfying as any I know in history. Both on the attack and the counter attack, it was inferior to others of the war in numbers involved, desperation of fighting and casualties; but battles are not always dramatic in proportion to their extent, fierceness and decision.

Looked upon as drama, it conformed to every law of the theater and was the great fourth-act climax of a play in which each year may be said to have been one act. Midway in the last act the final disaster impends, after suspense has been piled upon suspense. Help has arrived at last, but has it come in time? A new blow falls. It is blocked; then abruptly and unexpectedly the tide turns and the drama rushes swiftly to a triumphant conclusion.

On July 15, Paris held its breath; on the sixteenth, the enemy wavered; the seventeenth, he stopped; the eighteenth, his long retreat began.

THE PEACE DRIVE

By early October Germany was parleying for peace. On October 30, Austria flew the white flag. November 10, the Kaiser slipped across the Dutch border. The next day the war was done.

Because of this and the fact that it marked the first appearance in force of the American Army, the Second Marne is the best-known battle of the war to the American people. The picture the average American has of the fight, however, is blurred and distorted.

The German attack opening in mid-July, 1918, was to the *Friedensturm,* the peace offensive, the knock-out. That the German people and the German Army, as a whole, were highly confident of its success is best evidenced by the arrogant carelessness with which they let the German plans be known. For purposes of morale, the high command had assured the nation and the army that this was to be the beginning of the end, and had been so fully believed that every civilian and enlisted man was talking of where, when and how the blow would be struck. Each previous offensive of 1918 had surprised the Allies; this one had too many press agents.

I doubt that Ludendorff shared the high confidence he inspired. I think he expected to win,

but he and his staff knew well that they were gambling desperately against time and the American Army. Quite possibly he underestimated the force and fighting ability of the American troops then in France, but not to the extent that he appeared to. He had to win, if he was to win, before the summer was out, and he could do that only if the American Army was not yet numerous enough and sufficiently trained to come to Foch's rescue. He had no choice but to hope for the best.

Another great drive in Flanders against the British was to have been the next on the program after Chemin des Dames, but the unlooked-for luck here had led him to change his plans. That success may even have been his undoing. Though a handsome prize at almost no cost, the Château-Thierry salient was a sort of bear-by-the-tail; the kind of thing that has either to be carried through to a conclusion or abandoned. It had so extended the German lines and was so near Paris, and therefore a red flag to the French, that to leave the troops there necessary to its defense would badly weaken the proposed attack on the British. So the Flanders drive was put off. In 1914, Ludendorff and Hindenburg had destroyed a Russian army by suddenly retreating to a new front, then abruptly striking from a flank—a daring and brilliant piece of strategy. One wonders what the

result would have been had they abandoned the Château-Thierry salient as quickly as they had taken it, then struck elsewhere before Foch could realize their intention. Such hindsight strategy is interesting, but never important.

A STUMBLING BLOCK IN GERMANY'S WAY

It is commonly believed, I find, that Ludendorff struck straight for Paris in July, 1918. He did not. Since the French and the Americans had held at the Marne, Von Boehm's Seventh Army had been in a pie-shaped wedge, with Château-Thierry at its apex and Soissons and Rheims at its right and left bases. The rearward communications were poor. The only serviceable railroad ran through Soissons and was too near the battle line for either safety or dependable use. Both flanks were badly exposed, and the pocket was so deep and so narrow that it would be impossible to push much farther ahead until it was widened.

On June 9, Hutier had attempted that widening on the right flank, the one nearest Paris, in a drive toward Compiègne. This failed signally, and American and French counter attacks on this flank narrowed the pocket farther. It was obvious to the German high command that whatever reserves Foch had, he had them concentrated around Châ-

teau-Thierry, where the threat against Paris was greatest. He would be weakest, then, on the other flank. It would be a longer road to Paris, but it ought to be an easier one. If the attack did not break clear through, it would use up the last of Foch's reserves and prevent him from going to the aid of the British in the coming Flanders drive.

So arguing, it may be assumed, Ludendorff decided to attack at each side of Rheims, pinching out that city and the rough country to the south of it. Here was another and better railroad running from Rheims to Epernay on the Marne. Better still, if the attack succeeded it would convert a narrow pocket into a sweeping arc. The heaviest attack would come in the Champagne, east of Rheims, where Von Mudra's First Army and Von Einem's Third Army were to strike. Von Boehm simultaneously was to attack to the east against the Montagne de Rheims and to cross the Marne to the south; but he was to turn, not down the Marne toward Paris, but upstream for Epernay, joining up the two pincers. If he was able he was to penetrate far enough south of the Marne to cut the Paris-Nancy trunk railroad not far away.

That would close that chapter. With Foch's last reserves exhausted, the Flanders storm would fall on the British, two other armies would break through on the Amiens-Montdidier front, bearing

down on Paris from the northwest, and Von Einem, Von Mudra, Von Boehm and Von Eben would sweep down the Marne from the northeast and the war would be neatly ended. A sound plan, under the circumstances, that might have succeeded had it not stumbled over the American Army.

The offensive was five weeks in preparation. In those weeks Ludendorff rested, specially trained and reënforced the armies that were to lead off the *Friedensturm*. Germany was almost as definitely at the end of its man power as was France. Already every soldier under thirty-two years of age had been brought from the east and the Balkans, and now Ludendorff combed out the munitions factories and other supply sources at great risk of a shortage of materials if the war should not end according to schedule. A reserve army, the Ninth, under Von Eben was put in position.

The line-up for the battle on the Allied side was, from the Allied left to right, Mangin's Tenth Army; Degoutte's Sixth Army, which included the First American Army Corps and the Second, Third, Fourth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth American Divisions; Berthelot's Fifth Army, which included the Second Italian Corps; and Gouraud's Fourth Army, with the Forty-second American Division.

The enemy was exposing his hand so carelessly that it had the look of deception, and the French were divided for a time as to what was coming. At the morning conferences of corps commanders of General Degoutte's Sixth Army, General Maistre, commanding a group of French armies on that front, frequently was present. I quickly detected an opinion prevalent in the Sixth Army that the attack would be down the valley of the Marne for Paris and directly against us. Each corps commander received orders through Degoutte from Pétain to lay out additional battle positions all along our front to give a depth that would permit us not merely to check the German onslaught on the front line but to break it up before it reached the main battle position.

BEATING GERMANY TO THE TRIGGER

These preparations were quickly made, but they involved an immense amount of trench digging and wiring, in which every one took a hand. We were alerted several times for practice, as in a fire drill, and once the attack actually was expected. As it turned out, the German confined himself to demonstrations on the western flank and we took no part in the first act of the battle, but the same de-

fensive system was employed by Gouraud in the Champagne in his decisive defeat of two German armies.

The American Army in France now consisted of four divisions in line and two in reserve in the Château-Thierry front, the Rainbow Division with Gouraud, four divisions in line with the French in quiet sectors in Alsace-Lorraine, five divisions with the British, four in training areas and four just arriving. Of these, 132,000 helped stem the German attack in the Second Battle of the Marne and 200,000 took part in the successful Allied counter attack.

About July 9, Degoutte moved the Yankee Division into the line to replace the Second, and the latter moved a little way down the Marne in close support, under command, for the time, of the First Army Corps. About the same time General Pershing ordered the organization of the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth American Army Corps. The First Division, which had been at Cantigny since April, was ordered to the Château-Thierry region, where it was intended to combine it with the Second in the new Third Army Corps under command of General Bullard, and Bullard came to my headquarters to inform General Bundy, of the Second, of that purpose. Bundy was promoted to command of the new Sixth Corps, General Har-

bord succeeded him in command of the Second Division, and General Summerall took General Bullard's place in the First Division.

Not all our divisions had their artillery with them at the Second Marne, but we did man 600 guns, all French 75's and 155's, and to fine effect. Our artillery knew its business from the first. I saw an early and minor instance of its alertness and accuracy in early June—an instance that evidenced, also, the carelessness of the enemy in his overconfidence. One of our observers caught sight of a small motor-truck train loaded with infantry coming from Buire, evidently to relieve other German troops in the line below Belleau and Torcy. The trucks were moving along the open highway in daylight, and in the space of two or three minutes our guns destroyed the train utterly.

To show transport by day on a road commanded by the enemy's guns was suicidal; either the troops should have been marched in, taking cover, or they should have been moved in by night. It was bad enough by night. By day the artillery would register on the roads, then shell them at night on the chance of catching them crowded with transport, a simple process that goes by the formidable name of "interdiction fire" with the artillery.

Just such bravado as this had resulted in the time and place of the German attack being known in

general to Foch a week before the battle. Before the first gun was fired he knew everything except the precise boundaries of the front that would be attacked. In the Champagne, General Gouraud had learned the exact hour the day before; through prisoners captured in a trench raid, according to some accounts; through treachery on the German side, according to other versions.

The French national holiday, the fourteenth of July, fell on Sunday in 1918. The morning after such a holiday, the enemy may have argued, might find the French a little less alert than usual; the German was not one to overlook any factor. The battle did break, at all events, shortly after midnight of Monday morning, July 15, but it was Foch who opened it. An hour before the German cannonade started, the French and American artillery had anticipated it with high explosive and gas, catching masses of German infantry moving into position.

CAUGHT IN THE ARTILLERY TRAP

In the Champagne, Gouraud, with five infantry battalions and all the artillery of the Rainbow Division fighting in his center, stopped the enemy in his tracks almost instantly. In all the war no attack on such a scale accomplished so little. It was

a German defeat more costly and futile than Nivelle's tragic first day of the Second Aisne Battle. At the cost of fewer than 4,000 casualties, scratches included, Gouraud had stopped twenty-five rested and specially trained German divisions everywhere short of his battle line, and did not lose one gun. His surprise cannonade had upset the German attack before it began.

The enemy bombardment had spent its rage largely on the nearly vacant outpost positions, and when the German infantry reached these positions the Allied artillery dropped a deadly deluge upon them. Such enemy forces as did not dissolve here went to pieces on Gouraud's intermediate lines. So complete was the failure that Ludendorff called the Third Army off at the end of the first day and stopped the First Army the second day; so complete was the failure that the 27,000 men of the Rainbow Division were withdrawn from Gouraud's army on June 18 and added to the First American Army Corps in front of Château-Thierry. It had lost 450 killed and 1,300 wounded. The One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Infantry, an Ohio regiment, had repulsed seven successive attacks on the morning of July 15.

Von Boehm's Seventh Army, however, had crossed the Marne, seized the ridges on the south side in places and penetrated as far as six miles

against Berthelot and the right flank of Degoutte's army. Our Third Division, which had arrived in France only in April and had been rushed to the Marne on June 1, before its training was finished, was in the thick of this fight, defending the Surmelin brook, the valley of which contained two good roads and a branch railroad leading off southward toward the Paris-Nancy line. With the Champagne attack a failure, the enemy threw additional forces into the Marne battle. On our side Foch rushed up DeMitry's reserve army, the Ninth, and took over all Degoutte's battle line south of the Marne on the night of the fifteenth.

Runners and the signal-corps battalion of the Third suffered in the preliminary bombardment in their efforts to maintain communications. Then, behind smoke screens and a barrage, the enemy crossed the river on rafts, collapsible canvas boats and pontoons on the front of three of the four infantry regiments of the Third Division, the Seventh, Thirtieth and Thirty-eighth. In a counter attack the Seventh Regiment exposed its flank and Companies I and F were all but annihilated. One platoon of Company G of the Thirty-eighth Regiment was destroyed in its gallant defense of the Marne crossing. The Thirty-eighth held the mouth of the Surmelin Valley. On its left the enemy pushed through the Thirtieth Infantry and

gained the heights west of Mezy in spots, exposing that flank of the Thirty-eighth. On their right the enemy drove through the French and captured the St.-Agnan Ridge, turning the other flank of the Thirty-eighth.

ROCK OF THE MARNE

With both flanks assailed, this young regiment, making its first battle stand, accomplished the difficult tactical maneuver of turning its right to face the enemy on a new front. There was nothing missing in this sanguinary fight which earned the Thirty-eighth the proud title of the "Rock of the Marne"—gas, high explosives, machine guns, hand grenades, rifles at white-of-eye range, smoke screens, hand-to-hand bayonet and pistol fighting, and German airplanes swooping and spraying lead.

The right-flank maneuver was the beginning of the enemy's undoing here. Of the work of this regiment, commanded by Colonel U. G. McAlexander, of the Regular Army, General Pershing said in his final report: "A single regiment of the Third Division wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank the Germans, who had gained a

footing, pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion, capturing 600 prisoners."

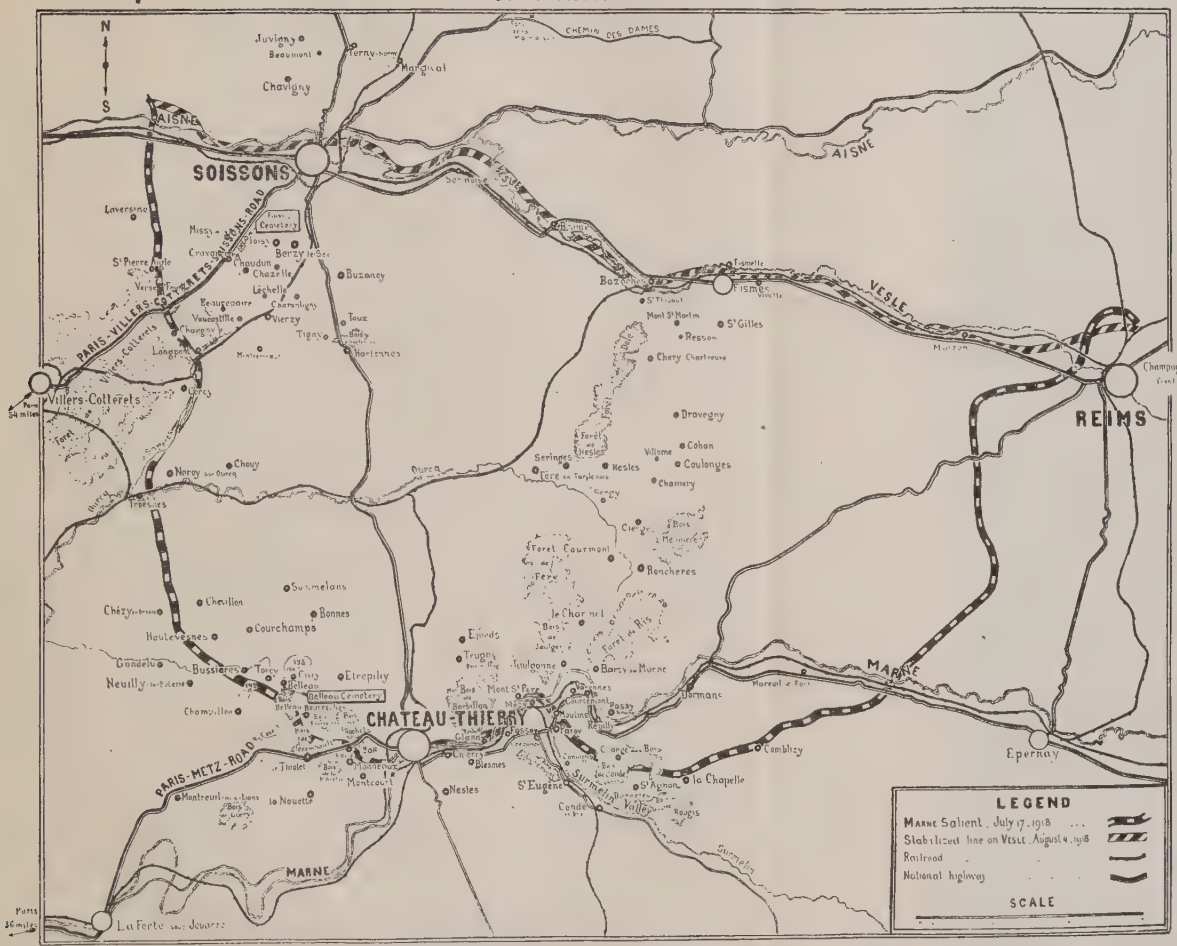
TURNING THE GERMANS BACK

When the battle ended, General Dickman was able to report that "although the rush of the German troops overwhelmed some of the front-line positions, causing the infantry and machine-gun companies to suffer, in some instances, a 50 per cent loss, no German soldier crossed the road from Fossoy to Crezancy except as a prisoner of war, and by noon of the following day, July 16, there were no Germans in the foreground of the Third Division sector except the dead."

The Keystone Division, Pennsylvania National Guard, was in reserve behind the Third when the battle began and got its baptism of fire in the German bombardment of the rear areas. When the enemy carried the St.-Agnan Ridge, the Keystone—Twenty-eighth—Division was drawn into the battle and assisted in the counter attack on July 16 that drove the Germans back into the valley of the Marne. At the end of the day, the only territory Von Boehm still held on the south bank

MAP No. I

STAGE OF DRAMA OF THE MARNE



From "America in Battle"
By Cols. Howland and Moss

in this vicinity was the Jaulgonne Bend, and the Allied artillery, back again on St.-Agnan Ridge, was smashing his pontoons behind him. Farther to the east, however, Berthelot's army of French and Italians had been forced back as much as two miles in places on the sixteenth, and lost more ground on the seventeenth. But when Italian and French counter attacks threw the enemy back later in the day, and the right wing of Von Boehm's army failed to retake the Marne ridges, the battle came to a standstill the evening of the seventeenth —the greatest German defeat since Verdun.

Although the fighting just missed the First Corps, our artillery was able to take a hand, and the German artillery did not neglect us. Throughout my command of the First Corps, the very efficient chief of artillery, General Lassiter, displayed an uncanny intuition for sensing out corps headquarters in advance, with the result that when we arrived we always found ourselves ringed about with heavy guns already in action, permitting us not only easy observation of the corps artillery's expertness but of the accuracy of the enemy's return fire.

In his preparations for the Second Marne offensive, the enemy had run an eleven-inch naval gun in on the railroad leading south from Soissons, built a spur to a selected spot, and there emplaced

the gun on a concrete base. First Corps headquarters was at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, thirty miles or so south. Near by us was an abandoned French aviation field with a dozen wooden hangars. On the morning of July 15, when the battle began, the big naval gun opened fire on La Ferté and kept it up until July 18. At the first explosion, I took it to be a battery of our six-inch G. P. F.'s firing from close at hand, and when it continued I called in General Lassiter and told him that I did not care for field guns around my headquarters; that they drew the enemy's fire unnecessarily.

Lassiter smiled. "That is not a departure," he said in artillery argot; "it's an arrival."

We then concluded that the enemy had spotted our headquarters and were honoring us with the heaviest artillery they had, but when we looked we found that every shell was dropping with a disturbing, but in this case impotent, accuracy in that eight- or ten-acre aviation field. The German usually was pretty well served by his intelligence corps, but this time he was misled. He left no clod unturned in that field and obliterated the hangars, to exactly no result. It is probable that the enemy reasoned that our aviation would not fail to make use of so advantageously placed an airdrome.

FIREWORKS FOR PICNICS

How the German got that unwieldy gun out of the Soissons neighborhood and safely away in the face of our counter attack of July 18 is still a mystery, but when we got there the gun was gone. During the later stages of the Second Marne the empty emplacement became a favored sight-seeing spot for the correspondents and the army tourists. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was one who took it in. With true German devilishness, they anticipated that the place would attract the curious and that visitors were most apt to be there around lunch time; so, daily, about 1 P.M., they dropped high explosives on it. If a shell had happened to catch a picnic party there, the responsibility would have been mine; nor did my worries end there. All our visitors, Americans and French alike, hankered to get into the front-line trenches and go up in a combat plane and see an air duel, preferably taking part in it. None of them went.

Every evening at dusk at La Ferté squads of German bombers flew over us bound down the Marne to lay their eggs on Paris. They ignored us on the down trip, but on the return, if they happened to have a bomb or two left over, they let us have them, and finally destroyed the railroad

station, as described by J. Gardner Minard, a witness, showing the audacity and skill of the German aviators:

"The Second Division was withdrawn from the "Belleau Wood-Vaux line on the night of July "9 and the Twenty-sixth (Yankee) Division took "over the front there. We dropped back a few "miles in reserve after five consecutive weeks' fight-"ing. The Second Supply Train, comprising six "companies operating motor trucks, was camped "on the north bank of the Marne, in a park in the "city of La Ferté-sous-Jouarre.

SPAN OF BRIDGE DESTROYED

"To the left of our camp was a stone railroad "bridge. The center span over the river had been "destroyed in 1914, during the first German in-"vasion, but the arch on the north bank was intact. "A telephone pole stood on each side, and several "strands of telephone wire were strung across the "river. The Yankee Division headquarters was "about 1,000 feet northeast of our camp, and the "railroad station about the same distance but more "to the north.

"On July 14, I was coming from the canteen "when I met Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, who "asked whether any of the boys would be in camp

"that afternoon. Being informed that most of them "would be, he told me to tell them to 'stick around' "about 5 o'clock and he would give us an exhibi- "tion. Promptly at the hour he appeared and went "through all kinds of stunts, and as he was in sight "of the enemy lines the show was undoubtedly wit- "nessed by the Germans.

"The next morning, July 15, a French plane "appeared over our camp and the aviator dupli- "cated the Rickenbacker tricks. Standing on the "hill to the north of our camp was a group of "French aviators and they were studying the flier "intently. I noticed their puzzled looks and ear- "nest conversation, and approaching them asked "whether it was an American or French flier. They "replied that it was a Frenchman, but they could "not understand what he was doing on this front "when his number indicated a squadron operating "on the English front 100 miles away.

DOVE UNDER WIRES

"Suddenly the plane dived toward the broken "arch and we all shouted to him to look out for the "wires, but he passed gracefully under them and "as the plane shot upward after skimming the sur- "face of the river he stood up in the cockpit and "waved his cap to us and flew off to the east.

"Sergeant Varney and I occupied a pup ten and "I was awakened at about 10 o'clock that night by "the hum of a French plane. It was so unusual to "hear a French plane at night that I awakened "Varney and told him. He raised his head, listened "for a moment, said, 'Damned if it ain't; I wonder "if his mother knows he's out,' and lay down again. "I crawled out to see what was going on, as the "plane was apparently flying low and from the "east. French searchlights were flashing signals to "him, but he ignored them. It was a beautiful clear "night, yet I could not make him out.

"Suddenly there came a flash and an explosion "from the direction of the Yankee headquarters, "which caused all hands to tumble out of the tents. "We knew in an instant that it was a German in a "captured French plane; also that it was the same " 'Frenchman' who had entertained us that morn-"ing and that he would in all probability pay us a "visit, so most of the boys sought shelter in the "stone arch. The first explosion was soon followed "by a second, and the hum of the motor sounded "closer. The French antiaircraft guns began to "boom all about us and some of our men emptied "their rifles in the direction of the sound.

PLANE GOT AWAY

"Suddenly there came a blinding flash and a "terrific roar which shook the ground, and now "there was no doubt he was headed our way. There "was a large tree in front of my tent and I called to "Varney to get on the river side of the trunk, for "should the next bomb fall in our camp the concus- "sion would blow us into the Marne. Hardly had "he reached my side when there came a muffled "roar and a huge wave swept over us as the bomb "fell into the water about fifty feet away. The "plane then flew off to the east amid exploding "shells.

"Varney and I then left to investigate the dam- "age. The first bomb had landed in an alley east "of the Yankee headquarters, making a hole in the "roadway and knocking down about eight feet of "a high stone fence. The second struck a wing of "the Yankee headquarters, partly wrecking it. The "third, which must have been a very large one, had "struck fairly in the middle of the big railroad sta- "tion, completely demolishing it, and they were car- "rying out the bodies of some French soldiers who "had taken refuge there, as well as the station "agent and his family, who lived in the rooms over "the ticket office. The fourth had fallen, as stated, "in the Marne. It may thus be seen that the avia-

"tor who destroyed the railroad station was not re-
"turning from a bombing trip to Paris."

AMERICANS IN THE AIR

For the Second Marne, General Pershing had concentrated all four American air-fighting squadrons then ready at Touwin, 25 miles south of Château-Thierry. The enemy had put the élite of his air forces in the Marne salient for the drive, including the famous Richthofen Flying Circus and three other flights of the red-nosed Jagstaffel Number 1, and the yellow-bellied Jagstaffel Number 2 of Captain Loerser's. Captain Bettinge's Jagstaffel Number 3, usually against the British, also dipped into the Second Marne. We lost thirty-six pilots captured or killed in the four weeks, won thirty-eight air victories and did the lion's share of the air fighting. The French have a native genius for aeronautics, but four years' fighting had taken most of their best, and their places had been filled often by none too willing draftees from other arms of the service.

On July 14, the day before the battle opened, Quentin Roosevelt, son of the former president, was killed in what pilots expressively called "a dog fight" over Fère-en-Tardenois. He was flying in rear position of one of the wings of a flight of five

planes from Squadron Number 95, when, soon after crossing the front east of Château-Thierry, they jumped seven German Fokkers. Roosevelt detected another flight of Fokkers approaching, and, unknown to his comrades, climbed to the attack. He was shot down out of control by Sergeant Thom, of the Richthofen Circus, who already had twenty-four victories on his score, and was buried by the enemy with military honors.

In the German retreat, our fighting planes devoted their time to strafing the tangled traffic on the roads leading out of the salient and earned the curses of the enemy infantry and transport. The enemy abandoned his wounded in some instances.

We have to go back to the night of July 17. On that night, German authorities say, Ludendorff wrote the three days off his books as an expensive but not an irreparable loss, and set about to regroup his forces for the delayed Flanders drive against the British. But Germany had delivered her last attack. The next morning Foch snatched the initiative from Ludendorff's hands. Thereafter the German danced while the Allies called the tune. Napoleon once said that the morale is to the physical as three to one, which it is ordinarily, but it was as fifty to one on July 18.

The weakness of the enemy's position in the Château-Thierry bulge had been apparent all

along. The German himself recognized his potential danger, but counted, as I have said, on Foch's being too weak to take advantage of it. I had not been long at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, when, after studying the situation at first hand, I took the liberty of sending to Chaumont a memorandum in which I pointed out the insecurity of the enemy's narrow pocket, with its exposed lines of supply, and the invitation it offered, particularly on the Soissons-Château-Thierry flank, for a counter attack. A week or ten days later I learned that as early as June 23, at Bombon, and again on July 10, General Pershing had urged the same view on Foch and Clemenceau, and had pleaded that he be allowed to concentrate the most experienced divisions he had against the west flank and strike under American tactical command. He was met with the argument that our troops were not yet adequate to offensive on any large scale, and, by implication, that our officers certainly were not yet sufficiently experienced; but the suggestion was accepted in principle.

Foch unquestionably had seen the same opportunity, but he was not yet confident enough of his ability to hold on the defense to think of taking the offensive. Although his strength was rising steadily now, and the enemy's was falling, his estimates still gave Ludendorff a superiority of several hun-

dred thousand. Foch was biding his time; but that time, the French felt, might not come for several months. I do not believe that the tide of the war would have turned on July 18 if Sir Douglas Haig and General Pershing both had not urged Foch on. Haig was confronted with a powerful German army under the Bavarian Crown Prince Rupprecht, with strong reserves, and a few more miles would bring the German artillery within range of the channel; but in the face of this he offered to return to Foch the six French divisions lent him earlier in the year, and to add four British divisions. General Pershing offered Foch every division he had of any training.

WHEN THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE

The enemy not only was in a naturally vulnerable position but he had weakened his west flank to reënforce his drive on the eastern flank. In the thirty-mile stretch from Soissons to Château-Thierry, he had only eight divisions in line and six in immediate reserve, and he had been too busy with the main job, apparently, to throw up the usual formidable rear lines of defense. German corps commanders on the west flank are said to have protested at the danger.

Foch gathered such reserves as he dared—and

they were few—on that flank, while he waited for the issue of the German attack. When Gouraud stopped the enemy short the first day, Foch got ready. When the attack to the west of Rheims wavered the second day, Foch got set. When it stopped the third day, Foch fired the starting pistol for a counter attack from Belleau to Fontenoy on the Aisne, 35 miles.

How bare Foch's cupboard was of reserves is best indicated by his choice of three tired divisions—one French Colonial, the two others, American—for the post of honor. These three were to drive directly east against the base of the salient toward the heights immediately south of Soissons, the German's tenderest spot, while the rest of the counter attack followed their progress. The First Moroccans, who were to have the center of this spearhead, had been in the line here for weeks. They closed up to make room for the First American Division on their left, the Second American Division on their right. The First had just been relieved from a long spell at Cantigny, while the Second had been relieved only on the ninth of July from weeks of bitter fighting at Belleau, Bouresches and Vaux, to a position in close support. Now in the midst of the German drive the First slipped away under General Summerall and joined the Twentieth French Corps of Mangin's

Tenth Army. General Harbord's Second Division followed.

ON TO BATTLE

Mangin concentrated his force under the cover of the Villers-Cotterets forest and achieved complete secrecy. The First Division did not take over its lines from the First Moroccans until the night of the seventeenth. The orders reached the Second Division so late that not all the division reached the scene before the zero hour, and the units that did arrive before the attack, came at the last moment. Mangin was "The Butcher" to the enemy, and German mothers frightened their children with his name. His First Moroccans originally had been what their name implied, but there were few Moroccans left. The division now included what remained of the Foreign Legion, and there were tragically few of those left too. The rest were a motley, for the most part great Mohammedan blacks from West Africa, the Senegalese. This was not the first or the last time that the division was given the hardest nut to crack. These blacks wore a mustard-colored uniform and their helmets bore a crescent instead of the sputtering-bomb emblem of the French infantry. They were more at home with sharp steel than with lead, and were inclined to leave the shooting to fusileers who

carried Chauchat automatic rifles, while they worked in close with bayonet and broad-bladed knife.

The Second was stretching in the lazy July sunshine about Montreuil, near my headquarters at La Ferté, when the orders came. Bugles blew assembly, the division fell in by companies, sergeants barked their roll calls, and the vanguard was off in French camions, little wheels and no springs. It was little farther from Montreuil to the Villers-Cotterets forest than from Baltimore to Washington, but the motor transport was slow in coming up, the roads were brimful with traffic, and they must keep out of the enemy's sight. The highways had been dusty, but that afternoon brief summer showers passed over, with steamy intervals—such July weather as we knew at home from Boston Harbor to the Rockies.

The nearer the front, the worse the congestion grows. The night of the seventeenth turns stormy, with heavy rain, thunder and lightning. It adds to the confusion, but keeps the German airplanes at home. Transport moves hub to hub in the black wet night, driving the infantry off the roads to feel its way in columns of files along bypaths and over fallen timber. Little tanks and big tanks, crazily camouflaged, lumber by. Tractors labor past, towing 155 howitzers and 155 longs, and horses pull

the wicked 75's. Here are mules packing machine guns and there rides a column of lance-bearing French cavalry. Halt, go ahead, halt again. Loud voices, but never a light. Off the roads the infantry holds hands to maintain contact.

The morning breaks, clean washed and clear, such a morning as birds sing hymns to. The stars are dimming; it is almost 4:35 and only a fraction of the Second Division is in place. For two days and nights they have been on the march without sleep or rations, the last of it at forced pace. They come up too tired to curse, just as the barrage opens, and still breathless they go in.

No preliminary gun was fired on the northern section, more than 300 French tanks bursting out of the forest just after dawn, the infantry immediately behind, artillery and cavalry close up. The First Division leaped off from the slopes of a ravine between Laversine and St.-Pierre Aigle, eight miles southwest of Soissons, with their objective the main highway to Château-Thierry, five miles east. The enemy was so poorly prepared that the Second Brigade covered three miles in two hours before the German resistance began to stiffen. The First Brigade quickly crossed the Soissons-Paris road, captured Chaudon and outdistanced the Moroccans on their right. That day the division took 30 guns and 200 prisoners.

Meanwhile the Second Division, its bayonets aslant and glistening in the first light of the sun, follows the rolling barrage and the waddling tanks out of the woods into waist-high wheat fields, such fields as are being harvested this day in Nebraska, except that red poppies grow amid the ripe grain. They have neither machine guns nor hand grenades, both left behind, but they move so fast they overrun an aviation field and German batteries in the first twenty minutes. The German artillery reply to our barrage is so slow that the division has passed well beyond when it opens.

The enemy makes his first stand behind the embankment of the Soissons-Villers-Cotterets railroad. Here the Second meets the tac-tac-tac-tac of the Maxim gun. A shrill clamor of whistles from officers and noncoms and the American infantry carries the embankment. By 9:30 o'clock they have the plateau commanding Vierzy. Moppers-up take care of any dugouts and machine-gun nests left behind. Here the enemy howls and dances in terror, there he runs and here again he stands fast. The German machine gunner is the die-hard of his army. Sometimes we carry his gun by frontal assault and leave a wake of fallen, but more often we sift around and behind, popping at him with service and automatic rifle and finishing him up with handwork by bayonet and pistol

and clubbed rifles. This is Indian fighting. Men stalk and crawl and snipe. They pant, grunt and curse. Germans work their spitting, coughing machine guns with one hand and hurl grenades with the other.

TOPPING THE DIVIDE

The German artillery repulses our first assault of Vierzy, with heavy losses to the Second. The Fifteenth United States Artillery gallops in to action with its 75's as in a news-reel film; the Sixth Marine Regiment, delayed in the woods during the night, comes to the support of its brigade, and with the aid of French tanks and a battalion of Senegalese, Vierzy is taken and the Second digs in for the night. That day it has taken 3,000 prisoners from five German divisions, 75 guns and great quantities of material; but it has paid with almost 4,000 casualties. The Twenty-third Infantry has lost 62 of its 99 officers and 1,920 of its 3,400 men.

On July 19, fresh German Divisions were encountered by the First and Second American Divisions, but in spite of bitter opposition throughout the nineteenth, both divisions made important gains. The Second Division was relieved from the line on the night of July 19 by the Fifty-eighth French Division, having driven the enemy

back six miles, captured 3,000 prisoners and suffered about 5,000 casualties.

It is not often possible to say of wars, or any struggle, just when and where the scales wavered, hung, then turned for good and all. Our Civil War reached its climax in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg—the high tide of the Confederacy—but Lee withdrew unmolested from that field and nearly two years of bitter fighting intervened before Appomattox. The dénouement of the World War was much swifter, sharper, and it is almost possible to fix the instant, if not the acre. We did not realize it at the time, of course; still less did any one on either side suspect that in fewer than four months Germany would have surrendered.

When, at half-past ten o'clock of the morning of July 18, Mangin's artillery was able to open fire from the crown of the Montagne de Paris on the Soissons railway junction, only two miles away, and the Americans and Moroccans had carried the plateau that gave artillery command of the main highway from Soissons to Château-Thierry, the war's great divide was topped.

At the moment, however, the only fact apparent was that Von Boehm was in a chancy position, with disaster just around the corner for his army. With his main communications cut, he was faced with the ticklish task of extracting an army from a

sack on which the Allies were pulling the strings. He had been caught off his balance with his head turned the wrong way. Not only was the bulk of his army on the wrong side of the salient but he had eight divisions still on the south side of the Marne, in the farthest corner of the pocket, with Allied artillery commanding the crossings.

Although Ludendorff already had abandoned the attack and ordered Von Boehm to withdraw the part of his army that was still across the Marne, according to German historians, he did not do it until July 20. The evidence indicates that the German high command was confused for the moment, but perhaps the delay was intended to permit the enemy to clear the salient of its great stocks of stores. If so, it was a foolish hazard. It finally cost Von Boehm some 40,000 prisoners and great losses of material to get out, but it was a bargain price. It is very much to his credit that he got out at all, nor does it detract from it to add that half of it was his own skill, half the Allied lack of reserves.

GERMANS ON THE RUN

In such a pocket under such pressure the very size of his army, and the supporting army behind it, might have been a liability by increasing the confusion, but not with veteran soldiers skillfully

led. He certainly did not lack for men, and all day the eighteenth and that night he rushed them across the salient to plug up the cracked western flank. When the First Division resumed its drive at four o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth, it found the enemy in great force. The First Brigade took Chazelle at once; but cross fire from machine guns in Missy-aux-Bois and Ploisy again held up the Second Brigade, and when French tanks attempted to carry Ploisy ravine and heights they were knocked out by direct hits from enemy field guns firing from open sights. Nevertheless, the brigade had taken the ravine by nightfall.

Flowing north into the Aisne at Soissons is a little stream, the Crise, which the French call a river. Both the railroad from Soissons to Villers-Cotterets and the main highway to Château-Thierry follow the valley of the Crise as far as Berzy-le-Sec. There both leave the little valley, the railroad turning west, the highway a trifle east. This village at the junction of railroad and highway, and the near-by village of Buzancy, had been assigned originally to the French; but the First Division was ahead of the French both to right and left on the morning of the twentieth and the Americans were ordered to carry these positions.

All element of surprise was gone now, and every additional hour the battle lasted the enemy was

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

VIEW FROM SHELL HOLE IN THE STEEPLE OF THE BUZANCY CHURCH, IN THE ARGONNE

able to throw in more men and guns. Our First Artillery Brigade pounded Berzy-le-Sec for two hours on the twentieth before the Second Brigade attempted to carry the town in the afternoon. They penetrated into the smoking ruins of the town in a storm of shell and gas and venomous machine-gun fire, fought hand to hand, were thrown back, attacked again; but the day ended with the enemy still holding village and heights. The brigade was badly rocked; but the enemy was worse off, as was proved the following morning when the brigade returned to the attack, led by General Beaumont B. Buck, and the German wavered, broke and ran.

Meanwhile the First Brigade had crossed the Château-Thierry road. The First Division not only had cut the enemy's communications but had nailed them down, and that night the Fifteenth Scottish, one of the divisions sent from Flanders by Haig, relieved the Americans. We had not taken Buzancy, and it was not until a week later that it fell to the Scotch and French. The former so distinguished themselves at Buzancy that Mangin ordered a pyramid of rough stones bearing a carved thistle ringed in roses erected on the field.

The First Division had defeated parts of seven enemy divisions, advanced seven miles in four days where it counted most and taken 3,500 prisoners

and 68 guns. The price was high, but not for such a job. It had lost 60 per cent of its infantry officers in killed and wounded, and suffered 7,000 casualties in all. The Sixteenth and Eighteenth Infantry Regiments lost every field officer except their colonels. The Twenty-sixth Infantry came out of the fight under the command of a captain of only sixteen months' service. This was one of the regiments that had been hurried to France from the Mexican border, where for two years it had been scattered in dribbles over a lonely stretch of 100 miles. The lessons it had learned there in self-reliance stood it in stead in this first essay in open warfare.

THE PIVOT POSITION

While Mangin's army was attacking from Faverolles north, Degoutte's army took up the battle from Faverolles to the Marne. My First Army Corps, now commanding the Twenty-sixth American and One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French divisions, was given the rôle of right-flank pivot for the counter offensive. North of us the Fourth American Division was fighting by brigades with the French. As elsewhere, the German was caught napping on our front and we carried Torcy, Givry and Belleau immediately and with little loss, then stopped by previous instructions not to get ahead

of the general line. Progress in the north justifying it, the First Corps and the Sixth Army generally returned to the attack on the afternoon of July 20. Fighting through the night and into the next day we carried the Etrepilly plateau, turned the German flank on the Marne and compelled the evacuation of Château-Thierry. The Third American and Thirty-ninth French divisions on our right were in the town that evening. In front of us the enemy now retreated rapidly to prepared rear-guard positions east of the Soissons-Château-Thierry road. Berthelot's and De Mitry's armies, with Italian and British aid, now applied their pincers on the eastern and southern flanks of the salient and four French armies were pressing the German in a contracting arc.

General Degoutte, seeing that the convergence of the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh and the Yankee divisions would crowd one or the other out of the front line, on the night of July 22 ordered the left brigade of the Yankee Division to relieve the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh. But the greater part of that brigade had lost direction, gone astray and failed to hold together as an organization after the night of July 21-22. Fortunately, General Schmidt, who, for all his German name, commanded the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French, realized the situation and

had the good judgment to go ahead without orders until July 25, or we should have had a dangerous gap in the line of the First Army Corps. As soon as the situation was appreciated General Weigel's Fifty-sixth Brigade of the Keystone Division was called in to fill the place.

The casualties of the Twenty-sixth Division in its ten-mile advance between the eighteenth and twenty-fifth were 4,000. It captured 250 prisoners, 4 guns, one pontoon train and much material.

The German made his first determined stand against us at the River Ourcq in strong positions. On the night of July 25-26, the Rainbow Division took over the whole corps front, now much shortened by convergence of the arc, relieving both the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French and the Yankee Division, except the latter's artillery. The Rainbow began the assault immediately, Iowa and Alabama infantry storming the key position of the *Croix Rouge* farm. Supported by its own, the Twenty-sixth's and the corps artillery, the entire division attacked on July 28 on a front of 3 kilometers and crossed the Ourcq in as desperate fighting as we had encountered in the war.

The German position on the Ourcq already was strategically outflanked, but this was not felt locally for several days. In the interval the enemy tossed in fresh divisions against us, in particular

the Fourth Guards, and counter-attacked furiously and repeatedly. The village of Sergy, just north of the Ourcq, changed hands many times that day, but we held it at the end. The Rainbow covered itself with glory here.

THE GENERAL AT THE FRONT

Neither the Thirty-eighth French Corps—Thirty-ninth French Division, Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second American divisions—on our right nor the Second French Corps on our left had kept abreast of us, and the Rainbow was sticking out like a sore thumb across the river, with the Fourth American in close support. Our right was particularly exposed and had to be protected by two battalions of the Fourth in echelon. Because of this, and possibly because the enemy yearned especially to give the *Amerikaner* a licking, there was desperate fighting here for four days.

Degoutte tried to persuade me to push my corps still farther ahead, but I declined until the French got up on our right and left—my only disagreement with Degoutte, and that soon forgotten. He then called on Generals Mondesir and Philipot and insisted that they come even with us, which they did on the night of July 31, and on August 1 we

went ahead, gaining 3 kilometers. That day Mangin drove the German out of Soissons.

I had kept my corps headquarters virtually up with division headquarters all the while in order to keep in personal touch with Generals Menoher and Cameron. I moved four times; just personal baggage and portable field desks. We had a remarkable signal battalion in the corps, the Four Hundred and Sixth, composed of selected employees of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, all volunteers and all in France and hard at work within four months after we declared war. They never failed to have us tied up by wire with division headquarters by the time we arrived. A general officer's place, as I have said, is not at the immediate front in modern war, but just after the Rainbow crossed the Ourcq I spent the greater part of a day on the eastern edge of the Forêt de Fère in the hope of determining the location of the German batteries raking our infantry, but it could not be done. Their guns were hidden under the hills. We did not lack for action at headquarters. The enemy artillery searched us out and was at us with bombs and machine guns from his planes.

General Degoutte maintained the same close touch with his corps commanders. He was at my headquarters at least once a day, both of us using interpreters. He belonged to that distinguished

group of French officers that comprised Fayolle, Mangin and Gouraud, men who had seen long service in colonial warfare and fought their way to high command by sheer merit. He was a forceful character, a great driver and an optimist both by nature and policy. If he could have attained his expressed will he would have destroyed Von Boehm's army entirely, but he lacked the reserves by some 200,000. Later he was King Albert's chief of staff and really the commander of the Belgian-British-French-American Army that formed the extreme left wing of the final Allied advance. In June, 1919, he visited me on the Rhine, having traversed occupied Germany from Liége to Coblenz. It was the only time I ever saw him depressed. After comparing ruined Northeast France and Belgium with the serene and unscratched German landscape, he felt more strongly than ever, he said, that the war had ended too soon. He had argued that the German Army would have surrendered unconditionally in the field in another month—a view I share.

His corps commanders had great respect for his judgment and fighting ability. They were, like him, survivors of the fittest after the merciless elimination test of four years of war. On numerous occasions their forces failed to keep abreast of our younger and fresher troops, usually due to

the fact that the French preferred to take a position in half a day at small cost, where the impatient young men from afar carried it in fifteen minutes and paid the price. The First Corps went into battle cautioned against foolhardy risks, and warned particularly against overmanning the front lines, where the shells and gas were thickest, and against taking machine-gun positions by frontal attack; but in the face of these orders they and the rest of the American Army endlessly took chances that no French soldier in his right mind would have chanced; nor would our men had they been fighting since 1914.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR EXPERIENCE

The practical-minded Socrates observed that courage is not a virtue unless it also is wisdom. That depends. The courage of our young Army was not always wise, yet it served to end the war of 1918. Courage sometimes is the only substitute for the skill that comes of experience. It is a fearful price to pay, and we always have paid it in our wars. Some one saw tears in the eyes of General Daugan, commanding the First Moroccans, as he watched his own and the First and Second American divisions strike the blow of July 18 that turned the tide of the war.

"Does not the day go well, my general?" he was asked.

"Mais, oui!" he said. "I weep for the families and sweethearts of these Americans. See how they go into battle as we did in 1914! My division, the flower of the French Army, no longer can keep up with them."

On August 3 the Fourth Division relieved the Rainbow. This latter fine division, swift, sure and tenacious both on the attack and the defense, had penetrated nine miles and suffered casualties of 5,500. Its bag of prisoners was relatively small; the big catches were over in the first few days. The following day General Bullard, having got his Third Corps staff together, with that corps took command on our right of the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second divisions. This day we pushed forward rapidly to the Vesle, with little opposition. Here the Sixty-second French, the leading division of the Second French Army Corps, was turned over to my command, and two American army corps now made up the Sixth French Army.

A FORWARD PASS TO HAIG

On August 6, General Degoutte ordered us to attack and gain a bridgehead north of the Vesle. The Eighth Brigade of the Fourth Division forced

a crossing and moved forward on the line of the National Road at the foot of the north-bank heights, where the enemy had established himself in great strength. Other elements of the corps, both French and American, were caught by flank machine-gun fire from Bazoches village and were unable to get beyond the railroad. This left the Eighth Brigade in an untenable position and it had to fall back on the railroad. We had won a bridgehead and held it, but it was not worth the cost. The Second Marne was over now and the battle line stabilized again. The enemy hoped that we would batter our heads against it and return to trench warfare, but Ferdinand Foch, who had been made Marshal of France this day, had other plans.

On August 12, the Fourth Division was relieved by the Seventy-seventh American. Their losses were 750 killed and 4,812 casualties from all causes. The following day the Third American Corps took over our sector, and the First Corps returned to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre after thirty-nine days in the line, during which a total of five American and two French divisions had served under its command.

Already the shifty Foch had struck elsewhere. On August 8 he passed the ball to Haig, and the English, Australians, Canadians, a regiment of the

Thirty-third American Division and Debeney's First French Army, under Haig's tactical command, burst the western face of the Amiens salient. On the next day Humbert, with another French army, drove the German off the Lassigny plateau. The Amiens bulge vanished, the railroad was freed and the enemy was back on his general line of the summer of 1916. Foch had just begun.

CHAPTER IV

THE ST.-MIHIEL OPERATION

Less than one month from the opening of the *Friedensturm* which was to end the war in a quick and decisive German victory, Ludendorff resigned, and when his resignation was refused he insisted that Berlin make new peace overtures immediately.

In a war that lasted more than four years, this was an abrupt reversal, but the struggle had reached the exhaustion stage, and whichever way it turned, the end would be swift. It was touch and go for both sides; human endurance could stand little more. Germany had counted, and with much reason, on having the little margin of time and strength necessary to win. That calculation was made on the assumption that the American Army could not intervene in force in time and that its fighting value would be low in any event, and there it foundered. Ours was the green army of an unprepared people, but veteran Allies were able to supply many of our deficiencies of material and training.

It was an inexperienced army, but it had youth and nerve, which the other combatants had lost and

never could regain. It was slow in appearing, but not slow enough for the German plan.

Ludendorff's resignation was the aftermath of what he called "the black day of the German Army." With the enemy thrown out of the Marne bulge, Foch signaled to Haig to strike the western flank of the Amiens bend, fruit of the German offensive of March. By elaborate deception the British not only led the enemy but their own people, and even much of their army, to believe that the next attack was to be at Ypres. King Albert demanded, with some asperity, to know why he had not been informed of an offensive that was to come on his right.

OUT ON THEIR FEET

Two thousand guns were concentrated on a front of 12 miles. They suddenly roared in unison on the misty morning of August 8, stopped in four minutes, and the Australian Corps, the Canadian Corps, the Third British Corps, with which was a regiment of our Prairie—Thirty-third—Division, and Debeney's First French Army moved forward. But ahead of the infantry went 200 new and improved tanks, and never was infantry better served by an auxiliary. Not only did they smooth the infantry's immediate path but numbers of them broke far through the enemy and set to work cut-

ting the telephone and telegraph communications in the rear. Enemy division, corps and army commands found themselves unable to transmit orders or to learn what was transpiring. This, the complete surprise—the moral effect of the tank and the growing inferiority of the German soldier—threw the army into a confusion new to that machine. Defeat was tolerable, but not panic; that was what Ludendorff meant by the "black day." A division headquarters was surprised intact and a number of regimental headquarters captured, one at breakfast. Cavalry followed up and passed through the infantry to fine effect, one troop capturing a railroad train at Chaulnes. When Humbert, with another French Army, drove the enemy off the Lassigny Plateau the next day, the Amiens salient was gone, its invaluable railroad freed, and the German was back virtually where he was in midsummer of 1916.

A sharp deterioration of the German enlisted man set in with the Allied counter offensive at the Second Marne. He had been told and convinced that the Allies were, in the boxer's phrase, "out on their feet"; that one more stiff blow would end it. Now he found, instead, the Allies driving him back into his own corner, the French revived, the British stronger, and a fresh and impetuous new foe in the American Army. His morale never re-

covered. He did not cease to fight, but thereafter he fought despairingly. A cornered rat is a symbol of fury, but the odds are on the cat. The German Army of March to July, 1918, was not the Juggernaut of 1914; it was too worn and scarred, but it still was a remarkable machine of high discipline. From July on its discipline weakened. To discouragement was added the revolutionary infection contracted from the Russians. There never were any such mutinies as wrecked the German Navy at the last; the army fought desperately down to the Armistice, and still had more fight left in it, but there was a difference. As one who is proud of what the American Army did, I wonder what we might have done against the German Army of 1914? Not so well.

From March to July the enemy had seemed both swift and deadly in his four great blows, but Foch's strategy from July to November was to make it, by comparison, a ponderous heavyweight in the ring with a brilliant boxer. Foch danced about the enemy and bewildered him with a continuous rain of blows. He could only duck, cover, clinch and back away slowly. There were to be no more battles of attrition in Foch's plan; the moment an offensive ceased to pay a quick and large profit on the investment, it was halted and a new battle opened elsewhere. That had been Ludendorff's

intention in March, too, but his very successes had lured him away from his program.

THE FIRST AMERICAN ARMY

No sooner did the battle slow at Amiens than Mangin, with our Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second and Seventy-seventh divisions participating, launched an attack on August 18 that carried the heights between the Oise and the Aisne, with 8,000 prisoners and 200 guns. As this fight slowed, the British opened the Battle of Bapaume. Ludendorff was preparing here to withdraw to better positions, as he had done the spring before, but this time Haig beat him to it. In ten days the British, at low cost, swept thirty-five German divisions before them over a territory that Haig had been from July to November in winning in the bitter struggle of 1916. The bag here was 34,000 prisoners and 270 guns more, and at once the British, with our Twenty-seventh Division taking part, struck again at Arras, carried the Drocourt Switch Line, and by September 9 the enemy was back in the Hindenburg Line.

St.-Mihiel and the First American Army came next. On May 19, General Pershing had been definitely promised a front of his own for an independent army. The Second Marne had prevented

MAP No. 2

From "America in Battle"
By Cols. Howland and Moss

that and left our divisions scattered along the Allied front, their supply an increasing problem. Up to July he had not even secured a tactical command for the First Army Corps, organized in January. My staff, properly ambitious to get at the job for which it was created, became impatient, but I understood the commanding general's difficulties.

The concentration of American divisions drawn into the Château-Thierry region by the German attack in late May gave Pershing his opportunity, and he insisted upon a command for the First Corps in General Degoutte's army.

During that Second Marne battle he had begun the organization of the staff of the First American Army, with Colonel Hugh Drum as chief of staff, and with the great emergency over, he renewed his insistence on an army of our own. The Marne had proved to the practical satisfaction of the Allies that we had officers capable of handling divisions and corps in French armies, but to give us our head as an army was another matter. Nevertheless, at Bombon, on July 24, where the Allied commanders in chief met, with the German retreating, and decided unanimously to hold and press the offensive, General Pershing won his demand. The flattening out of the St.-Mihiel salient was assigned to the First American Army. The organization of that army, with headquarters at La Ferté-sous-

Jouarre, was announced formally on August 10, and arrangements made for the successive relief of the necessary American divisions. General Pershing himself took command of the near-by Vesle front for part of a day, then returned it to General Degoutte, the object being to deceive the enemy into the belief that our next move was to be in the Soissons region. Headquarters was moved immediately to Neufchâteau and the secret concentration of our First Army in the St.-Mihiel sector was begun.

The First Corps was resting at La Ferté. In the fighting just ended, the staff had functioned without a hitch in its first test, mainly due to the ability and energy of the Chief of Staff, Malin Craig. Supplies of all sorts had been forthcoming as needed and the wounded had been quickly and well cared for. Our losses had been heavy, but not excessive, the nature of the terrain, the enemy's resistance and the inexperience of our troops considered.

OFFERING THANKS FOR BELLEAU WOOD

Premier Clemenceau stopped at La Ferté to call on us while on his way to thank the Second Division formally for Belleau Wood. His long stay in America had left him completely at home in Eng-

lish. He told me of having been with Grant's Army when it entered Richmond. From La Ferté he drove to General Bundy's headquarters, where an unhappy incident occurred. The friendly rivalry between the Marines and the Regulars in the Second had helped to make it the fine division it was. General Bundy had no notice of Clemenceau's coming. By chance most of the officers of the Third Brigade—Regulars—were at headquarters and no officer of the Fourth Brigade—Marines—was present when he arrived, and his visit was brief, so there was no time to bring them in. As a result, the gratitude of the French Republic was offered to the Regulars, and the Marines, whose special plume was Belleau Wood, received this gratitude at second hand.

The First Corps, after its short rest, moved to Saiserais, where, on August 21, we took over the command of two National Army divisions—the Eighty-second and Ninetieth—both new to us, on the eastern flank of the St.-Mihiel salient. Because of the swampy nature of much of the ground in the salient, the attack had been ordered for not later than mid-September. This threw on our new staffs the formidable task of collecting combat divisions scattered from Flanders to Switzerland, and otherwise preparing in secrecy a major operation within less than a month.

The salient was a left-over from the third week in September, 1914. A triangle, the sharpest on the Western Front, it looked easy on the map; but owing to the blind nature of the land, its two commanding heights and sheltered communications, the German had held it continuously. Joffre had made two costly and fruitless attacks against it in 1915—on the west at Les Eparges, on the south at Apremont—since when the enemy had garrisoned it with resting or secondary troops, but had continued to elaborate its fortifications. The western face ran along the rugged, heavily wooded eastern heights of the Meuse; the southern face followed the heights of the Meuse to the east, then crossed the plains of the Woëvre. In the angle were two detached high hills, excellent observation posts, and 200 square miles of French soil, including a town of 10,000, held by the enemy for four years.

Defensively, the salient protected Metz and the Briey Iron Basin, and so threatened the flanks of the French that any major offensive in Lorraine had been impracticable. Offensively, it cut the railroad leading up the Meuse valley to Verdun. It always had hampered the French defense of Verdun and its existence had been instrumental in deciding the enemy on the great attack against Verdun in February, 1916.

TWO NEW JOBS FOR THE AMERICANS

On August 30, the First American Army, under General Pershing's own command, took over the entire St.-Mihiel front, with four army corps assembling—the First, Fourth and Fifth American and the Second French Colonial Corps. On that day Marshal Foch came to Ligny-en-Barrois and reported that the continuing success of the British and French now made practicable operations beyond what had seemed feasible on July 30, and proposed two new jobs for the American Army. The first was to be an attack between the Meuse and the Argonne Forest on September 15, by the Second French Army supported by from four to six American divisions; the second, an attack on September 20, from the Argonne west toward Rheims, to be executed on the right by an American army astride the Aisne, on the left by a French army.

This would have required the breaking up of the First American Army, which our commander had fought for so long and just obtained, into several groups, mainly to assist French armies, and it would nullify in part all the vast labor we had done in building roads, railroads and all the other infinite preparations looking toward the supply of our

armies on a specified front. General Pershing declined.

Three days later he, Foch and Pétain met at Foch's headquarters in another conference, and Pershing stood his ground until the employment of the American Army as a unit was conceded by the French. At this meeting, September 2, a converging attack by all the Allied forces was mapped out and Pershing was given his choice of two sectors—the Champagne up to the Aisne, or from the Aisne to the Meuse, including the Argonne. He chose the latter because, as he said in his final report, "In my opinion, no other Allied troops had the morale or the offensive spirit to overcome successfully the difficulties to be met in the Meuse-Argonne sector, and plans and installations had been prepared for an expansion of operations in that direction." Accordingly, 150 kilometers of the front from the Argonne to Port-sur-Seille, well to the east of St.-Mihiel, was placed under Pershing's command, together with all French divisions then in that zone. The First American Army was to proceed with the St.-Mihiel operation, after which it was to attack between the Meuse and the Argonne not later than September 25.

A WELL-KNOWN SECRET

This decision had far-reaching consequences. As planned on July 24, we were to keep going in the St.-Mihiel fight until the enemy stopped us, driving on Metz and the Briey Iron Basin and taking them then or later. Now our objective was limited to the line Vigneulles-Thiaucourt-Regnieville, which meant only pinching out the salient; the number of divisions to be used was reduced and the time shortened. Moreover, two Army Corps headquarters, with their corps troops, virtually all the Army artillery and aviation, and the First, Second and Fourth divisions, the first two to have a leading part in the St.-Mihiel battle, were to be withdrawn by the fourth day of the fight and started for the Meuse-Argonne.

About a week before the battle the corps commanders were called to General Pershing's headquarters at Ligny-en-Barrois to decide on the length of the artillery preparation. I and others opposed a bombardment, arguing that the advantages of a complete surprise would outweigh any amount of shell fire. Some preparation was felt to be essential, however. We knew where every enemy division was, and its nearest reserves, and from that we concluded that we would have time for four hours' bombardment and still reach all

vital points in the infantry attack before the first enemy reserves could appear.

Although the forthcoming American attack was being talked about on the streets of Paris by even the *midinettes,* and was an open secret in France, England and at home, and despite the further fact that the enemy's observation posts on Montsec and Loupmont commanded the whole area, he was wholly surprised. Ludendorff already had decided to abandon the salient in order to shorten his lines and hoard his reserves, but there had been either indecision in the German high command or delay, and nothing had been done beyond moving a few heavy guns toward the rear, all of which we captured. The German *communiqués* pretended that they had waived the salient with only delaying resistance, but the captures tell the story.

AN EXAMPLE IN LOGISTICS

Our divisions, tanks, guns and all supplies were moved in only by night and concealed by day in the woods or by camouflage, so that the appearance of the region, as seen from the air or through high-powered German glasses, changed very little. The new divisions did not enter the front line until the night before the attack, and orders for the attack were not issued until two or three days before-

hand. On my First Corps front, the Ninetieth Division, which had been in the line for a month, merely closed in to its right and the Fifth Division moved in on its left, the Second on the left of the Fifth, the Ninetieth providing guides for the newcomers. The same system was used on the other corps fronts. The whole was a prettily executed example of what we call logistics.

The First American Army numbered more than 500,000, of whom 50,000 were French. This was not only much the greatest force ever assembled under the American flag until then, and our first field army since the Grand Army passed in review down Pennsylvania Avenue and was disbanded, but the artillery and aviation concentrations were the greatest known up to that time. Nearly 3,000 guns spoke in the preliminary bombardment, 831 on the First Corps front. I had lost my able chief of corps artillery, General Lassiter, to the Fourth Corps, a French artilleryman taking his place. My own corps had a greater strength than Meade's and Lee's combined forces at the Wilderness; we mustered 6,177 officers, 168,120 men, 831 guns, 57 planes and 4 balloons. All our own air forces, the eighty squadrons of the French independent air force, two squadrons of British Navy night bombers and two squadrons of Italian Caproni night bombers—1,480 planes in all—drove the enemy

completely out of the skies. I saw no German plane in the whole attack, though at the front, according to reliable witnesses, German planes were quite busy. Besides infantry and planes, the French lent much artillery, tanks, gas and flame troops and some dismounted cavalry, and the British sent tanks. The softness of the ground after a heavy rain prevented the tanks from being of much service to us.

On the night of September 11, the army deployed into position. My First Corps was farthest to the east, with the Second, Fifth, Eighty-second and Ninetieth divisions in line, the Seventy-eighth in corps reserve and the Thirty-fifth in army reserve. On our left was General Dickman's Fourth Corps, with the First, Forty-second and Eighty-ninth divisions in line and the Third Division in corps reserve. These two army corps were to deliver the principal attack. The First Division, on the left of Dickman's corps, was charged with the double mission of covering its own flank while advancing 20 kilometers due north, where it was to join up with Fifth Corps troops in the heart of the salient and, it was hoped, trap the bulk of the enemy in the sack. General Cameron's Fifth Corps had the western face of the salient, with the Twenty-sixth, Fourth and the Fifteenth French Colonial divisions. The Twenty-sixth was to make

the deep advance, joining up with the First; the French were only to cover the left of the Twenty-sixth; and the Fourth was to remain where it was. Between the Fourth and Fifth American Corps lay General Blondlat's Second Colonial Corps, which was to follow up the retirement of the enemy from the tip of the salient. The Eightieth American Division was in army reserve behind Blondlat, and the Ninety-first in army reserve behind the Fourth Corps. Against this great force the enemy had seven divisions in line and four in reserve, 80,000 to 100,000 men.

A MESSAGE BY CARRIER PIGEON

The day before I pointed out, to the chief of corps artillery, on the map some high fortified ground north of Thiaucourt as a proper target for our heaviest guns. I knew if we could get that ground the salient no longer would be tenable for the enemy, since from it we could control all his supply lines.

The Eighty-second, on the right of my corps, was simply to make a demonstration. I appealed to headquarters to change this to an attack, but I was overruled. General Passaga, whose Thirty-second French Corps was across the Moselle River, east and south of the Eighty-second, feared that

he was too weak to attempt to keep abreast of such an advance. I desired the Eighty-second to attack, in the hope that we might frighten out or capture a concentration of enemy big guns at Vittonville, due north of us, which I feared might cut us up badly when we reached Thiaucourt. I noticed later that these batteries were not shelling the especially strong position, the Bois le Prêtre, in front of the right of our corps—a labyrinth upon which the French had failed to make any impression in 1915. I deduced from this that the enemy was hidden in force in these woods, and accordingly ordered General Allen not to push his attack with the Ninetieth Division too heavily on the south edge of the woods that day. His flank endangered, the enemy scrambled out of the woods during the night of the twelfth and the Ninetieth went through the next day.

The artillery storm, ranging from the 3-inch caliber of the French 75's to the 7.6 to 13-inch guns of the American railroad artillery, opened at 1 A.M., in the midst of a heavy rain. The heavy guns reached as far behind the German lines as Metz and upset his communications. The enemy artillery reply was so feeble that it was lost in such a hurricane of shell as this. There was a forbidding tangle of wire everywhere in front of us, though some of it was very old. We had cut our

own wire and reconnoitered the enemy wire, finding it was not charged with electricity, as rumored, and no deep ditches dug as tank traps, as reported. For all this, it is still a puzzle to me how our infantry got through that metal briar patch when five o'clock came and the bombardment shifted to a barrage.

By eleven o'clock I got a message by carrier pigeon from the Second Division that they were in Thiaucourt, with the Fifth Division to the southeast of them and connected up, and the Eighty-ninth to the west in connection. This was the only message during the war that reached me by pigeon, but it was a most important one. I sent back orders for them not to stop until they had the high, fortified ground north of Thiaucourt. With nothing more to do at headquarters, I went out on the line at the Bois le Prêtre, where the left brigade of the Ninetieth Division was attacking the western flank of the woods, and the right brigade, reënforced by a regiment of the Eighty-second, was demonstrating strongly against the south edge. The German was waiting in ambush, as suspected. Escaping during the night, these troops confronted us the next day at Viller-sous-Preny, when the Ninetieth had swept through the vacated woods without infantry hindrance, but under a harassing artillery fire. The batteries that

had been silent the first day were vicious the second, and our overwhelming artillery force seemed unable to silence them.

FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES OF GERMANS

Before noon the Second Division, in contact with the Eighty-ninth Division of the Fourth Corps, had carried the high entrenched ground north of Thiaucourt, and from that moment the salient was done for; at daylight of the thirteenth, elements of the First and Twenty-sixth divisions came together near Vigneulles, 18 kilometers northwest of St.-Mihiel, closing the gates, but there was no such bag of prisoners as hoped for; the bulk of the defenders already had fled. The real action was over on the fourteenth, with the heights of the Meuse cleared of the enemy and the salient wiped out. That day the First Corps took the supposedly impregnable Norroy quarries, the position having been outflanked. When we stopped we were close up on the Michel section of the Hindenburg Line, covering Metz, and any farther advance would have brought us under the guns of the forts of Metz. The army had taken 16,000 prisoners, 443 guns and great stocks of materials. The First Corps alone took 4,985 unwounded prisoners from four German divisions, one of

which came from reserve and tried to stop the corps advance near Jaulny on the thirteenth by counter-attacking. Our losses were less than the number of prisoners taken, and the lay reader should remember that army casualty lists are not altogether what they seem. The least injury, such as a wire scratch, becomes a casualty on the report, if it is treated. The malingerer who hides away in battle, of whom there always are a few in the best of units; the men who go astray into other units in the confusion of battle; all are put down as missing and, therefore, casualties when they fail to answer the roll.

One brigade of the Second Division—the Ninth and Twenty-third United States Infantry Regiments—made a capture in this fight possibly never outdone by a single brigade. In the taking of Thiaucourt, 3,000 prisoners, 92 pieces of artillery already loaded on railway cars and about to be removed to the rear, a complete hospital train, a trainload of ammunition, a train of 52 empty goods cars, lumber yards, depots and other supplies fell to these two regiments.

These captures had one serio-comic aspect. When the first check on the prisoners came back to Colonel Williams, our Corps G-2, or Chief of Intelligence, 57 different German army organizations were found to be represented. This was

startling news, inasmuch as there were not supposed to be that many enemy units within 100 miles of us, and called for hurried investigation. What Williams learned was that the Germans had been holding a machine-gun school at Thiaucourt. As the American attack came dangerously near, the school was dismissed and the students, gathered from as far away as the Vosges, started for the railroad station, where a train was waiting, when the American artillery laid down a barrage between the town and the station and cut them off by chance.

German prisoners crowded around First Corps headquarters, my first sight of freshly captured Germans in numbers. They were a fair-looking lot, some young boys, some middle-aged men, but the most of them of good military age and physique. They were clean, hungry and frankly glad to be done with fighting. Their officers, from whom they kept sharply aloof, showed less philosophical resignation, but were not particularly sullen. We fed them for two days, then sent them south. It was their first good meal in some time, and they needed little guarding where such a table was set. For the first time in the war, Austro-Hungarian troops were appearing on the Western Front, and the Yankee Division captured several thousand of them there. The lending previously

had been all the other way among the Central Powers.

A German major marching to the rear at the head of a prisoner column at St.-Mihiel passed a marching column of American infantry. "Those men are all young and fresh and vigorous," he complained. "We can't do it, but I wish I had had a 1914 battalion behind me. You wouldn't have had such a pleasant afternoon."

Reports and comments on the American soldier were found frequently on the bodies of dead enemy officers. At the Marne we found on one a pocket memorandum book in which was written: "Witnessed the attack of 16 Americans—two squads—on a machine-gun position. Ten were knocked down, killed or wounded. The remaining six took the gun and killed the crew. We could not expect our troops to do this." Other captured documents criticized our attacks at the Second Marne and St.-Mihiel as awkward. One praised the power and accuracy of our artillery at St.-Mihiel, credited us with skill in the use of machine guns and great tenacity in holding on.

The German liked his comfort and he had ample time in the St.-Mihiel salient to provide for it. I saw a dugout near Thiaucourt, probably a division commander's headquarters, lined with fine lumber and provided with electricity, running water and

all the other specifications of a modern apartment. The host had left in such a hurry that the furnishings had not been disturbed, and it made snug quarters for General McRae, commanding the Seventy-eighth Division, when his command held the line there for a month or so after the battle.

INVENTION OF GAS WARFARE

The gas officer of the First Corps came to me before the attack and asked permission to use skunk gas against the German, as a sort of practical joke. The gas was entirely harmless, but the German wouldn't know that, *Mephitis mephitis* being indigenous to North America only. Forewarned, our own forces would ignore the gas in so far as such an odor may be ignored by self-respecting noses, while the enemy would couple on his gas mask immediately and be at a disadvantage thereby. I told him to do anything that he thought might help the infantry, and I have forgotten just what came of it.

Gas was an important arm in the war, and will be a greater factor, presumably, in the next, but this particular ingenuity reminded me of the siege of Richmond. During the Civil War the Government at Washington and the commanding generals were bombarded with cranky schemes for winning

the war. Probably there was the same onslaught on Washington in this war, but fortunately the army was at a sufficient distance this time to avoid its more eccentric well-wishers. During the siege of Richmond some genius sent Grant the formula for a super-snuff. From experiments made on animals and unsuspecting neighbors, the inventor assured the general that if shells filled with the snuff were thrown into the besieged city the enemy would sneeze himself into a state of physical exhaustion that would make the rest easy. Thus, we may claim, I think, to have invented gas warfare. Another serious thinker sent Grant elaborate drawings for a masonry wall which he proposed to build about Richmond to a height greater than the tallest building; then he intended to pump water from the James River into the inclosure until the garrison and residents were drowned out.

Grant, at that time, laid down a military axiom which time has not weakened: "Some people seem to think," he said, "that an army can be whipped by waiting for rivers to freeze over, exploding powder at a distance, drowning out troops or setting them to sneezing; but it will always be found in the end that the only way to whip an army is to go out and fight it."

THE SOFT SNAP

Secretary Baker visited my headquarters at Saiserais and had lunch with the staff, but I had to be out on the front of the Ninetieth Division that morning, and he had gone when I returned. He, General Pershing and President Poincaré visited the town of St.-Mihiel after its redemption. The French President was a native of this department and had represented it in the Chamber of Deputies. On September 15, Premier Clemenceau and a group of French civil officials called at First Corps headquarters and asked permission to visit Thiaucourt. I pointed out the fact that the enemy was ugly and was bombarding the town at irregular intervals day and night, but the Father of Victory went ahead, as I had expected him to do.

Few operations in the war were conducted with the neatness and dispatch of St.-Mihiel. An American army of 500,000 men had come from nowhere and in a major engagement planned by our own staff had driven the German pell-mell out of a salient he had held for four years. The American Army, which had been on the road since April of the previous year, now was here; it was what the diplomats call *un fait accompli.* The effect on the enemy, our own and the Allied morale was all that we had hoped for. It was well, how-

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

AMERICAN TANKS

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

"CALAMITY JANE," AN 11TH FIELD ARTILLERY GUN CREDITED WITH HAVING FIRED THE LAST SHOT OF THE WAR FOR THE A. E. F.

ever, that in our pride we should not forget that it had been no even fight. In numbers we were overwhelming for all that we had no need to use a great part of our force. Thanks to our Allies, we had a similarly crushing force of artillery and air craft. Nor was the enemy at his best, nor his second best. We were to learn quickly enough what a snap we had had in St.-Mihiel. It was argued by quite a number of excellent soldiers in our Army that Marshal Foch, in limiting our advance at St.-Mihiel, was in error; that we might have gone on and captured Metz and the vital railroad in September. I cannot share this view.

The war was a succession of lost opportunities on both sides, as all great wars have been and will continue to be, but to go behind the returns often is the equivalent of a post-mortem in a card game. Had you, or your partner, only held the king of spades you would have made three no-trump doubled and redoubled, but, perversely, your opponents would hold the king of spades. The possibility of taking Metz and the rest of it, had the battle been fought on the original plan, existed, in my opinion, only on the supposition that our army was a well-oiled, fully coördinated machine, which it was not as yet. If all the divisions had been battle-tempered and battle-disciplined as were the First, Second and Forty-second, which again they

were not, it might have been worth while for us to make the attempt, despite the facts that the rainy season had begun and that an advance would bring our right under the guns of Metz, our left under the Meuse heights north of Verdun.

UNFORESEEN FACTORS

Under the conditions that existed on September 12, I thought then and think now that Marshal Foch was exceedingly wise to limit us to the immediate task of flattening out the salient and protecting our rear for another attack to the westward. I find no support for the theory that so skilled and indefatigable a soldier as the German, with years in which to do it, had neglected his defenses in any section of the Hindenburg Line, or that he was without reserves. The ease and rapidity with which Von der Marwitz threw reserves into the Meuse-Argonne, near at hand and ten days later, answers that, in my judgment. This latter battle was the greater surprise of the two, yet from the third day on they held us up until we paid in blood for every yard we gained. With Verdun in mind, I do not take the defenses of Metz too lightly, and incidentally that section of the great lateral railroad in the Metz region was not as vital as the Montmédy-Sedan-Mézières Division.

Some Allied army had to draw in the bulk of Ludendorff's reserves and exhaust them before he was whipped, and as the freshest of the Allied armies, the task fell to us. As I see it, the American Army engaged to its uttermost, would have had an excellent chance of spending the greater part of the winter mired in the mud of the Woëvre, flanked both to the east and the west. There were other such lost opportunities, seen at the time, but waived for the same reasons that made us unable to press our advantage at St.-Mihiel. We may lay the blame, if such exists, for all these wasted chances at the door of our perpetual unpreparedness for war.

Here it is interesting to add that the war could not have been won in 1918, in all likelihood, had not Sir Douglas Haig been willing to take on his own individual shoulders a responsibility which his government refused to accept. The great Allied drive to end the war was to have come in the spring of 1919, but every day of the late summer of 1918 so improved the Allied prospects that by the end of August Marshal Foch was convinced of the strong advisability of an early converging attack with the whole force of the Allied armies, with the possibility of driving the enemy out of France before winter. There was, as I have said, no suggestion from the French or the British gov-

ernments or high commands that the war could be ended in 1918. There was, instead, much talk of the enemy falling back into Germany and fighting a defensive war on the strong line of the Rhine until the Allies were willing to listen to reason. The unforeseen factors were: First, that the morale of the German people would crack so quickly in defeat; secondly, that Germany's allies would collapse so soon; and thirdly, that the American Army was capable of doing what it did before 1919. All these were hoped for; when I say unforeseen, I mean that they were not to be depended upon. Such hopes had soured too often.

As the summer ended, the German line was marked by a wide bulge starting from the Oise near La Fère and following that river and the Vesle eastward to Rheims, where it straightened out again. Foch planned two great attacks, one on each side of this arc, with other attacks elsewhere. We were to drive between the Meuse and the Argonne on Sedan and the French were to attack from the Argonne to Rheims toward Mézières. On the other side of the bulge, the First, Third and Fourth British armies and the First French Army were to attack between the Scarpe and the Oise, driving on St.-Quentin and Cambrai and toward Maubeuge. A Belgian army, reënforced by a French force under Degoutte and the

Second British Army, was to make a third attack intended to clear the Belgian coast. Troops facing the bulge were to keep the enemy occupied and prevent him from running out. Thus the Meuse-Argonne was one division of a battle too vast for a name.

All this would involve a frontal attack on the terror-inspiring Hindenburg Line. The opposition of the British War Cabinet had its origin in the dread of more such casualty lists as those of the Somme and Passchendaele Ridge, and the Hindenburg Line was more formidable than anything faced in these battles. In the second place, Lloyd George always had been an Easterner in faith—that is, he had despaired of whipping Germany in France, and had hoped to defeat her from behind, through her allies, Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria; and the news from these fronts was growing better daily for the Entente. Thirdly, the British Government was dubious about the inexperience of the American Army and anxious to save it from a catastrophe—anxious both for humanity's sake and because of the effect on the Allied cause.

RESPONSIBILITY SHIFTED

By holding off the assault until spring, Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria, one or all, might be ready

to walk out on their German partnership, and the American Army would have grown to a size and experience that would make Germany think twice and more before continuing to defy such odds. Inasmuch as Turkey, Bulgaria and Austria all did collapse within a few weeks and Germany's will to fight broke soon thereafter, a plausible case may be made out for the Lloyd George theory, but any one who believes that Germany would have quit had her armies not been smashed back and back by an irresistible foe in October and November has only to read the history of these two months and examine the German attitude after the Armistice. Had her army been intact she would have retired within her borders and bargained indefinitely for terms.

The British Government, however, did not feel warranted in vetoing a plan which had the full support of its own commanding general and of France and the United States. France, for one thing, was bled too white to risk waiting on the "maybes" of spring, and as it turned out, new strategy and new tactics on the Allied side, together with the deterioration of the German soldier, kept the casualty list low. The eventual decision of the British Cabinet was to pass the buck to Haig. If he thought it wise he could go ahead, but he would be held strictly to account by his government for the result.

In the face of this dismaying action, Sir Douglas voted for the Foch plan, aware, as he wrote after the war, that "the probable results of a costly failure, or, indeed, of anything short of a decided success in any attempt on the main defense of the Hindenburg Line were obvious."

It fell to the First American Army and Gouraud's Fourth French Army to open the great battle, and only fourteen days separated the beginnings of St.-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne for us. In the 18 miles between the river and the forest there were only two main roads running in the direction of the attack. The one on my corps front, leading down the Aire Valley, was broken in front of us by a great crater, the aftermath of a French mine exploded in 1914, and the spot was wet, low and under direct observation of the enemy. There was no time to build remotely adequate communications in the front zone. To keep to our schedule we were forced to begin moving our army out of St.-Mihiel while that fight still held, and to bring other divisions from a distance. The Twenty-ninth was brought from Belfort and other divisions from the Vosges Mountains. The Twenty-eighth and Seventy-seventh came from the Vesle, in the opposite direction. The mere moving of a corps headquarters is no simple task. There were 547 officers and 8,824 men in the per-

manent troops of the First Army Corps when we shifted from Saiserais to Rarecourt.

THE ARGONNE FORTRESS

When an American speaks of the battle that opened on September 26, he calls it "the Argonne." In reality, a very small part of our army fought in the Argonne, but the struggle for that terrible wood was so long, so costly and so important to the result as a whole that it overshadowed the rest of the battle in the popular mind. Because my First Corps held the forest flank, I feel warranted in going into detail here.

We left Saiserais on the sixth day of the St.-Mihiel battle and took over our corps front in the Argonne on September 21, four days before the new battle. The region had been held lightly for a long time by the French Second Army, which continued to man the front line until the night before the attack. Except around Verdun, there had been no general fighting here since 1914. General Hirschauer, an Alsatian, commanding the Second French Army, knew every inch of the ground and was a great help to us. In the few days available, I cultivated his acquaintance intensively, and my division commanders, Generals Alexander, Muir

and Traub, and I studied the ground minutely under this helpful guidance.

The Argonne is a long and narrow wood running roughly north and south, and not unlike, in shape and position, Manhattan Island. The headwaters of the Aisne form its western boundary, the Aire River, a small stream flowing into the Aisne at Grand Pré, its eastern shore. Between the two streams ran a succession of ridges, as much as 750 feet above the river valleys, all heavily wooded and divided by ravines and gulches, the sides of which were too steep for a foothold. The German had been brought to a halt about midway in the forest in 1914 and there the line had hung.

The region was a natural fortress beside which the Virginia Wilderness in which Grant and Lee fought was a park. It was masked and tortuous before the enemy strung his first wire and dug his first trench. The French had burned their fingers on the German half of it in 1914 and let it alone thereafter; the enemy had been content to do the same, but had strengthened his half leisurely in the ensuing years, with all the ingenuity of skilled military engineers. The underbrush had grown up through the German barbed and rabbit wire, interlacing it and concealing it, and machine guns lurked like copperheads in the ambush of shell-fallen trees. Other machine guns were strewn

in concrete pill boxes and in defiles. On the offense, tanks could not follow, nor artillery see where it was shooting, while the enemy guns, on the defense, could fire by the map. So easy was the defensive that the German had garrisoned the forest with middle-aged men of a Württemburg Landwehr division. Patently it would be suicidal to attack such a labyrinth directly; it must be pinched out by attacks on each side.

General Pershing moved his headquarters to Souilly, southwest of Verdun, on September 22, and the next day we received our orders for the attack. We formulated our corps orders at once and I called repeated conferences at my Rarecourt headquarters, where my division commanders and I went over every factor we could foresee, taking up each division front in turn, and making sure not only that each understood his own assignment down to the least particular but that he knew just what to expect from the divisions on his right and left.

The line-up put the First Corps on the western flank, with General Alexander's Liberty Division —Seventy-seventh—deployed with all four regiments in the forest itself, General Muir's Twenty-eighth Division in columns of brigades on the edge of the woods, and General Traub's Thirty-fifth Division out in the Aire Valley. As corps reserve

we had the Ninety-second—negro—Division. On the right of our corps was Cameron's Fifth Corps with the Thirty-seventh, Seventy-ninth and Ninety-first divisions in line and the Thirty-second in reserve. Bullard's Third Corps had the right flank, abutting the Meuse River, with the Fourth, Thirty-third and Eightieth divisions in line, and across the river was Claudel's Seventeenth French Corps. On my left, on the opposite side of the forest, was my old friend, Mondesir and his Thirty-eighth Corps, who had fought on our right at the Second Marne. Between my Seventy-seventh Division and the French there was only a liaison detachment of one regiment of French dismounted cavalry and a regiment of our Ninety-second Division. This regiment twice ran away under shell fire in this battle, until the French, for their own safety, had to ask its withdrawal.

I quickly came to the conclusion that it was a grave mistake to operate the two flank attacks on the forest under divided command, and that the left of my corps ought to be extended to the Aisne River, taking in the whole forest. There was room beyond the Seventy-seventh for another division, and I sent a recommendation to this effect to Souilly. Headquarters replied that there was not enough time remaining to put in another division. The fact that I knew the general who would hold

the other handle of the pincers would help some, and partly reconciled me to the decision of army headquarters. Both General Gouraud and General Mondesir visited me at Rarecourt to discuss our arrangements in the forest, but as it turned out, we worked like a balky team, for all our good intentions.

WORRYING THE GERMAN MOUSE

That the German believed we were intending to go after Metz and Briey from our new line at St.-Mihiel, or from a new jump-off in Alsace, is demonstrated by a number of factors, and General Pershing comforted him in this delusion by threats to the far east of the Meuse. For one thing, it must have seemed incredible to the German high command that this new American Army with a green staff could be planning so complex a maneuver as to start a battle in one place, stop it at the peak of its success, and open a new and greater fight ten days later at another point. The enemy knew that we had moved our Third Corps from the Vesle to the Meuse some time before, and he showed some nervousness over this. In his raids, however, he caught only French, except for one soldier of the Seventy-ninth Division, and he learned nothing from that. For all the haste and

poor communications, the bringing up of the Army and its material was managed even more secretly than at St.-Mihiel. The greater cover and the aid of the French Second Army were contributing factors.

On the twenty-third, General Pétain, the French commander in chief, called on me at Rarecourt and we studied the map together. Putting his finger on Etain and Conflans, a little west of north of the St.-Mihiel region, he said: "That is where the enemy is holding his heaviest reserves. That is where he expects us to attack him. Instead we shall attack almost everywhere but there."

Britain had risen from 53 divisions in July to 58. Pershing had 16 divisions—equal to 32—ready and 9 more almost ready. While the Germans were losing 16 divisions, the Allies were gaining about 37.

We began the great onset on the morning of September 26, the same day Bulgaria flew the white flag before Franchet d'Esperey's Allied Army. The next morning—the twenty-seventh—Byng and Horne attacked toward Cambrai. The third morning—the twenty-eighth—the Belgian Army, Degoutte and Plumer, attacked from Dixmude to Ploegsteert Wood, and simultaneously Mangin and Berthelot struck with two French armies, with Italian support, between the Ailette and

the Vesle. Finally, on Sunday morning, the twenty-ninth, Rawlinson, whose British Fourth Army included General Read's Second American Corps, two corps of the British Third Army and the left wing of Debeney's French First Army, attacked toward St.-Quentin. From the Meuse to the sea the Western Front was roaring with the world's greatest battle. It should be borne in mind that a field army has no fixed size. Our First Army was much the largest on the Western Front at the opening of the great battle, and it reached a strength of 1,100,000 men before the end.

Ludendorff's greatest peril was his left, where his great lateral railroad from Metz through Conflans, Sedan, Mézières to Lille—an absolutely vital line of communication and supply—was nearest the Front. Between Sedan and Mézières there was a gooseneck of traffic where the road was four-tracked. Pershing was only 32 miles away as the crow flies, on September 25, and pointed straight for it. To have this railroad cut meant for the German losing all Northern and North-eastern France, and his only egress from a dangerous position then would be through Liége. His next greatest danger was at his center, covering this other outlet, against which Haig was driving from a greater distance. Success by Pershing would enforce a general retreat, at the same time

cutting one of the two avenues of retreat; success by Haig would destroy the other line of retreat.

A SEDATIVE FOR GENERALS

The state of Ludendorff's reserves was such that he had to gamble somewhere and he chose to risk the Flanders front, leaving five divisions to hold the 17 miles from Ypres to Dixmude. Winter mud in Flanders in the past had been as good defensively as an army corps anyway. So when the Belgians, with French and British support, struck there on the twenty-eighth, they won the Flanders ridges in twenty-four hours. Albert and his queen, who had been cooped up for four years behind the Yser in a little villa within enemy artillery range, and over which enemy planes flew daily and nightly, were on their way back to Brussels after the long exile.

The First American Army opened the battle with 15 divisions, 2,700 guns, 189 small tanks, most of them American manned, and 821 airplanes, 604 of them American flown. Except for Admiral Plunkett's naval guns and twenty-four 4.7 heavy field guns in General R. P. Davis' brigade of Corps Artillery, serving with the Seventeenth French Corps east of the Meuse, no field piece of American manufacture manned by Americans

ever did fire a shot at the Front. With these exceptions, our artillery was purchased from the French, who lent us many batteries of their own as well. The bombardment began at 11:30 o'clock the night before, and we made just as much noise east of the Meuse as west, for the purpose of keeping the enemy reserves in position there.

It was foggy and misty at 5:30 o'clock when the infantry leaped the parapets. Fog is a help to an attack, in screening you from hostile fire to some extent, but in a difficult country and with troops of short or no battle experience, as here, its advantages were more than canceled by the added difficulty of holding direction and keeping liaison.

The hour after an attack begins is a trying time at headquarters. There is nothing for a general officer to do but sit with folded hands, and that is not an occupation that suggests itself to a man who has the responsibility of from 15,000 to 1,000,000 lives on those hands. He has done everything he could before *H* day, or if he has not it is too late now. He can do nothing more until the first reports come in. To try to follow the infantry is folly; he can see much less than he can on a map at headquarters. The nervous strain is difficult. I have learned to have two packs of cards by me and to lay them out in double solitaire position when an attack has started. That is as good an

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

VARENNES, ACROSS THE RIVER AIRE, SEPT. 27, 1918

anodyne as I know. It saves you from nail biting and pacing the floor until your nerves are shot. General Dickman is a fellow addict of this narcotic.

GIVING THE GERMANS A CHANCE

This day the hour of suspense was prolonged horribly. Although we used every known means of communication—airplanes, pigeons, radio, wire, runners and liaison officers—the mist and the nature of the country slowed all; stopped some.

The army orders had directed us to stop on a line set as the corps objective. I thought then, think now, and told General Pershing at my first opportunity, that it was a mistake to stop here until the enemy stopped us. A legitimate fear of isolation and flanking fire lay back of the order, but that is a hazard we should have taken. When the chance came on October 4, as the second phase of the battle began, for me to develop my views to the commanding general, he authorized me thereafter to go ahead on my own authority independently of the army order.

As it was, the First Corps reached its objectives at 11 A.M. and we lost six precious hours before we could set the machine going again, giving the enemy that much time to rally and reënforce. We could have had an additional mile out of him, at

the least. The liaison detachment of American negro infantry and French dismounted cavalry in the forest between us and the French did not move. The Seventy-seventh had reached its goal in the forest, though it had lost contact with the left of the Twenty-eighth. The latter Pennsylvanians had taken Hill 263 on the flank of the Argonne, and in conjunction with the Thirty-fifth had cleared Varennes. The French had warned us that Vauquois, in front of the Thirty-fifth, was mined with galleries running through the hill, against which the French had stubbed their toes. I ordered General Traub to pass Vauquois on both flanks and mop it up from the rear, which he did. They moved forward four miles, taking not only Vauquois, but Cheppy and the high ground north of Very, driving the First Prussian Guards before them. They could have pressed on with ease, but already they were in advance of the rest of the corps.

This corps advance brought from the commander in chief the first *communiqué* of the war in which divisions were specifically identified. It read:

"Pennsylvania — Twenty-eighth — Division, Missouri and Kansas — Thirty-fifth — Division troops, serving in General Liggett's corps, stormed

Varennes, Montblainville, Vauquois and Cheppy, after stubborn resistance."

The failure to mention the Liberty Division, which had done equally well in the forest, was due to the fact that there were no villages, streams or landmarks by which to point their advance. Word that the folks at home would be reading about them that evening traveled by grapevine to the farthest outpost faster than any message ever came back to headquarters, and bucked the men up enormously. War grows more devilish progressively, but it remained for this one to add anonymity to injury.

The Third Corps on the army's right had gained all its objectives and General Hines' Fourth Division had gone beyond Montfaucon. In the army's center, the left of the Fifth Corps had made its yardage, but the center and right were held up in front of Montfaucon until General Kuhn's Seventy-ninth Division stormed and took it the next day in a gallant and bloody action. Its summit 1,100 feet above sea level, Montfaucon dominated the whole region. From here the Crown Prince, nominal head of a German army group, had overseen the great attack on Verdun, the capture of which was to be his special glory, and here he abode in the most magnificent hole ever dug in

the ground by man. The enemy defended it accordingly.

That second day the enemy's resistance stiffened sharply. On the First Corps front we encountered three new enemy divisions—two reserve units and the Fifth Guards, one of their best—who had got in while we marked time for those six hours. The Pennsylvania Division cleared Montblainville and captured Apremont, the Missouri and Kansas guardsmen advanced three miles more, took Charpentry and Baulny, and some of the leading elements got into Montrebeau Woods. The New York City National Army men in the forest got forward their right brigade to the latitude of Montblainville, but still were unable to effect the proper connection with the left of the Twenty-eighth. The fighting in the forest was bitter, and the enemy was counter-attacking the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-fifth, particularly the latter at Baulny. This division formed an advance salient and was under flank and even reverse fire coming from the eastern edge of the forest.

TOO BUSY TO BOTHER

The miserable roads began to have their effect on the second day. As the infantry advanced it lost the proper support of the artillery, which was

unable to follow. The engineers and pioneers toiled furiously, but the task was an appalling one. Four years of shell fire had left the spongy soil of No Man's Land a troubled sea. In front of us it was impossible to fill the great mine crater in our only road, but we made makeshift roads around it under the greatest difficulties. The rest of the region—a succession of half-obliterated trenches, water-filled shell holes and tangles of wire—defied transport; and when the artillery did slug its way through, it found itself at a disadvantage, at first, in the blind country.

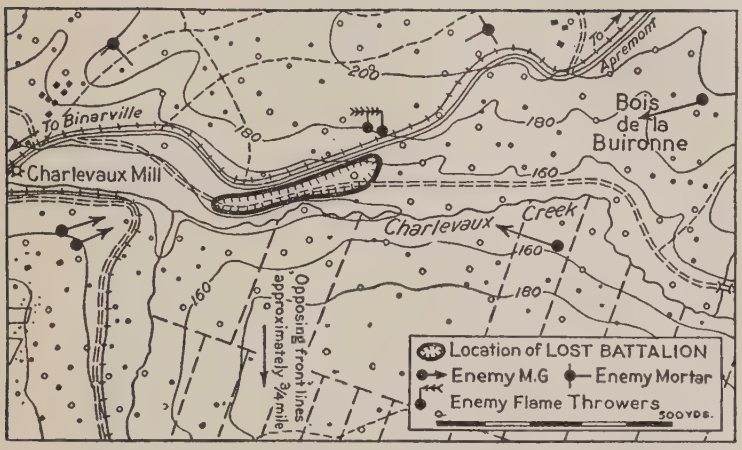
The battle went on under these difficulties during the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth, with a new first-class enemy division appearing against my corps. In a motor car with several staff officers, I tried to reach Cheppy, the advanced headquarters of the Thirty-fifth. We found the road from Varennes to Cheppy completely blocked by our artillery. There was another and roundabout route, north to Charpentry and back, southeast, to Cheppy. When we tried this the proximity of enemy machine guns on the southern flank of Montrebeau Woods turned us back, and we learned later that we could not possibly have got through via Charpentry anyway. Though an automobile must have been no commonplace in the vicinity of those woods that day, the

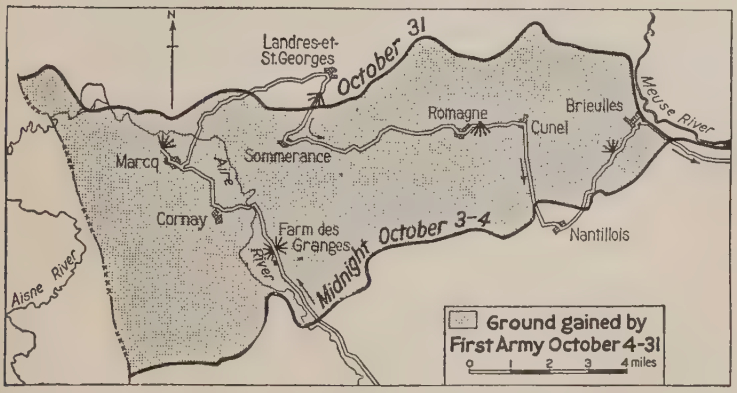
German gun crews were so engrossed in the other direction that they did not see us. There was an infernal din going on and 100,000 men were trying to kill each other within clear vision of a normal eye, and yet, as came to be the case often in this war, not a living soul was visible to us.

REWARD FOR VALOR

The Thirty-fifth Division forced its way into Exermont on the last day of September, but lacking support and under enemy counter attack, it was forced to fall back to the line Baulny-Chaudron and Sérieux farms, where it was relieved that night by Summerall's First Division. Here was a division making its first battle stand in fog and darkness and baffling terrain, and not too well led, owing to many changes in staff and unit command. As a result its units became mixed and it lost organization to some extent, yet in the face of these handicaps it had driven ahead of the rest of the corps until it encountered even reverse fire. It had suffered accordingly, with particularly heavy losses of officers. It should have been relieved twelve hours earlier, but it was impossible for the army to get up the necessary reserves.

Coming wearily out of an action that would have tried the souls of the best troops in the world and





From "A Guide to the American Battlefields in Europe"

in which they had done magnificently as individuals, this division had the misfortune to come under the eye of an officer of the Inspector General's Department, who reported them to army headquarters as lacking the soldierly bearing demanded of our army, to which was added a comment on the National Guard, an action which later was aired in Congress. The Thirty-seventh and Seventy-ninth divisions already had been relieved by the Thirty-second and Third divisions in the Fifth Corps, and General Burnham's Eighty-second Division now came in with us as corps reserve. In these opening days of the Meuse-Argonne we were forced to keep divisions in line until their losses reached from 4,000 to 5,000.

On the first day of October, the Seventy-seventh Division fought its way one kilometer farther in the forest and on the next day the Lost Battalion found itself cut off. The second phase of the battle, which, incidentally, led to the relief of the surrounded force, began on October 4.

CHAPTER V

THE MEUSE-ARGONNE BATTLE

THE Lost Battalion, which never was lost, was relieved by an attack 10 miles to the northeast of its trap in the Argonne Forest, after every attempt to succor it directly had failed.

Major Charles W. Whittlesey, commanding a mixed battalion of six companies of the Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry, Company K of the Three Hundred and Seventh Infantry and Companies C and D of the Three Hundred and Sixth Machine Gun Battalion, all of the Seventy-seventh Division, was ordered to carry and hold certain positions in the forest. He did, with heavy losses, but the rest of the line of the Seventy-seventh failed to get up on his right and left. The enemy quickly filtered in behind him, strung new wire across the ravine through which he had advanced, and he was trapped. Having been ordered not only to take but to hold his position, he made no effort to fight his way back.

Originally a New York City National Army unit, the Seventy-seventh, or Liberty Division, had been reënforced strongly by replacements from the Fortieth, or Sunshine Division, composed of Na-

tional Guard troops from California, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico, trained at Camp Kearny, California. So the division was a blend of East and West in the Argonne.

A few days earlier the same battalion had been cut off less completely, when negro troops of the Ninety-second Division had fallen back more than two kilometers on September 28, leaving a gap in the left flank of the Seventy-seventh Division into which the enemy poured, and the battalion was badly outflanked until October 1, the day before its successful attack again left it surrounded. The enemy hemmed in Whittlesey so closely that the German artillery dared not fire on him, but they assailed him constantly with machine guns, rifles, trench mortars and grenades. Our troops had gone into action with only iron rations and went 100 hours without food and virtually without water, wetting their parched mouths with dew and nibbling on roots and leaves.

THE LOST BATTALION THAT WAS NOT LOST

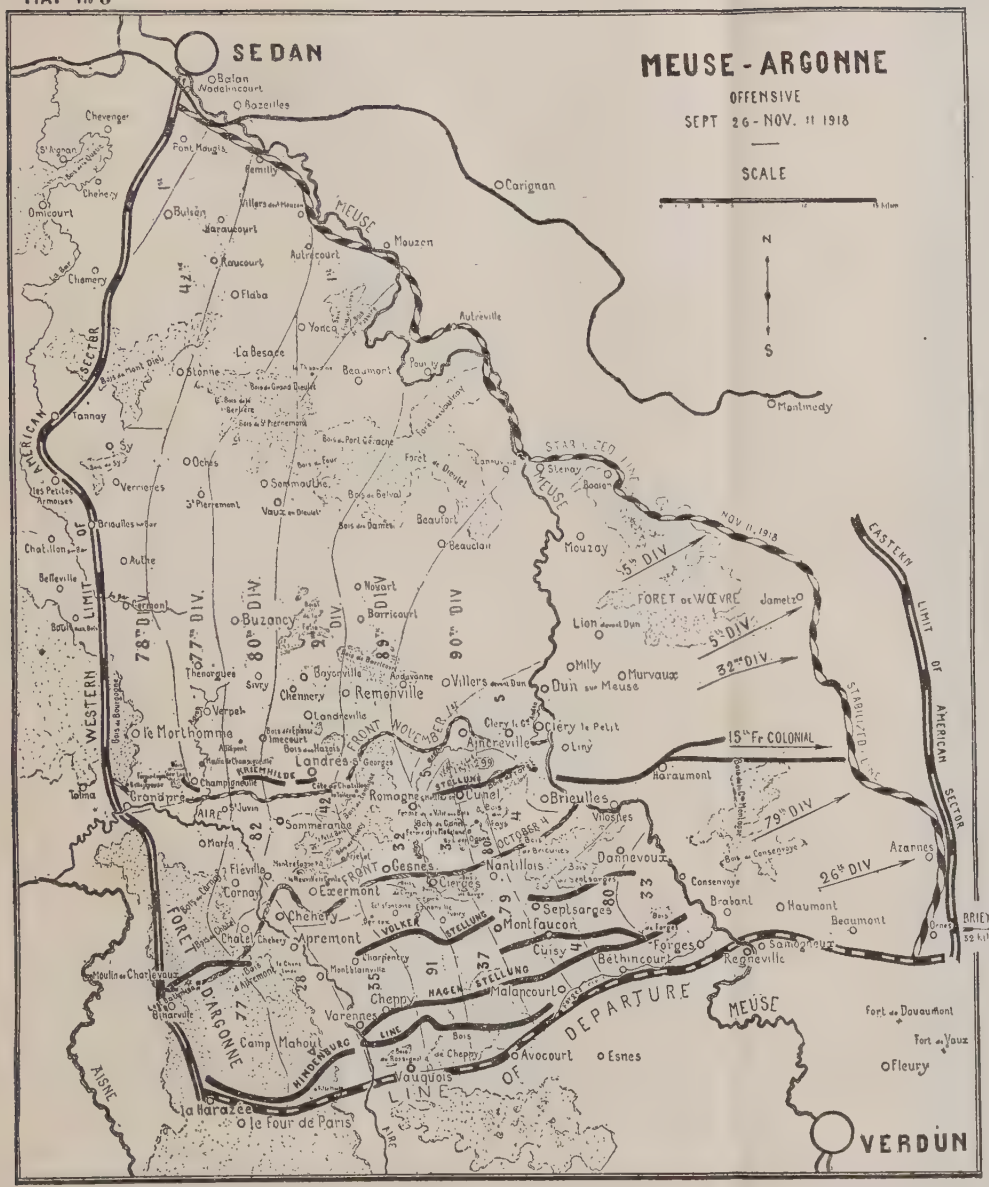
Infantry carries rockets and flares for visual signaling at night and white cloth panels for day use. These latter are spread on the ground in code forms and carry to our airplanes such messages as: "Tell me what you see on my right,"

"First objective reached," "Report that I am ready to advance," and the like. Whittlesey also had four carrier pigeons with him. His last one, freed on October 4, carried the message: "Men are suffering from hunger and exposure and the wounded are in very bad condition. Cannot support be sent at once?"

We knew, of course, where he was and how desperate his straits. Among other things, we tried to send him food by airplane, but the planes never succeeded in dropping the food packages in the little area in the hostile ring. Nine of the battalion, without asking permission, crept into No Man's Land in an effort to recover some of the food that had fallen short. Five were killed and the other four captured, one of whom, Private Crowell R. Hollingshead, was blindfolded and forced to carry a note back to Whittlesey demanding the surrender of the battalion. The note was written in excellent English by Lieutenant Heinrich Prinz, of the Seventy-sixth German Infantry Reserve Division, who had lived in Seattle for six years before the war. Prinz commanded the detachment which got in behind Whittlesey and was suspected of having used his knowledge of English to start false orders going in our ranks. Several shouted orders never could be traced to the givers.

The German demand for surrender was most

MAP No. 3



From "America in Battle"
By Cols. Howland and Moss

polite, something of a high-powered sales letter. Major Whittlesey did not answer it with a "Go to hell" defiance, such as the newspapers credited to him. He did much better; he ignored it. To use his own words, "No reply seemed necessary."

The German note had asked him to show a white flag if he meant to surrender. To prevent any possible misapprehension by the enemy, Whittlesey drew in his white panels, and thereby removed his last contact with our army. He did this in the face of an ominous shortage of ammunition, a withering fire from the enemy and the greatest distress among his own men. During this time I spent every hour I could at General Alexander's division headquarters in the forest, trying, with him, to devise a means of relief. The enemy naturally knew that we would make desperate efforts to do this, and though we tried pressure everywhere, to right and left, day and night, the enemy balked us.

OPENING THE WAY TO RESCUE

Meanwhile, on October 4, the second phase of the Meuse-Argonne battle had opened. The Army renewed its attack that day without artillery preparation and caught the German napping. On my corps front the First Division took Exermont,

from which the Thirty-fifth's patrols had been driven several days before, and penetrated to Fléville on the Aire. The right brigade of the Twenty-eighth Division, commanded by General Dennis Nolan, who had asked to be relieved from staff duty at G. H. Q. to take a fighting command, reached the Aire just south of Fléville and held a line south to Apremont. A gap remained between the left of the First Division and the right of the Twenty-eighth in the Aire Valley. The next day we pushed another kilometer down the Aire. By October 6, our corps line ran from just south of Sommerance to Fléville, thence close along the base of the Argonne ridges to Châtel Chéhéry on the river's left bank, thence by the Chêne Tondu height on the forest's eastern edge, and La Viergette in the forest, across the forest to the north of Binarville. The latter had been a flourishing village, of which not a stone remained. It had been knocked to pieces by the artillery in 1914 and the Germans had removed débris, foundations and all, as paving material for their roads.

The advance of the First Division on October 5 on the right of the corps offered the first solution for the predicament of Whittlesey's battalion on the corps' left, for it permitted a flank attack on the Argonne between Apremont and Fléville calculated to run the enemy out of the forest. In

other words, in resisting the attack of the Seventy-seventh Division in the forest, the enemy had permitted his own flank to become uncovered. I blocked out a memorandum at corps headquarters and transmitted it by telephone at once to army headquarters, recommending an immediate attack by the Eighty-second Division, our corps reserve, now commanded by General Duncan, in a northwest direction across the Aire River against Cornay and other ridges, in close connection with an attack by the right brigade of the Twenty-eighth against Hill 244 in front of them.

The object was not only to force the enemy completely out of the forest, thereby relieving the Lost Battalion, but to protect the new line of the First Division, which was enfiladed, or cross-fired, from the eastern flank of the forest about Cornay. Admittedly, it was a risky move. The flank of our attacking force would be in the air, and subject to converging fires of all kinds, the enemy positions were steep and rugged cliffs dominating the valley from heights of as much as 300 feet, and the Aire was fordable only in spots which had to be found in a hurry. After General McAndrew, the chief of staff, G. H. Q., and General Hugh Drum, chief of staff, First Army, had talked it over with me at my headquarters, it was authorized. The French officers attached to my headquarters were

unanimously opposed to it, and of my own staff, only the chief, Malin Craig, supported me.

I had a variety of reasons, among which was the fact that you can't fight a war on certainties. If it succeeded, excellent; if it failed, I would catch the devil; but that is a general officer's responsibility. Dangerous to us, the attack also would be dangerous to the enemy. And finally the gallant stand and the suffering of Whittlesey and his men were worthy of bold action to relieve them, and I did not wish the enemy to have the credit for capturing an organization of the A. E. F.—which, by the way, he never did.

THE ARGONNE CLEARED

Fortunately, one regiment of the Eighty-second —the Three Hundred and Twenty-seventh—under Colonel Frank Ely, had been in the valley of the Aire several days in support of the Twenty-eighth Division, and some guides, though not enough, were available for the river crossing. There was no time to bring up pontoons, and this regiment, for the most part, waded and swam the Aire the morning of the seventh in a heavy fog. At the same time Nolan's brigade of the Twenty-eighth stormed Hill 244. Had we been able to get all of one brigade of the Eighty-second across the

Aire in the early morning of the seventh and backed it up with the other brigade, and had the division been as battle-wise as, for instance, the First, not only should we have cut off all the German force in the forest and captured them but we probably could have seized Grandpré, the Bois de Loges and Champigneulle, all of which were lightly manned for defense until the enemy fell back out of the forest. These positions, all on high ground, with a mile-long and open slope without the least shelter leading down to the Aire, comprised the strongest short position I ever saw on the Western Front, and they cost us 4,000 to 5,000 men and a week of desperate fighting to take later. As only some six companies of one regiment of the One Hundred and Sixty-fourth Brigade really got into action in the morning of that day, it may be imagined what a well-coördinated attack by the whole brigade, as was ordered, would have accomplished.

Yet if the execution did not equal the conception, as it rarely does, it effected its immediate purposes. Outflanked in the forest, the Germans quit it on the run, the Lost Battalion was relieved, the First Division freed from a destructive flank fire from the forest, and the Argonne was put behind us permanently. Whittlesey had attacked with approximately 550 officers and men; only 194

walked out when they were relieved. In one company—A of the Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry—three men only were not dead or did not have to be carried out on stretchers. There was bitter fighting around Cornay in this operation, the Germans counter-attacking repeatedly to gain time to get out. The night of the seventh, 100 men or so of the Eighty-second Division were captured in Cornay village. There was a determined rear-guard action on the eighth, but by the tenth, the Seventy-seventh Division had reached the south bank of the Aire, fronting Grandpré.

A SINGLE-HANDED VICTORY

We now were well into territory which the enemy had held undisputed since 1914. On our left Gouraud's Fourth French Army had been confronted on September 26 with a wide belt of desolation, the scene of long and heavy previous fighting, and it was three days fighting its way clear of the old battlefields, thus falling behind our advance. In the first three days we had penetrated to an average depth of seven miles, but in the ensuing eleven days we made only two miles more. Gouraud was six miles forward on the fourth day, but on October 9 he was only a mile and a half farther along. The dominating height of Blanc

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

THE "LOST BATTALION" (WHAT REMAINED OF IT), AFTER ITS RELIEF

Mont, in particular, was holding him up, and he asked for the loan of two American divisions. Though direly needed to replace our own exhausted troops in the Meuse-Argonne, our Army sent him the 50,000 men of General Lejeune's veteran Second Division and General W. R. Smith's Texas and Oklahoma division, the Thirty-sixth. The former carried Blanc Mont, the key point of the German position in the Champagne, in a bloody battle on October 3 and 4, and one brigade of the Thirty-sixth took the place of an exhausted regiment of the Second in the ensuing sanguinary struggle for St.-Etienne. A general German retreat in the Champagne followed. The Thirty-sixth relieved the Second and advanced with Gouraud's army to the Aisne by October 12. The French, therefore, had contributed to the final outflanking of the Argonne Forest.

It was during the attack of the Eighty-second Division just north of Châtel Chéhéry that Alvin C. York of the Three Hundred and Twenty-eighth Regiment, Eighty-second Division, performed the extraordinary feat of killing and capturing, almost unaided, an entire German machine-gun battalion.

York came from the valley of Wolf River near the Tennessee-Kentucky line, where men still shoot as straight and stalk as craftily as their ancestors

did, and it was his individual marksmanship and woodcraft that killed between twenty and thirty of the enemy, and brought in 132 prisoners, including a major and two lieutenants, with 28 machine guns. It was a commentary on our Army that the sergeant who commanded York's platoon was Harry M. Parsons, a former New York vaudeville actor, while the sergeant commanding the two squads, and whom York succeeded when the former was wounded, was Bernard Early, an Irish-born American of New Haven, Connecticut.

The Three Hundred and Twenty-eighth Infantry of the Eighty-second Division set off at six o'clock of the morning of October 8 for the Decauville railroad, two kilometers west, which it took before night, but as the troops dropped down from Hill 223 into a valley several hundred yards wide, they encountered vicious machine-gun fire from the hills ahead and from either flank. York was one of a support platoon of the second battalion on the extreme left of the attack, and his sergeant, ordered to advance and cover that flank, detached Acting-Sergeant Early and fifteen men and ordered them to put the machine guns on that flank out of action.

The morning mists had lifted and the two squads of Americans, plainly visible to the enemy, drew their fire, but all sixteen made their way un-

wounded to the rear of the gun positions, climbed the hill under the cover of the brush and stumbled into an old trench. The enemy evidently had dismissed the little party from their minds as it passed out of sight; the German Maxims could be heard on the other side of the hill, still spitting at the Americans in the valley. York and the fifteen others followed the trench, then spread out into skirmish order, their bayonets fixed. Suddenly they came upon battalion field headquarters of the enemy. Three officers were studying a map beside a small stream and a number of German enlisted men lay at ease on the ground.

AN EDUCATED TRIGGER FINGER

The Americans fired one volley, at which the whole group leaped to their feet, arms in the air, and cried surrender. Some of the machine-gun crews, however, at as little distance as thirty yards, discovered the plight of their comrades and reversed their guns quickly. The prisoners threw themselves on the ground at a shouted command. Sergeant Early and eight of his men failed to drop with the prisoners; he and two others were wounded, and six were killed. The other seven Americans anticipated the fusillade; York hugged the earth behind a tree, the bullet-riddled bodies of

Privates Wareing and Dymowski on either side of him.

Taking command, York called to the other six unwounded Americans to guard their prisoners—a formidable task in itself—while he engaged the machine gunners single-handed. The storm of machine-gun bullets clipped the bushes like hedge shears, but the gunners dared not lower their fire farther for fear of hitting the prisoners just ahead of York on the ground. Coolly the Tennesseean lay there, fired every time a head showed, shouted "Come down!" at each report, and at such range he never missed. When he had killed a dozen a German popped out of a fox hole, hurled a grenade at York and was killed for his pains, the grenade wounding one of the prisoners. Finally a lieutenant and seven men charged York. Discarding his rifle, he dropped them in a row with his service pistol, one bullet to each German.

Such deadly economy and accuracy of fire now led the German major, who spoke English, to crawl forward and offer to order the surrender of all the gun positions. York was outnumbered more than ten to one, there were other unsurrendered German machine-gun positions at a little distance and fresh enemy troops might arrive at any moment. As York studied his situation the German major suggested a route back to the

American lines. York promptly took the opposite direction, put the major ahead of him with an automatic in the small of his back, the two lieutenants on either side, and set out with his party, Early and the other wounded Americans bringing up the rear.

"How many men have you?" asked the major, supposing other Americans were close at hand.

"I got a-plenty," York told him.

In a hundred yards they were challenged; they had flushed another machine-gun position. The crew was disarmed and added to the party. Other such additions were made en route, sometimes on demand, sometimes after a brief, sharp fight.

It took woodsmanship of no less an order to get his prisoners back to the American lines, but York delivered them. Lieutenant Joseph A. Woods, York's battalion adjutant, seeing them coming, thought he was being attacked and gathered scouts and runners to put up a fight, before he noticed that the Germans were disarmed. He then went forward to meet York.

The Tennesseean saluted with military precision and said, "Corporal York reports with prisoners, sir."

"How many prisoners have you, corporal?" Woods asked.

"Honest, lieutenant, I don't know," was the reply.

"Take them back down the valley to Châtel Chéhéry, where you will find regimental headquarters, and I will count them as they go by," the lieutenant instructed. Woods tallied 132. En route to Châtel Chéhéry a German lookout on Cornay Ridge spotted the party, gave the range to his artillery, and York had to break his group into a run to get away.

Sardonically, York had been second elder in a mountain sect of the Church of Christ and Christian Union that interpreted the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," literally. Although his pastor and all the congregation opposed his answering the draft call, and though his mother was dependent on his support—a valid claim for exemption—he reported promptly at Camp Gordon, Georgia. His conscience continued to trouble him, however, until the captain of his company, Edward C. B. Danforth, of Augusta, Georgia, and the major of the battalion, G. Edward Buxton, of Providence, Rhode Island, appreciating the sincerity of York's doubts, proved the righteousness of the American cause to the mountaineer's satisfaction by outquoting him on Scripture.

York was the guest of honor at a banquet of the Tennessee Society of New York after his return,

sitting on one side of the toastmaster, while his division general, George B. Duncan, sat on the other. When York was called on he said a dozen words of thanks and sat down. The diners clamored for his own account of the exploit that won him the Congressional Medal of Honor, and General Duncan leaned over to encourage him, saying, "You are among your friends, sergeant; tell them about it just as you would tell me."

"I will do anything the general orders me to do," said York, "but that is one of the things I want to forget," and refusing $50,000 to appear in a moving-picture reconstruction of his feat, and another $50,000 to tell about it on the lecture platform, he went home to Wolf River as quickly as the War Department permitted him, to open a school for the better education of his people. He has spoken often since then in behalf of his school, but never of his unparalleled feat of arms.

SUCCESSOR TO PERSHING

On the army's right, across the Meuse, General Claudel's French Seventeenth Corps had only demonstrated since the opening of the battle, but on October 10, reënforced by General Morton's Twenty-ninth Division and General Bell's Thirty-third Division, it attacked. The Thirty-third took

Sivry-sur-Meuse and the Twenty-ninth stormed and took the Bois Haumont, the Bois de la Grande Montagne and the Bois de Wavrille. More than 3,000 prisoners, including many Austrians, were captured. The advance deprived the enemy of several observation points, but its main purpose was to extend our American fighting front and to keep as many German troops in that vicinity as possible. The First American Army now had forced Ludendorff to put thirty-one divisions into line against us, with nine in reserve.

My headquarters had been transferred to old French dugouts at a place called Florimont, on a hillside near the great road leading down the Aire Valley. French dugouts put on no such airs as the German counterpart. These were merely holes in the hillsides, populated, as Malin Craig described it, by rats as big as pack mules and as savage as tigers.

On the evening of October 10, General Pershing came to see me here and told me he was going to appoint me to the command of the First Army in succession to himself, with rank of Lieutenant General, and that he was creating a Second American Army, with headquarters at Toul, the command of which was to go to General Bullard, with similar rank. The commanding general said that night that if we and our Allies could keep up the

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

ALVIN S. YORK STANDING ON THE GROUND WHERE HE KILLED TWENTY OR MORE AND CAPTURED 132 GERMANS, PUTTING AN ENTIRE MACHINE GUN BATTALION OUT OF ACTION VIRTUALLY SINGLE HANDED

gait the war would be ended before the close of the year, the first prophecy of this nature that I encountered from high command.

He said he would send General Dickman up from the Fourth Corps to take command of the First Corps. My promotion meant my giving up my corps staff and leaving the men with whom I had been associated so long and so pleasantly, but they sank every other consideration in their pleasure at my advancement, to which they had contributed so enormously.

The afternoon of the eleventh, while I was awaiting General Dickman's arrival, General Pershing telephoned to say that he wished to make some changes in corps commands; General Bullard was moving up and he had other uses for General Cameron. He asked me to recommend men for the two vacancies. It was a tough assignment, and I asked for an hour in which to think it over. At the end of the hour I called him and said I could think of only three men of whose fitness I was certain: Summerall, Harbord and McAndrew.

General Pershing replied that General Harbord was indispensable in the Service of Supplies, and that he could not possibly part with his army chief of staff, General McAndrew. "The pickings seem to be rather slim, don't they?" he remarked. He eventually gave the command of the Fifth Corps

to Summerall, that of the Third Corps to General John L. Hines, both of whom justified that confidence brilliantly.

That evening General Dickman arrived to relieve me, and the morning of the twelfth, with my personal aide, Major P. L. Stackpole, I drove to Souilly, army headquarters. I had dinner there with General Pershing, General Drum and other staff officers on the commanding general's special train of sleeping cars, dining car and flat cars to carry his automobiles. At dinner General Pershing said that Marshal Foch was asking him why we were not advancing as fast as the French and British. The forty German divisions we had drawn into our front explained why we were not moving faster and why, in part, the French and British were moving. Our Allies and the enemy both knew the answer well enough, and I was indignant.

THE HONOR OF THE ARMY

Many rumors about the American operation in the Meuse-Argonne were circulated in Paris and London at the time, and still are given credence by the uninformed. I can answer them best, I think, by citing the opinions of two soldiers, one American, the other British. Writing in the new columns of the Encyclopædia Brittanica, Colonel

Arthur Latham Conger, U. S. A., says of this phase of the Meuse-Argonne battle:

"But the disappointment in the hopes for a clean break through the German army in this its most strongly fortified and from now on most stubbornly defended sector, hopes which had been created by the striking success of the first day's attack, gave rise to exaggerated rumors of blundering in troop leadership at the front and of supply mismanagement in the rear, rumors which finally so affected the French Government as to lead it and Foch to urge the substitution of a French commander and staff for the further conduct of Operation B. (Meuse-Argonne.) This was refused by General Pershing on the ground that the honor of the American Army was involved in this attack, and that, whether it finally fail or finally succeed, it must be carried through to the end as an American operation under an American commander and staff. . . .

"West of the Argonne the attack of the IV French Army (Operation C) also begun on Se. 26, had not been successful in making any appreciable advance, and Pershing was called on to loan some of his all-too-few veteran divisions to attack the keypoint of the German Champagne position, Blanc Mont. He complied with this request, and all the more willingly, since it was the failure of the French attack west of the Argonne which made the position of the American troops in the forest itself so trying. . . . On the German side there was no lack of appreciation by either

the opposing army commander or General Headquarters as to the threat which the American attack constituted. Von der Marwitz declared to his army, on October 1, after the first break through his lines:

"'. . . The heaviest part of the task will thus fall on the V Army . . . in the coming weeks, and the safety of the Fatherland will be in its hands. It is on the firm resistance of the Verdun front that depends the fate of a great part of the Western Front, perhaps even of our nation. . . .'

"Hindenburg added on this subject in his memoirs: 'It was plain that this situation could not last. Our armies were too weak and too tired. Moreover, the pressure which the American masses were putting upon our most sensitive points in the region of the Meuse was too strong.'"

I know nothing of the truth of the report that the French asked General Pershing to turn over the battle to a French commander and staff. He said nothing of it that night at Souilly, or later, and I never heard the story until long after the war, and then only by hearsay.

THE VALOR OF IGNORANCE

Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, formerly director of military operations of the British General Staff, and usually regarded as the first mili-

tary historian of the time, writing in English, speaks generously, but justly, I think, of the same situation in his book, *The Last Four Months.* He says:

"There has been a great deal of talk of the breakdown of the American administrative services, and unquestionably things did go wrong; but the critics are apt to overlook the conditions under which the battle was joined. It was a question of attempting to force a decision by a great combined attack on the main German defensive positions at the end of September or of deferring a decisive attack until the following Spring. It probably is true that no French or British staff would, after a long experience of previous failure, have advised an attack on the Meuse-Argonne front until elaborate improvements and extensions of the roads and railroads behind the front of attack had been carried out, and until equally elaborate preparations for prolonging these roads and railways into the territory to be captured from the Germans had been completed.

"It probably is equally true that French and British soldiers, after the bitter lessons of the past, would not have attacked with any confidence unless they had ocular evidence that everything had been done beforehand to help them forward. There are times and occasions in war when the valor of ignorance has its advantages. With greater experience, the American infantry would have learned to overcome the German machine guns

with less loss of life, and the services of supply would have worked more smoothly. Had the American army waited to gain that experience, the war certainly would have been prolonged by at least six months, and the cost in life would certainly have been far greater than it was.

"Pershing must have taken all these factors into consideration when he threw in his vote for fighting the great battle which began September 26. He decided that the vigor and valor of his troops would more than counterbalance their lack of battle experience, and he was justified in the result. From September 26, until the Kriemhilde system finally was broken, by making the fullest use of his man power, he continuously menaced the Metz-Mézières railway and forced Ludendorff to employ more than forty divisions in an ineffectual effort to stem his advance. The American attack, therefore, formed an essential part of Foch's plan, and had it not been successful it is almost certain that the Germans would have been able to withdraw in fairly good order to the Meuse, and that we should not have forced them to sign an armistice on November 11."

The defects of the American operation in this battle were such as were humanly inescapable in a not yet fully seasoned army, thrown, on a few weeks' notice, against a first-class enemy at his most vital, and therefore, most furiously defended front, in order to carry out a general strategic plan. We made our mistakes, but, given the con-

ditions, acquitted ourselves most honorably, in my judgment. Before the battle ended, the army was seasoned and beginning to function with that co-ordinated smoothness that comes only from battle experience.

At Souilly I found that an attack had been ordered for October 14, by the Third and Fifth Corps, with the First Corps participating, and I asked to be permitted to defer taking command until that operation had been carried out. I spent those three days visiting the Third and Fifth Corps and the Seventeenth French Corps, learning what I could while the battle was in progress, and in particular informing myself as to the temper of the troops and their commanders. The result of the three days of fighting was that we broke into the main Kriemhilde positions for the first time, the Fifth Corps hammering through at Côte Dame Marie and the Romagne heights, Châtillon Ridge; the First Corps crossing the Aire, capturing St.-Juvin on the main road north of the Aire, and entering the stony Ravine aux Pierres. The Third Corps made little progress and our losses were heavy.

On October 15 Marshal Foch requested the loan of two more First Army divisions to assist the Sixth French, British and Belgian armies near Ypres. We sent General Johnston's Ninety-first

and General Farnsworth's Thirty-seventh, and never recovered either. The end of the war found them fighting in Flanders.

I took command of the First Army on the sixteenth. It then consisted of seventeen American and four French divisions, with the usual army and corps artillery, aviation and other troops—a total of more than 1,000,000 men. I was reminded of Grant's emotions at the Battle of the Wilderness. That—for the time—tremendous struggle took him back to his first fight, Palo Alto, in the Mexican War and enforced a lesson in relativity. "As I looked at that long line of battle consisting of 3,000 men," he said of Palo Alto, "I felt that General Taylor had such a fearful responsibility resting upon him that I wondered how he ever had the nerve to assume it; and when, after the fight, the losses were found to be 60 killed, wounded and missing, I was horror-stricken. When the news reached the States the windows in every home were illuminated and the victory was largely instrumental in making General Taylor President of the United States."

THE VANISHING DOUGHBOYS

I found, on my inspection of the army, that, due to the hard and bitter fighting which had been con-

tinuous since September 26, day and night, some signs of discouragement were beginning to appear among both men and officers, the most conspicuous evidence of which was the great number of stragglers, estimated as high as 100,000. The weather was cold, with continuous rains, the men were without adequate shelter and the difficulties of supply were disheartening. There was serious need for rest and reorganization. Such endless hammering in bad weather was a terrific strain on young troops, and a loss of cohesion and a general letting down of morale were appearing. Divisions were so reduced in strength from casualties and strays that we had to call for replacements from newly arrived divisions. It was essential, first of all, to gather up the army as a team and round up the stragglers that our full weight might be felt in one concerted blow.

There was a lull of two weeks in the major operation while we tightened up. My staff and I traveled constantly among the troops, making every effort to profit by past mistakes and to encourage the fighting spirit of the army for the impending attack on the enemy's main positions, and never was response more immediate or effective.

We established stragglers' posts on all the roads, tightened the military policing of back areas and

sent out officers with patrols to search the woods and dugouts, and thousands of strays and hide-aways poured in.

It is characteristic of the American soldier to scatter the moment he breaks ranks. Like Kipling's British soldier, he is out "for to admire and for to see," and his curiosity demands to know what the other side of any given hill looks like. In the old Army, long before the war, I have marched a company 30 miles on a hot day over dusty roads without a straggler, seen them stagger into camp, certain that they could not move another step, and then had every man jack except the cooks vanish the moment camp was made. Old soldiers or rookies, in a wilderness or a settled country, it always is the same. I remember it in Georgia, Texas and Minnesota in peace, and I saw it again in France in war.

THE A. W. O. L. FRATERNITY

Too, the Meuse-Argonne was a battle fought under lowering, misty skies in a country so rough and tangled that men without a natural instinct of direction were astray the moment they lost sight of their nearest neighbor. It was a battle pursued more by ear and sense of touch than with the eye. Troops moved by the dead reckoning of pocket

compasses, as ships in fog. Having gone astray through no fault of their own, the men were not always unduly concerned about how soon they got back to their commands; the most brief escape from discipline is sweet. There were others in numbers who were thirty-third-degree brothers in the ancient order of A. W. O. L., men who had shirked every possible duty from the day they first reported at camp. Our armies—every army—always has had them. When I was a young lieutenant on the plains we still called them by their Civil War name: "Coffee coolers," or "coffee boilers." They do not change, and a description of the 1861-65 type to be found in Morris Schaff's great book, *The Battle of the Wilderness,* will serve as well to-day:

"A real adept skulker or coffee boiler is a most interesting specimen," Schaff wrote, "and how well I remember the coolness with which he and his companion—for they go in pairs—would rise from their little fires on being discovered, and ask most innocently, 'Lieutenant, can you tell me where the Umsteenth Regiment is?' And the answer, I am sorry to say, was too often: 'Yes, right up there at the front, you damned rascal, as you well know!' Of course, they would make a show of moving, but they were back at their little fire as soon as you were out of sight. Not only the skulkers, but

many a good soldier whose heart was gone, made his way to the trains at Chancellorsville after Hancock's repulse."

Soldier nature, being human nature, is a pretty constant factor under given conditions. The Union Army lost nearly four times as many men by desertion from 1861 to 1865 as were killed on the field. Actual desertion was negligible in the A. E. F. up to the Armistice, in no small part because the Atlantic Ocean discourages it, but there were other and more gratifying reasons: It was a better army, better led and better backed at home. In the early years, especially, of the Civil War it often took either a natural soldier or a born crusader to survive the demoralization of the incompetence, confusion and injustices of the North's whole military policy. In the late war the equal liability of all males of military age to defend their country brought into the army a more representative body of citizens and fostered a much higher average of self-discipline. The fact that we were representing the United States before the critical eyes of Europe, and in competition with European soldiers, was an additional check on and inspiration to all of us. And the infinitely more intelligent, competent and unvacillating military policy of the Government, for all our unpreparedness, had its inevitably helpful effect on officers and men.

War provokes more muddled thinking than any human activity I know of. Like our school histories that always have exaggerated our own prowess and ignored or misrepresented the enemy's achievements, the patriot has a way of remembering only what is heroic and noble of wars and soldiers. It is the habit of the pacifist, contrarily, to deny any saving virtue to either. As a professional soldier I occupy the middle ground of realism. I have a normal human hatred of war, but I know that it can be just and inevitable and that it never can be avoided by pretending not to see it. I have spent my life with soldiers, like them, understand them and am not happy away from them; but I see them, officers and men, as human beings, not archangels with flaming swords. I am under no patriotic illusion that one good American can whip any ten foreigners. I know, on the contrary, that one well-trained, well-led foreigner is much more likely to whip ten good but untrained Americans. I know the glorious deeds of American arms; I know, also, although I did not learn it in my school histories, that an untrained American army of 5,400 men ran away at Bladensburg, in 1814, from 1,500 British regulars with a loss of only eight killed and eleven wounded, and did not stop until they were 15 miles the other side of Washington, which they were supposed to defend.

It took three days to reassemble them, during which time the British methodically burned our national capital and returned unmolested to their ships. Of this battle, General Armstrong, our commanding officer, reported bitterly that "without all doubt the determining cause of our disasters is to be found in the love of life," as humiliating and biting a confession as a general ever penned. I know that McDowell had a perfect plan of battle at the first Bull Run, but that he made the mistake of assuming that he had an army instead of a well-intentioned mob; that when his mob dissolved, it was his one battalion of regulars that covered his routed retreat.

A CROSS-SECTION OF AMERICA

On the other hand, I know that the pacifist is strangely blind. If the cause be just, war is more noble than peace, and the most criminal war has about it some moral grandeur by virtue of the heroic self-sacrifice it demands; that war is the scene of endless deeds of self-immolation so transcendent that in spite of its horrors and crimes at its worst, it stirs a moral enthusiasm more passionate than peace may hope to. It is the sphere, some one has said, in which a disinterested enthusiasm has most scope, in which performance is most meas-

ured by strict obligation, in which mercenary motives sway least.

The A. E. F. was a cross-section of our cosmopolitan population, with like proportions of the good, indifferent and bad, with the qualification that war often transforms men for the better. The good citizen always makes a good soldier, and the great mass of our army were young, physically fit, courageous, alert and intelligent—as splendid soldiering material as the world ever has produced. The weak and the bad sometimes make good soldiers. The weak often are bolstered up by the morale of the mass, and by discipline. As for the bad, a distinction should be made between the lawless and the vicious. A man who is bad in civil life may find a better personal adjustment in war; he may be hard-boiled—a brawler and a petty tyrant in camp—and yet a man to lean upon in a fight. The hopelessly vicious, fortunately, are few in any group of men. In these latter classes were men who caused us much trouble, left their commands, wandered over the country posing as heroes and exploiting the hospitality of the French people, and making a general nuisance of themselves.

Yet, curiously, I never encountered a case of civil crime by an American soldier in France until after the Armistice. This is in striking contrast

with the conduct of this class of men in previous wars. In the Peninsular Campaign of the Napoleonic Wars deserters from both sides organized for general pillage until both Wellington and the French had to detach troops to send against them in a concerted effort to exterminate them. With the let-down in discipline and morale after November 11, there was an epidemic of thievery by renegade soldiers in the rear areas, to which the A. E. F. contributed its quota.

PREPARING FOR A GENERAL ATTACK

The phase—the fifth of the battle—which we were entering as I took command of the First Army was restricted to local operations to obtain a suitable jump-off for a powerful general attack scheduled for October 28. While local in a relative sense, the fighting was desperate on the front of General Dickman's First Corps, which, with Gouraud's army, had been given the task of clearing the enemy out of Grandpré, and from the Loges Wood and the southern part of the Bourgogne Wood, both extensions of the Argonne Forest. When the Seventy-seventh Division got in front of Grandpré in the advance to the Aire, General Alexander had sent strong patrols into the town, but they were driven out. The Seventy-

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

GRAND PRÉ FROM THE CHURCH TOWER

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

CHÂTEL CHÉHÉRY—TAKEN BY THE 82ND DIVISION ON OCT. 7, 1918

eighth then relieved the wearied Seventy-seventh, and for ten days and ten nights McRae's division hammered and thrust at Grandpré and Loges Wood, positions we could have carried perfunctorily on October 9 had that earlier attack worked as planned. The difficulties were enormous. The enemy's positions were most formidable, and as the attack was a direct threat of outflanking his strong line on the north side of the Aisne River, Von Marwitz threw the most and best of his army against Dickman's corps, correspondingly weakening his line in front of the Third and Fifth Corps. After extraordinary efforts the Seventy-eighth took Grandpré and the high ground overlooking the town in the Talma Farm and Bourgogne Wood regions, giving us a practicable line for the general attack.

This sustained effort on the left of our army had convinced the enemy that our main thrust was to come here and that we were out to make a junction with Gouraud's army north of the Bourgogne and Loges Woods, and Champigneulle, thereby turning his flank on the Aisne. Consequently, he weakened his forces still further against the Third and Fifth Corps and got set for us.

A VISIT TO GENERAL GOURAUD

When the original orders were issued for the attack on October 28, we found that this very thing was contemplated. The orders called for the First Corps to drive due north as the spearhead of the army, the other corps following in echelon movement. To those of us at First Army headquarters who knew from observation the excessive strength of these positions, how the German was waiting for us just here and had weakened his lines elsewhere in the assurance that he had guessed our minds, such an attack seemed doubtful of success, certain to entail frightful losses, and dubious strategy generally. One of the least of the difficulties was that an advance here would expose us to converging artillery fire.

We were so certain at First Army headquarters that the plan was a mistake that we drew up an alternate program and forwarded it to G. H. Q., suggesting instead an attack by the Third and Fifth Corps against the center of the German line between St.-Georges and Aincreville, where it had been most weakened, pinching out the two woods without the necessity of attacking them at all, the First Corps not to move the first day, except to protect the left flank of the Fifth Corps. G. H. Q. gave its approval.

It was now October 25, seventeen days before the Armistice. Our army front had been greatly improved and the army morale was as high again, I believe, as it had been in September when the battle opened. Divisions had been filled up, supplies replenished, the artillery all was in proper support positions, and the roads enormously bettered after unceasing work by the engineers and the Ninety-second Negro Division. We still were pressed for time, however, for the changed plan of attack necessitated preliminary local gains on the Third and Fifth Corps fronts, for which only two days remained.

The Second Division had come back to us from General Gouraud's army, but the French had kept its artillery brigade, to the division's disgust. I concluded, on the twenty-fifth, to visit the distinguished soldier, partly to request the return of the artillery, partly to return his visit of September, but principally to make sure that we would attack together and with proper liaison on the twenty-eighth. General Drum, my aide, and I drove to Sommepy in the Champagne, found General Gouraud there, and my first question was, "When will the Fourth Army be ready?"

Instead of replying, he asked when we would attack. When I told him that my orders specified the morning of the twenty-eighth he threw up his

hand—the General had only one hand—despairingly, exclaiming, "I can't possibly move before November 2. The army simply can't be made ready an hour earlier."

LUDENDORFF RESIGNS

I was secretly delighted, though I said nothing, for the three days of grace would be invaluable to us in rooting out enemy machine-gun positions in front of the Third and Fifth Corps, and otherwise tightening the machine. I suggested to the general that, though it was most desirable that we attack together, if the First American Army should move at 5:30 A.M. of November 1, and his army on the following morning, sufficient concert of action would be insured. He agreed.

I then asked for the return of the Second Division's artillery, pointing out that the division could not perform up to its standard without its guns. His chief of staff, who was present, made some protest, but after a moment's hesitation Gouraud said he would dispatch the artillery immediately, marching it back, for which ample time remained.

We made plans for the proper liaison of the two armies, and I left convinced that we would work together nicely. As I went I reiterated that I would attack at 5:30 of the first. Morally certain

that a simultaneous attack by Gouraud's army could be arranged, I drove direct to First Army headquarters, where General Pershing still was, and at a conference that evening I recited my talk with Gouraud and dwelt on the necessity of the two armies striking together. He readily assented, and saw Marshal Foch the following day, as a result of which the battle orders were changed to November 1 and the Fourth French Army was directed to attack simultaneously.

When the orders had been issued, I called my corps commanders and their chiefs of staff to Souilly twice, to go over every detail of the attack. It always is possible to misinterpret a written order, either as to what is expected of you or of your neighbor. I insisted to General Summerall and General Hines that their Fifth and Third Corps should drive through the German center to the neighborhood of Buzancy and the high ground of the Bois de Barricourt ridge before dark of the first day, as this would forestall any counter attack from these advantageous positions, and at the same time would put the defenders of the Loges and Bourgogne Woods in imminent peril of being cut off. The opposing German general had demonstrated against the British at Cambrai, the year before, that he could boomerang the most formidable attack, given the least leeway. There

was some doubt at G. H. Q. of the success of the attack, but in the face of the forty days' bitter resistance of the enemy we were so confident at First Army headquarters that we would break through as planned that at the second of the two conferences of corps commanders we issued detailed orders for the pursuit after the break through was made.

This confidence was grounded in no small measure on a general survey of conditions on all fronts. Up to mid-October Ludendorff evidently was fairly confident of his ability to make a slow and orderly retreat to a line extending from Antwerp along the right bank of the Meuse to Metz. But such a retreat depended upon the Kriemhilde positions and the line of the River Selle holding. Between October 17 and 23, a combined British and French attack, with the American Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions participating and given the formidable task of carrying the railroad and heights south of Le Cateau, made a breach 35 miles wide and 6 miles deep in Ludendorff's strong rallying line on the Selle, which was the connecting link between the Scheldt and the line south of the Oise. Some 20,000 prisoners and 475 guns were taken. During the same period the First American Army had made further breaches in the Kriemhilde positions and critically exhausted

the enemy's defensive power here, although we had pulled in German reserves to such an extent that it had eased the progress of the British and French notably.

Confronted with the necessity of withdrawing three times the number of men and many times the material across the 155-mile line from Metz to Liége, which Germany had thrown across that line in 1914, with the morale of the German people breaking fast, and all of Germany's allies vanquished or tottering, Ludendorff resigned on October 26, and this time his resignation was accepted. There still were formidable fortifications behind the German armies and strong natural barriers between the Allied armies and German soil, but with the will to resist sinking hourly Ludendorff knew that no barrier, artificial or natural, would hold.

KEEPING UP WITH THE GERMANS

The American-French attack of November 1 was highly successful and resulted in a great break in the hostile front exactly as planned. We had caught Von der Marwitz as I expected to—braced for the attack on his right. His weakened center broke before the Fifth and Third Corps and these corps drove through to the Barricourt Ridge, as ordered, overrunning his entire defensive system on

this front to a depth of seven miles, and beyond his artillery lines. The attack was preceded by a short but finely systematized artillery bombardment. Gouraud's army extended its hold on the heights of the east bank of the Aisne opposite Vouziers.

Our First Corps, as I have said, was ordered to threaten furiously, but not to fight the first day, except to protect the Fifth Corps' left flank, but our men were so eager that part of the corps got out of hand and the demonstration developed into a real attack on Champigneulle. It was magnificent but it was not war, for it played into the enemy's hands and led to deplorable waste of life. Having expected an attack just here, the German was more than prepared to stop any such spontaneous combustion as this. At seven o'clock that night General Pershing telephoned from his train, which was near at hand, congratulating the army, but remarking that our left—the First Corps—seemed to be held up. I replied that there would be no enemy in front of that corps the next day, as the advance in the center would force the German to go north, and to go fast. In fact, Von der Marwitz had either to deliver a quick, powerful and successful counter attack, or to withdraw immediately, north of the line Buzancy-Boult-aux-Bois, and we already held the only ground from

which he could launch a counter attack with any prospect of success.

I made a point to get to First Corps headquarters by the early morning of the second, and I found them depressed at their failure to get in on the Big Parade of the day before. I told General Dickman his opportunity to catch up with the procession would come that day. As foreseen, he found the enemy decamped that morning, and by putting part of his infantry into motor-trucks, he regained contact with the enemy that day and beat the French Fourth Army into the agreed junction at Boult-aux-Bois that evening, driving hostile rear guards north along the Bar River ahead of him.

The advance was continued generally this day and through the third and fourth, when the Third and Fifth Corps drove the enemy across the Meuse. Had I had two divisions of American cavalry the morning of the second, Von der Marwitz never would have got across the river, and how I prayed for that finely trained cavalry division at San Antonio which transport difficulties had kept in Texas, chafing at the bit. The French cavalry are horsemen only. American regular cavalry is highly mobile infantry as well; it can fight and pursue on horse, but it is as much at home on foot with the rifle as the infantry.

The German was leaving on the run, throwing

his packs away in his haste, and trying to hold us with rear-guard machine-gun detachments. Between the Meuse and the Bar rivers his army was particularly disorganized, but we could not follow fast enough to take full advantage of his straits. With American cavalry, I believe I could have captured all the enemy on the front of the First Corps, and so deviled the others, fleeing to the eastward, that no considerable organization would have escaped across the Meuse. At this stage the enemy was quitting, once you got in his rear.

In this closing battle we had an American Army in the full sense of the word for the first time in the war. For the first time we were on our own. In the past, French artillery, aviation and other technical troops had made up our deficiencies. Always before we had been under the necessity of taking over a new front, with its manifold installations. Here we were at home on the front of the attack, and Americans manned the communications, the telegraph lines, water supply, ammunition and supply dumps, and virtually all the services, while other Americans planned the battle and others fought it. And for the first time the army functioned surely and smoothly as a unit. It was nineteen months since we declared war, sixteen and a little more since our First Division debarked in France. That was good time, and I hope the

American people may remember it when some one next speaks of 1,000,000 free-born Americans leaping to arms overnight; remember, too, that we had bought most of our materials from our Allies and that the British had transported much of our army because we lacked the ships.

ON FAMILIAR GROUND

The First Army had begun its attack on September 26 due northward, and by now had performed a right-angle turn to the east, so that it wound up the war on an approximately north-and-south line. The success of such a ninety-degree change of direction in battle is the most effective possible answer to the charge that our staff and supply services failed to perform adequately. Only absolute excellence of both made such a maneuver possible.

This sharp change of the army's direction demanded exceptional protection for our outer, or left flank. Gouraud's French Army failed to keep abreast again, having in front of it heavy masses of the enemy retreating from the Brunhild section of the Hindenburg Line along the Aisne River, which Gouraud had outflanked. We had planned to move our First Corps from the left of our line to the Meuse in support of an attack opening

against the river line, but Gouraud's inability to get up forced us to keep the First Corps where it was and to order it ahead. This led to the corps driving the enemy through Sedan, although Sedan was at that time out of our sector—and thereby hangs a tale that never has been told, to my knowledge.

As the scene of the humiliating disaster to French arms in 1870, Sedan was a portentous symbol to the French, and it had a peculiar significance to the Ninth French Army Corps on our left. This corps had been driven from Sedan in the first great German advance of 1914, and now it was headed straight back.

Because the French and the Germans make the best maps in the world, and because the Franco-Prussian was the last war between major European powers prior to this one, every officer of our regular army had studied that war, and graduates of the War College and the Leavenworth schools knew it by heart. Although I never had set foot in Europe until 1917, I, for example, found myself fighting in country as familiar to me as the Eastern Pennsylvania where I was born and reared, chance throwing the bulk of our forces into a region through which the German had advanced in 1870. Maps have had a special fascination for me from my cadet days and I have studied them

and the making of them so long that a good one to my eye is a panoramic photograph of the region.

A GENERAL CAPTURED

After Paris, Sedan was the best known, almost the only familiar geographical name in France to the average American officer. It happened, too, to be a division point on the all-important railroad for which we were driving. This, with the sentimental emphasis the French put upon this intrinsically unimportant town, spread through our new army, until Sedan became a sort of fetish. "On to Sedan" replaced "On to Berlin" as a shibboleth, and even the cooks talked knowingly of Sedan. Actually the town had no military value, being in the Meuse Valley and commanded by the heights to the south. It was not necessary to carry the town in order to cut the great railroad. The magic name, Sedan, drove the First Corps the faster, and the night of the eighth, the Rainbow Division captured those heights, blasted the railroad apart with its artillery and caught the enemy with all four tracks blocked with long trains of supplies of every description which he was trying to save. Partly because of the scarcity of locomotives and partly because of the rapidity of our advance—the Rain-

bow Division was 21 miles ahead of the line of attack of November 1—this enormous mass of material fell into our hands and those of the French.

The German evacuated the town as soon as the Rainbow Division carried the river heights, but the Rainbow, by orders, made no attempt to enter the deserted town. The German artillery commanded it quite as well as ours, at the moment, and we were waiving this sentimental adventure to the French, who were entitled to it, while preparing to withdraw our First Corps as soon as the French got up.

The veteran First Division was in support of the Fifth Corps to the immediate right of the First Corps. Brigadier General Frank Parker recently had taken over the division command, and one of its former commanders, Major General Charles P. Summerall, had the corps to which the division was attached.

Through some misunderstanding of an order of General Drum's, complicated by the Sedan hysteria, and possibly by General Summerall's pride in his old division, General Parker's natural desire to keep it to its old mark, and the perpetual eagerness of the division itself to be always in the vanguard of the fighting, Parker marched the division in seven columns—handling 25,000 men like a battalion—right through the First Army Corps upon

Sedan. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.'s, regiment crossed the Bar River, advanced on Sedan from the southwest and was almost in the town when recalled.

Douglas MacArthur, then commanding the Rainbow Division, affected a peculiar cap, not unlike that of a German officer. He and some of his staff were grouped about a map this night on the division front when some elements of the First Division burst through and captured him and his party under the impression that they had bagged a German division command.

My first tip that the First Division was not in the rear of the Fifth Corps, where it was supposed to be, came from the French, who began telephoning complaints that organizations of that division had appeared on their front and were getting in their way. We insisted at first that they must be mistaken in their identification; but assured that they were not, I started for First Corps and Fifth Corps headquarters as fast as I could travel. This was the only occasion in the war when I lost my temper completely. I had been holding this fine division back to be used when we crossed the Meuse, when we might have needed them very badly. Having met with no opposition, they had not lost a man, but the long march over and back had exhausted them for the time being. Moreover,

the movement had thrown the First Corps front and the adjoining French front into such confusion that had the enemy chosen to counter attack in force at the moment a catastrophe might have resulted.

First Corps headquarters was buzzing like a hornet's nest when I arrived, and as the first victim to hand, I was the sufferer. Although this was my own old corps, they were inclined to hold me personally responsible for the First Division's "atrocity," as they termed it. MacArthur had taken his "capture" as something of a joke, but not First Corps headquarters. I had been furious myself, but I recovered my temper in soothing the indignation of General Dickman and his staff. As matters turned out, by good luck the eccentric movement had no evil results. The German was in no mood for counter attack, and Parker's division was fit again the next day and available for use. Certainly the division had shown marching ability of the highest order in getting over and back as it did.

We shifted our left several times to make room for Gouraud's army as it came up, and it was the French who actually marched into Sedan later. The town had been unoccupied since the Rainbow Division had reached the heights that commanded it.

Von Gundell and the other German delegates already had crossed the lines to sue for an armistice, but we knew nothing of this. The enemy patently was approaching a catastrophe, but he was backing away from us, fighting as he withdrew, and we prepared a new battle.

CHAPTER VI

COMMENTS

THE war ended with the First American Army in the midst of a general attack which had been launched some seven hours before the moment at which the Armistice became effective.

Because the German delegates had crossed the lines four days earlier to sue for an armistice, we were criticized in certain quarters at home for continuing the fighting until the last moment. It was argued that we attacked in the face of the knowledge that the enemy was quitting, thereby needlessly wasting American lives. This criticism was based upon ignorance of the circumstances, and was silenced promptly when it was aired in Congress.

When the German plenipotentiaries presented themselves to Marshal Foch and Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, the British First Sea Lord, on Foch's train in the Forest of Compiègne, far to the westward of us, on the morning of Friday, November 8, the Allied generalissimo asked them, "What is it that you desire, gentlemen?"

The reply was that they had come to receive the Allied proposals for an armistice. The Allies pro-

posed no armistice, Foch told them tersely. Thereupon the Germans confessed that they sought an armistice. They were presented with the prepared Allied terms and informed that they must be accepted or rejected within seventy-two hours. A request by the delegates for a provisional suspension of hostilities was denied flatly.

OUR CONCERN

When the delegates had read the terms they informed the Marshal that the conditions were so severe that they could give no reply until they had communicated with Berlin. By permission, a courier set out for the German great headquarters at Spa that night, but the German failure to silence their artillery at the agreed point held him up and he did not reach Spa until ten o'clock Sunday morning, the tenth. From there the terms were telephoned to Berlin, and after a high governmental conference the plenipotentiaries were authorized to accept. It was not until five o'clock of the morning of the eleventh that the Armistice was signed.

Foch knew his foe from long and bitter experience. In success the enemy had been unscrupulous; in defeat he would have the less reason to be unduly concerned with the rules. The attitude of

his delegates had not evidenced any too much good faith. The way to whip him in the shortest possible time was to pound him until the very moment he cried quits. Therefore, on the evening of November 9, while the delegates still waited and no news came from Berlin, Foch wired each of the Allied Armies as follows:

"The enemy, disorganized by our repeated attacks, retreats along the entire front. It is important to coördinate and expedite our movements.

"I appeal to the energy and the initiative of the commanders in chief and of their armies to make decisive the results obtained."

As a result of this appeal, I received orders on November 10 for a general attack by the First Army the following morning. We went into battle knowing that the terms of an armistice were being discussed with higher authority, but with no assurance that the enemy would accept those terms in the few hours that remained before the offer would expire. Fighting was our concern and our only concern until we were ordered to stop.

Between the Meuse River and the Chiers River to the northeast of Stenay, was a very strong enemy position which commanded the Meuse crossings in that vicinity. It was clear that the enemy would resist strongly here in order to cover his retirement from the vicinity of Mézières and Se-

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

IN THE ARGONNE FOREST, NOVEMBER 1918

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

ACTION IN ARGONNE FOREST

dan. Once our troops had crossed the Meuse south of Stenay and advanced in the direction of Montmédy, they would turn this position from the south, and it was apparent that such a maneuver, if it could be executed in time, would develop excellent opportunities for the capture of large masses of the enemy being driven back by Gouraud's army and our own, and by taking in reverse the continuation of the Hindenburg Line about Haraumont would clear the heights of the Meuse. It would be necessary to cover such an advance by a powerful artillery concentration on the left-bank river heights, and we did so.

WEARING DOWN ENEMY RESISTANCE

Between the fourth and the tenth we gradually wore down the German resistance in the wooded Meuse hills, securing an excellent line of departure for the new general attack toward Montmédy and Longwy. The key point of the enemy position in this preliminary operation was the Borne de Cornillier, a hill 378 feet high, from which the enemy controlled all his artillery. General Kuhn's Seventy-ninth Division stormed and carried the hill.

Meanwhile General Bullard's Second American Army, with a strength of only six divisions, and Mangin's French Tenth Army had begun on No-

vember 7 operations preliminary to a great attack scheduled for November 14, under French tactical command, to envelop Metz and Thionville from the south and west, and take the Briey Iron Basin. The First American Army was to cover their left by advancing on Longwy.

The Second American Army had driven the German back three miles in the Woëvre Plain by the morning of the eleventh, but the great attack, of course, never was made. It would have been certainly successful and would have had far-reaching results, but I must revert to that later.

My First Army was astride the Meuse, with the Third Corps already across the river when the orders for the November 11 battle were received. The night of the tenth-eleventh the Fifth Corps got over the river, and early on Armistice Day the whole army advanced.

At 6:25 o'clock that morning I received a message from G. H. Q. saying that an Armistice had been signed and would take effect at 11 A.M. In anticipation of such a possibility, we had taken what preparatory measures we could to get the news to the troops as promptly as possible, but the advance east of Beaumont had been so rapid that morning that, what with the obstacle of the river, the order did not reach isolated units until the last moment. In my estimation, the halting on such

notice of a general engagement that was just getting under a full head of steam was one of the finest staff jobs we did.

A GERMAN FOURTH OF JULY

The silence that fell at 11 o'clock was stunning to ears attuned to the infernal roar. Our men showed no particular elation; the full significance of the moment was not then apparent. But the German, who knew that he was well quit on any terms, was noisily jubilant. That night he burned up all his rockets and flares in a "Fourth of July" celebration. We sent out rigid orders to the front-line troops against fraternization, both for reasons of policy and because we were suspicious to the last, with good cause, of the enemy's good faith. Numbers of German soldiers, especially men who had lived in the United States or who had relatives here, attempted to visit our lines, but were warned back. They knew that we had many in our Army of German blood. One of the best fighting divisions was General Haan's Thirty-second, a Wisconsin and Michigan National Guard unit, a majority of whom probably were of German extraction.

German discipline asserted itself to the last and their army marched home in fair order, bands play-

ing and flags flying, but leaving behind such enormous masses of abandoned materials of war as the world never had seen before. Every road, railroad and canal was choked with broken-down or forsaken transport and equipment. The Armistice had come in the nick of time for the German Army, for all the "Hoch! Hoch!" of the German civilians who pridefully watched its return. Its transport had collapsed and there were no fresh horses or motor replacements. The roads were so hopelessly blocked that they hampered the withdrawal even of an unencumbered and unpressed army, and halted entirely the bringing up of supplies. The hospitals and ambulances could not care for another casualty. Winter was beginning and the army was miserably short of all cold-weather equipment. Line regiments were reduced to as few as 600 men, with ten to fifteen officers.

Germany still had an army on November 10, but one more day would have reduced it to a mob, in all likelihood. In that one day we unquestionably would have been in Longuyon, the great junction where the lateral railroad turned toward Germany, in Montmédy and possibly in the Briey Basin. That is when I regretted that we had not opened our final attack on October 28 instead of November 1.

No other army west of the Meuse could have

followed up the German retreat vigorously enough to turn it into a rout. We had immediately behind us the Meuse Valley railroad from Commercy and Verdun, and I believe that we could have kept going for ten days or two weeks more. The British and the French, with the exception of Mangin in Alsace, had passed so far beyond their railheads that they could no longer supply their armies. They had put gaps of 35 to 50 miles between their supply frontiers and their fronts, and in that stretch the enemy had burned all bridges and mined every highway and track.

General Maurice quotes a British Army commander as saying that his railhead was retreating faster than his army advanced at the last, owing to the constant explosion of mines. Maurice counted eleven mine craters in three miles of the main road between LeQuesnoy and Mons.

The best picture of the situation may be had from the fact that the British had to halt the advance of their troops to the Rhine under the Armistice terms three weeks later because the food trains had fallen two days behind; this despite the fact that the advance was unopposed and the British were moving only one-third of their forces. A further complication was created by the hundreds of thousands of prisoners of war and civil refugees —French, British, Russian, Belgian, Italian, Por-

tuguese and American—all destitute and all ravenously hungry, who were released by the Germans at the last moment and who poured across the Front. Thousands flocked into the area of the American First Army.

We had our hands full feeding our Army, and the Red Cross performed another of its great services in taking the refugees off our hands.

On the front where the attack of November 14 was scheduled, however, there were no such difficulties. There had been little fighting since 1914 in that region and the rearward communications were unimpaired. Had Mangin's twenty divisions and Bullard's six American divisions struck here, with my army covering their left, a great victory would have been inevitable. The poorest of the German Army was here and in inferior force. Few flags would have flown in the Fatherland and fewer bands played had the Armistice not forestalled this offensive; but it would have, on the other hand, involved Lorraine in much the same methodical destruction that wrecked Northern France.

One hundred and eighteen days after the Kaiser had watched from a camouflaged hilltop the opening of the *Friedensturm* which was to end the war in a German peace, his empire was prostrate and the war lord a refugee in Holland. The margin by which they lost was too slender for our com-

fort, even nine years after. Colonel de Chambrun, a former French military attaché at Washington, says in his book, *The American Army in the European Conflict:*

"The Armistice found General Pershing at the head of an army of more than 2,000,000 men. In the course of 1919 this force would have been doubled. Undoubtedly the knowledge of the situation had its influence on the enemy's decision to abandon the struggle. Two million American soldiers already in Europe sufficed to determine the victory. Thanks to American aid, the enemy had been forced, first to stabilize his lines, then to defensive warfare, followed by a more and more precipitate retreat, and finally to capitulation."

The Allied peoples are weary and irritable in victory, as any people who have fought an exhausting war have cause to be, but does any one remember to ask, "What if Germany had won?" What would have been the state of the world in the year 1927? What of the boundaries of France? What of India and the rest of the British Empire? What would have been the predicament of the A. E. F., an ocean at its back, and fighting on the soil of an ally that had surrendered?

Berlin, no doubt, would have been willing to make amicable terms with us for the time being, but with Europe in vassalage to an irresistible Ger-

man military and economic machine, what would have been the next step? These are not rhetorical questions.

About eight o'clock of the morning of the twelfth I sat in my office at Souilly musing over a great profile map of the region over which we had advanced, which covered most of one wall, when General Pershing appeared.

When he saw me engrossed in the map, he grinned and asked: "Don't you know that the war is over?"

"I am trying to see where we might have done better," I explained. He said he was on his way to Verdun, or Etain, I have forgotten which, to see President Poincaré, and invited me to accompany him. Having met the French President at Château-Thierry, I asked to be excused, inasmuch as I intended going to Sedan and along the Meuse to see the troops.

He then sat down and asked my judgment as to what should be done with the American Armies, saying that he expected to attend a council to be held in Paris the next day to decide the disposition of the Allied forces.

I told him that I favored assembling the whole Army in as comfortable training areas as could be

provided, putting everything in first-class condition, and holding it there until the peace treaty was signed. If troops were to be sent to the Rhine I preferred that the French, British and Belgians do it. We were from another continent, and if Germany signed, our interest in the war would be at an end. The Army—officers and men—had turned its face westward on November 11, and asked nothing but to get home the fastest way. I shared this longing fully. I do not recall whether or not he expressed agreement, but he thanked me and left. Evidently the Allied Council thought differently.

Two days later an American Third Army, which had been planned before the Armistice, was organized, with Major General Joseph T. Dickman as commander, and composed of parts of the First and Second Armies, and on November 17 this quickly created army began the march to the Rhine, in unison with other Allied armies. I was ordered to take what remained of the First Army —the First, Fifth and newly organized Eighth Corps—into training quarters south of Bar-sur-Aube. Withdrawing the army gradually, the movement was completed by January 1 and the 300,000 troops were billeted over a great extent of country.

We were there until April 15 when the First

Army was disbanded, all divisions then being in transit to the United States, and I was ordered to take command of the Army of Occupation at Coblenz, reuniting me with my old First Corps staff—now staff of the Army. I had wished to go home, but General Pershing vetoed my request. With the signing of peace on June 28, the Third Army began to break up. I motored to Chaumont and Paris, saw the commander in chief, told him there was no longer a Third Army and that I had had enough of Europe.

"I've been expecting you to say that," he commented, granting the request. The Third Army was disbanded formally and the troops remaining on the Rhine were designated as the American Forces in Germany.

I sailed from Brest on July 13, on the *Aquitania,* with General Castner's brigade of the Fifth Division, General Dickman and our aides.

A BROKEN ROMANCE

France itself was a sorry disillusionment to the American soldier. That the fault was more the American soldier's than France's does not alter the fact. He sailed from Hoboken with a romantic picture compounded of the label, "Sunny France," and a musical-comedy conception of Paris. He found there an abominable winter

climate unrelieved by American comforts, and a population farther removed from the pages of *La Vie Parisienne* than the people of Berks County, Pennsylvania.

Most of all, I think, he never got over the manure pile that is the brightest jewel of the French peasant's front yard. Here were two points of view that defied reconciliation.

The war ended abruptly as the miserable French winter was beginning, the embarkation camps had to be built hurriedly in forbidding weather and the largest ships could be berthed only at Brest, where the least shelter was available.

It was impossible to say for many weeks after November 11 how nearly the Army's task was done, and we moved it home as rapidly as developments toward the signing of the Versailles Treaty warranted. I was much disturbed for fear promises would be made to the Army which could not be fulfilled, and I continually advised that what the men wanted was the truth as nearly as it could be ascertained. If their return was to be delayed indefinitely through exigencies of the service, they would adjust themselves with reasonable content to the facts, provided they understood them. Instead, with the mistaken idea of keeping them happy, there was a disposition to promise all that the day after to-morrow would see them on a transport.

The repeated disappointments had the inevitable effect; there was much grousing, and morale sank sharply. Once aboard a transport, however, they were children out of school.

From December 1, 1918, until the summer of 1919 was the critical period in our Army's stay in France, and it was then, not during the fighting, that the welfare organizations did their greatest service. They are entitled, in my opinion, to the bulk of the credit for the fact that the Army came home with its spiritual banners flying. Their job done, officers and men were bored and homesick and spiritually let down. Discipline quickly goes to pieces under such conditions.

As it was, the men wandered all over France and we had to wink more or less at the practice; they straggled back home for two or three years afterward and a handful of strays still are in Europe.

While we were still at the old Front we kept busy in the First Army policing the battle area and salvaging some $20,000,000 worth of property. After we withdrew to the Bar-sur-Aube region I ordered the officers to prepare papers on their impressions and experiences at the Front, while their memories were fresh, as one means of keeping them occupied.

These impressions were consolidated in each di-

vision, then once a week we would gather while the division commanders read papers on the operations of their units, two or three papers to a session, reconciling the differences in an after discussion. These differences sometimes were startling, each division claiming everything, which is a healthy military state of mind.

Training was not allowed to slacken, but there is a definite limit to the drilling which can be demanded of an army when its task is done. We gave the officers the task of devising games and entertainments for the men, in coöperation with the welfare services, and thereby kept both reasonably diverted in their off moments. Military bands—which have ceased to have any utility in battle areas, except as stretcher bearers—were of immense value in rest camps.

On November 11 the First Army had an indicated strength of 1,031,000 including 135,000 French. Our losses from all causes in the Meuse-Argonne battle were 117,000 and we received 100,000 replacements in that period. The Army had more than 4,000 guns, or one to every ten yards of front. These included five 14-inch naval guns manned by naval crews under Admiral Plunkett, and twenty-four 4.7 heavy field-artillery guns in the corps artillery brigade commanded by

General R. P. Davis, who had served with a French Army Corps east of the Meuse; the balance all were French made or French or British manned. A condition for which our Ordnance Corps was in no way responsible. There were other forcible reasons.

Exclusive of the Services of Supply, which reached a numerical strength of 668,312, two divisions were operating with the Franco-Belgian Army of King Albert when the war ended, one corps was with the British Fourth Army, the Thirty-sixth Division was with Gouraud's army on our left, and the Second Army, composed of two corps, was south of us in Lorraine. Two million more men were in training at home, new troops were arriving in France at the rate of 200,000 a month, and that flow could have been speeded up to 300,000 monthly had an emergency demanded men rather than supplies.

The total casualties of the A. E. F.—264,089—were divided as follows:

Killed in battle, 35,556.
Died of battle wounds, 15,130.
Died of other wounds, 5,669.
Died of disease, 24,786.
Wounded, 179,629.
Missing, 1,160.
Taken prisoner, 2,163.

The discipline of our Army was, I think, extraordinary. It was an intelligent discipline which the men imposed upon themselves because they saw the necessity of it. That sort of discipline insures intelligent obedience to orders and is, therefore, most effective in comparison with the machine-made product of rote. Automatic discipline has a way of dissolving in disaster or when put on its own.

On one occasion after an attack and repulse of a counter attack an American general officer went into the front line in search of a field officer. Seeing none, he called out, "Who is in command here?" A buck private replied, "I am, sir." All his officers, commissioned and noncommissioned, were casualties.

I believe that our discipline would have held in the face of any disaster, though we escaped the test, by good fortune. I never yet have asked an American soldier to do anything, no matter how silly or unreasonable it seemed to him on its face, that he did not grasp it and obey if the wherefores were briefly explained to him. In this respect the younger officer of the know-it-all type is less responsive than the men.

By comparison with our previous wars, we made a magnificent showing. Our men were well equipped and, with few exceptions, always well

fed. The American soldier ever has been the best fed in the world, and in this war rolling kitchens gave us hot meals under conditions that would have been prohibitive in the past. The care of our sick and wounded was as prompt and efficient as could have been hoped for. In an army so quickly organized among an unmilitary and unprepared people, it was inevitable that weaknesses in troop leadership should develop.

This was especially true of the Second Marne and St.-Mihiel battles. The pressure was so great that there was no time in which to correct these defects; we could only point them out.

There was a lack of coördination between the field artillery and the infantry until toward the end. The infantry at times accused the artillery of firing directly upon it. When this occurred in my command I always investigated personally and at once, and usually I found the accusation to be unfounded. The infantry, on its part, frequently failed to indicate to the artillery just where it was, failed to follow the barrage closely enough, and rushed machine guns, instead of calling upon the artillery to take care of them, all of which faults they learned by experience to avoid. If the liaison was as it should be, the artillery observer with the infantry should have been able to locate the

machine-gun positions at once on his map and have them under hot shell fire within ten minutes.

THE CRUCIBLE OF WAR

The infantry itself carried 37-millimeter, hand-drawn guns, which the doughboy called "toy cannon," for direct fire against machine-gun positions, and we frequently, and to the disgust of the artillery, detached 75's from their batteries and sent them with the infantry as accompanying guns to be used against either enemy machine guns or roving German field guns when they became troublesome. They were effective both physically and morally. The infantry likes to hear its artillery barking close at hand, whether its fire is accomplishing anything or not.

At St.-Mihiel the rate of our barrage was uniform all along the Front, while due to the contrast in the ground, the progress of the infantry was not uniform. The barrage should have been adjusted to these inequalities, but that, again, was learned only in the hard school of experience.

The circumstances attending modern war are such that the true natures of both officers and men quickly become apparent, and few if any escaped unscathed from the appalling nervous strain. I question whether there was an officer or man who

saw action and returned unchanged. The effect was manifest in many cases, in more it was intangible or slow in working its way to the surface, but it existed as universally as it is difficult to measure and define.

Our younger officers, most of them products of the training camps, learned very quickly how to care for their men.

After an action opened it was upon their courage, initiative and spirit of self-sacrifice that most depended, but we hammered into them the fact that they were of no value when dead. We wanted no such slaughter of gallant young officers as had led to the bitter footnote to British casualty lists: "Second lieutenants, unless otherwise noted"—a brave but criminally false code that sent British company officers, the flower of English youth, over the parapets armed with walking sticks and scorning to conceal their rank or shelter their bodies; a *beau geste* which the enemy applauded with sharpshooter fire.

The younger officers of our regular army—majors, captains and lieutenants—developed remarkably in France, when they were not kept at home to train divisions. They were the bulwark of our staffs, by virtue of their military education, and the Leavenworth schools and War College graduates showed up heavily.

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

AMERICAN TANK CROSSING A HASTILY REPAIRED BRIDGE IN THE MEUSE-ARGONNE

The noncommissioned officers of the old army who were raised to commissioned rank did particularly well. They had been the backbone of the old Army, and I never knew of a case of failure in France. Numbers are back to chevrons in the Army to-day, many have returned to civil life, and a few—not enough, in my judgment—have retained their commissions.

All the officers who won their way to high command in the A. E. F. were trained soldiers and with very few exceptions all had had the advantages of the War College and the Leavenworth schools, institutions which did not exist and had no counterpart in our Army thirty years ago. A great many who entered the war as field officers reached the grade of major general by sheer ability, and a number have retained their war-won rank in peace. Nearly all were loyal to their superiors and considerate to their inferiors.

In the Northern Army from 1861 to 1865 more officers were cashiered than were killed in the field, more discharged "without stated reasons" than died of disease, not including the 22,271 who resigned, the bulk of whom withdrew either to escape discharge for cause, as was permitted by the War Department then, or after a Union disaster.

Though the grotesquely incompetent were given commissions in the line as high as colonelcies, and

some hardly more competent were made general officers, Grant's offer of his services was not even acknowledged by the War Department. With a much larger army in France and infinitely higher standards, only 1,101 officers, exclusive of the disabled, were reclassified, and 270 sent before efficiency boards for elimination.

THE GANTLET FOR OFFICERS

We now have in the Army the rough equivalent of the Navy's "Plucking Board" but before this war all promotion was by seniority, with such rare exceptions as the arbitrary but merited advancement of Pershing and Leonard Wood over the heads of many seniors.

In France, however, all commissions were temporary. General Pershing had absolute authority, and his standards were drastic, to the great good fortune of the American Army. The preliminary weeding out was done at home. We had, happily, no horde of tin officers appointed by governors of the states or elected by the troops themselves, such as confronted the Union commanders in 1861, to dispose of. Older officers of the regular army, no longer physically adequate to active service, were assigned to training and administrative duties and some officers of militia who were not competent to

their rank were denied commissions. Other new officers were unable to meet the physical standards of the A. E. F., and a very few newly commissioned men were removed for moral deficiencies.

There was a second critical gantlet to run in France, where a passing grade from home was not always honored at Chaumont. I am a large man and I was nearing the retirement age in 1917. Before giving me an assignment the War Department asked me whether I wished to go to France or to remain at home. I have been told that there was some question at Chaumont, at first, whether I was not "too fat to fight," and that an order for my return home was drawn up and a successor selected. I never have inquired and the report continues to be only hearsay to me, but unquestionably there is such a thing not only as being too old to fight but too fat. That disqualification is the more serious if the fat is above the collar.

Purely military competence in the higher ranks seldom can be tested adequately except under battle conditions. It was the commander in chief's responsibility to pass upon the qualifications of his army and corps commanders and his own staff chiefs, and in this he was guided originally either by his personal knowledge of the men or, if he had not served with them, by a thing that is called "military reputation" in the Army—the composite

of an officer's personality, industry, ability at the tasks assigned to him in the past, and the sum of his record. The unofficial verdict, by general report among his fellows, is good, indifferent or bad, and it rarely errs. It was the army or corps leader's job to report on his division, brigade and regimental commanders, while the colonels checked the competence of their field officers.

TOO OLD TO MAKE WAR

An adverse report would bring an officer of the Inspector General's Department. If he confirmed the report the officer went before an efficiency board and was sent to Blois, which was pronounced "Blooey" in the A. E. F. The same fate was the penalty of any discovered mistake in action; no officer was given an opportunity to make a second. A depot was established at Blois to which all officers who had failed for any of a variety of causes were sent. After an interval, many were assigned to the S. O. S., where they were entirely competent to perform the duties required of them. Others were sent home, a few discharged and a very few —nervous cases—recovered and were restored to command.

More often than not the failure was beyond the control of the officer, and of these the nervous cases

were the most regrettable. Some of the finest officers we had went to pieces under the emotional strain of command, fearful at the best, intensified here by the knowledge that they were leading troops only partially trained against the best-organized and most skillful man-killing machine ever set going. The responsibility broke their hearts. I knew of one case—that of a brigade commander—who broke down in battle, had to be relieved, recovered, took another brigade and did well. These nervous collapses were most apt to manifest themselves when a man's command was held up with heavy losses. A commander needed iron in his soul in such moments.

They were much more frequent among older officers of higher rank than among the lieutenants, captains and majors who had physical discomfort added to responsibility. Young and for the most part athletes, they rarely cracked. There was a time in war when a company or platoon commander's age mattered little, within the limits of manhood and decrepitude, but such may comfort themselves now with the reflection that they are performing duties for which their seniors no longer are competent. Only youth and physical prime can meet the full impact of modern war.

One night in July, 1918, just before the Marne counter-offensive, General Pershing spent the

night with me at La Ferté. After dinner we sat down in the library before a large map, upon which I pointed out to him the exact position of the First Army Corps. "We are too old to make war," I commented in reflection. "If I were fifteen years younger I should not be sitting here before a map; I should be out on a horse all over the Front." The commander in chief, who is three years my junior, smiled, but did not commit himself. Speaking for myself, I meant just what I said. Grant's fifteen years' advantage over Lee was no small item; Grant was only forty-two in 1864—the very prime of military life. I let chances go which I should have accepted had I been forty-five or younger. The body weakens on the spirit and a man inevitably grows more cautious with age. It is the old human predicament; man laboriously acquires wisdom and experience, only to die before he can apply it adequately, and is unable to bequeath it. When Eudamidas, son of Archimidas, heard Zenocrates, at seventy-five, disputing about wisdom he asked gravely: "If the old man be yet disputing and inquiring about wisdom, what time will he have to make use of it?"

Having said that a general officer's place is in the rear in modern warfare, I may be misunderstood. It is true that once the battle is joined, he can see less the nearer he approaches the Front,

but before a battle there is no substitute for what his own eye can tell him.

We had cases, too, in the A. E. F., scarcely less lamentable, of once excellent officers of the higher ranks, who had gone to seed in the doldrums of peace and could not shake themselves loose from the cut-and-dried methods of the old Army. The command of a post or regiment in peace—and we had only posts, and few with a garrison of more than one regiment—was apt to be an empty round of routine, important in itself, but having little relation to command in war. It became garrison habit to refer the pettiest detail to the commanding officer. Such officers ceased to be able, after a time, to delegate authority. In France, in war, while they were attempting to do a sergeant major's, a lieutenant's or an adjutant's job, they let their own task get away from them. The younger officers of this system, given no opportunity of exercising their initiative or of accustoming themselves to responsibility, became chronic buck passers as they grew older.

I was fortunate in my youth to serve under Nelson A. Miles, a conspicuous exception, who made a practice of sending his subalterns out on their own on patrols and on scouting to put them on their mettle. Miles had been a clerk in a Boston store before the Civil War and rose by merit to be a

major general commanding a division at a very early age. He was a born soldier and would have gone even farther had he had a military education before the war. The captains of the regiment were, some of them, soldiers of fortune—Irish, German and other adventurers—all Civil War veterans of higher rank who had remained in the Army in lesser stations. There never were better company commanders in any army, but soldiering long since had become a chore to them, and they were not looking for work. One exception was Frank D. Baldwin, the only officer I know of to win two Congressional Medals of Honor, who retired finally as a major general.

DELEGATING AUTHORITY

In speaking of the Battle of Chattanooga, Horace Porter quoted Grant as saying: "The difficulty is in finding commanding officers possessed of sufficient breadth of view and administrative ability to confine their attention to the perfecting of their organizations and giving a general supervision to their commands, instead of wasting their time upon details. For instance, there is General ——. He is a very gallant officer, but at a critical period of the battle he neglected to give the necessary direction to his troops and concentrated all his

efforts upon aiming and firing some heavy guns, a service which could have been better performed by any lieutenant of artillery. I had to order him peremptorily to leave the battery and give his attention to his troops."

High executive ability is rare in any walk in life; it is a gift rather than an acquirement. Business men everywhere echo Grant's complaint, and we had comparable cases in the A. E. F. The failure of more than one unit could be traced directly to the inability of the officer in command to delegate authority.

The martinet is inescapable in life. Some men are temperamentally incapable of carrying success gracefully or exercising power temperately. The effect always is ludicrous to the onlooker, but it is serious to those who must suffer it. Because of the necessities of rank and discipline, an army is peculiarly fertile soil for this growth and its effects are correspondingly grave. Not only is it a constant irritant in the organization, but it is characteristic of the bumptious and flatulent to swing from bombastic optimism in success to whimpering despair in stress. It is a fundamental defect of character in an officer, and no man who has it is fit for the command of others. Only a millennial army will be free of it, but I think we had as little of it as any great military force in history.

On the active list of the Army to-day there are, in the superior grades, two officers in particular whose careers in the war are inspirations to our younger men. General Charles P. Summerall was fifty in 1917 and a major of artillery. General John L. Hines was forty-nine and a lieutenant colonel in the Adjutant General's Department. Both rose to commands of army corps step by step by sheer merit and both now are major generals of the regular army, promoted on their war records, without political influence, after resuming their old grades on demobilization. General Hines recently has left the office of chief of staff on his own request to take command of the Ninth Corps area at San Francisco. General Summerall left the command of the Second Corps area to succeed him as chief of staff.

Among a still younger class of officers there are so many who made notable records in France that I cannot name them, but I should like to mention, among them, Generals Douglas MacArthur and Frank Parker. MacArthur, thirty-seven in 1917, had been an engineer officer and went to France as chief of staff of the Rainbow Division. He rose to distinguished command of that division. General Parker, forty-five in 1917, had been a military attaché at Paris and was a graduate of the French military cavalry school at Saumur. At

the outset of the fighting he commanded a regiment of the First Division and he rose to command of that exceptional division.

AN ARMY WITH FEW LINGUISTS

He was one of the very few of our general officers who spoke French, and he spoke it fluently. I never have known another study that would give equal returns for the same expenditure of mental energy as languages. The scarcity of linguists in our army always has been awkward and frequently a military liability. The regular officer like myself may be counted on for Rio Grande and Philippine Spanish, but that lets him out. In this war we found more of our interpreters among the ranks than we did in the officers' corps despite the high percentage of college men in the latter. I presume this is to be accounted for by the fact that the American who has a speaking knowledge of other tongues than his own usually is foreign born or the son of foreign-born parents, and the generality of these were found in the ranks. We transferred many of them to staff work and made particular use of them in the examination of prisoners.

Hugh Drum and Malin Craig are two examples of staff officers who proved themselves in France. Drum, thirty-eight in 1917, organized, under Gen-

eral Pershing's direction, the staff of the First Army and served as its chief of staff throughout. Craig, forty-two in 1917, went to France with me as chief of staff of the Forty-first Division, organized the staff of the First Army Corps and continued as its chief of staff through the Second Marne, St.-Mihiel and Meuse campaigns, displaying rare ability at all times. He became chief of staff of the Third Army when it marched into Germany, and now is a major general, recently transferred to command of the Atlanta corps area, after serving as chief of cavalry and of operations on the general staff.

I met Marshal Haig, General Robertson and other British high commanders in France, but I saw little of the British after the American Army began to fight. Of the French commanders, I came to know well Marshals Foch, Pétain, Mangin, Fayolle and Castelnau, and Generals Degoutte, Gouraud, Debonnet and De Maud'Huy. I formed my first impressions of French officers of high command from the last, the first one I met. I did not go far wrong, for General de Maud'Huy proved to be typical of the commanders who had survived the long test of war. He was in command, at the time, of the Eleventh French Army Corps on the Chemin des Dames, with which our Yankee Division was in training on that front. The evening

I arrived in Soissons on my first visit I called on the general at his offices. The first thing I noted, after meeting him, was a chair, its upholstered surface smeared with blood stains, alongside his desk. He explained that a British staff officer had been sitting in the chair several nights before when a German plane dropped a bomb in the street. Fragments flying in the window killed and badly mutilated the officer.

A GENERAL AMONG HIS PIPES

I next noted a rack of pipes on the mantelpiece, and counted nineteen. Each was a gift, and Foch and Haig had been among the donors. During the hour I talked with him he smoked three or four of them in rotation. When one grew hot, he cleaned it methodically, restored it to its ordered place in the rack and took down the next one. He seemed to be in no need of more pipes, but he was smoking French tobacco, which is not among the beauties of the republic. As soon as I could I sent him some pounds of our best Army tobacco and won his undying gratitude.

He had commanded the Eighteenth French Corps with great distinction at the First Marne. A highly capable soldier, he was idolized both by his officers and men. He was military governor of

Metz after the Armistice. On the way to Coblenz after the disbandment of the First Army, I intended to stop at Metz to pay my respects to him, but both the French and British military police stopped our car and detoured us via Thionville, explaining that Metz was under martial law because of May Day labor disturbances. From Coblenz I wrote him a gently chiding letter telling him of my good intentions and reproaching him for allowing his town to get into a state that prevented his friends from calling on him. He replied humorously to the effect that had he known we were in the vicinity he would have turned out the garrison and escorted us in in state.

Our old army was most sparing of its commendation. Duty being a soldier's job the performance of it led to no bouquet passing, yet the soldier, being human, should be as certain of the expressed approval of his superiors when he does particularly well as he is of their censure if he fails. Among the virtues of the A. E. F. was an equal promptness to commend or censure, as the case merited. If I heard it said "So-and-So did mighty well in this action," I made a point to ask, "Why not tell him so, instead of building him a monument eventually?" I hope this happy custom does not wither in peace when there is less striking

occasion for it, yet it is no less stimulating to morale.

THE BREVET RANK OF HORSES

With our weakness as a people for honorary titles, grandiose rituals and brave uniforms of peace, it is a curious circumstance that no army in the world is more soberly attired than ours and none so sparing of decorations. A decoration is valuable only as long as its prestige is guarded as jealously as we guard the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Distinguished Service Cross, and the British, the Victoria Cross. The holder must both earn these decorations and prove that he earned them. Napoleon was the first to appreciate the potentialities of a bit of metal and some ribbon, and he used them shrewdly. Since his time Europe has grown overlavish with them, as we were with the brevet rank in our Civil War.

A classic anecdote of our freedom with brevets still survives. During a skirmish between Longstreet's and Geary's forces at Wauhatchie, Tennessee, Geary's teamsters ran away. The deserted mules stampeded, broke loose from their wagons and happened to run directly at the enemy, heads down, tails up, trace chains rattling and whiffletrees snapping over stumps. Longstreet's men taking it for a cavalry charge, broke and ran. The

quartermaster in charge of the mules sent in the following communication: "I request that the mules, for their gallantry in action, may have conferred upon them the brevet rank of horses."

It took a sorry mule in some of the armies of Europe, it sometimes seemed to me, not to win the brevet rank of horse. It would be an exaggeration to say that decorations were as difficult to avoid after great victories as poppies on tag days, yet the French prodigality with the Croix de Guerre was outdone only by Germany's reckless flinging about of her Iron Cross in a besieged country where metal was scarce. The French were most generous with our Army, and coming from one Ally to another, they were a graceful gesture that did much good and no harm, if the recipients did not mistake them for patents of nobility, which, regretfully, they sometimes did. Some men cannot take their medals or let them alone. "Hardware" is the Army's deprecating term for them, and our manly chests came to look like show windows on ceremonious occasions.

War grows progressively more graceless and mechanical, but there is such a thing as an army being too drab for its own good, and we have made that mistake in the past. For almost twenty years I entertained no doubt that the Fifth Infantry, with which I had served since West Point, was the

Army's pride and joy. No other regiment was fit to be mentioned in the same breath with it. In that day each army unit had an individuality of its own and the personnel of its officers' corps changed rarely, except as the older reached the retiring age and youngsters came out from the Point to start at the bottom of the ladder. A man's regiment was his home and his career, not a hotel and an incident. When I got to Tampa in 1898, on my way to Cuba, I perceived for the first time that the regular army was pretty much of a pattern. That unfortunate point of view became general in the Army about that time. Officers shifted from command to command and regiments came to be as impersonal as their numbers.

The old spirit of competitive local pride is the easiest and best of stimulants of army *esprit de corps,* and such armies as the British always have fostered it in every way. Every British regiment has a family tree as long and as zealously honored as a noble lord's. They have their individual customs, traditions, privileges, songs, distinctions of uniform and imaginative names. We are neither old enough nor sufficiently martial to support such a military ritual, but we did recover some of the color of organization in the last war, with splendid results. Even the 3,000 men of a regiment are pretty well submerged in an army in modern war,

but we gave our divisions personalities, imaginative names as well as numbers, distinctive markings and geographical identities. The new regular army has not forgotten that lesson, fortunately. Organization histories, some of them tracing back to Washington's command, have been excavated from the War Department's archives, the newest enlisted man is instructed in the glories of the Steenth, and men are being recruited, in so far as practicable, for organizations rather than assigning them hit or miss.

FOR HOME CONSUMPTION

Putting a uniform on an American does not dim his ardor for souvenirs. No matter what the hardships or how desperate the fighting, he keeps a roving eye out for something to send home to astonish the folks. Soldiers of another age were souvenir collectors in a more sinister sense; that which I speak of was the pure-hearted collector's passion of the small boy. There must be more German helmets in the United States to-day than there are in Germany; the number shipped home through the army post office was exceeded only by the ingenious lies that accompanied them for home consumption.

The best A. E. F. secret-service story I can vouch for, and which never has been told in print,

Courtesy U. S. Signal Corps

AMERICAN SOLDIERS BEING QUESTIONED BY AN OLD COUPLE WHO HAD JUST BEEN LIBERATED BY THE AMERICAN DRIVE AFTER FOUR YEARS INSIDE THE ENEMY LINES

links up with a souvenir-hunting American officer. The G-2, or chief intelligence, of my First Army Corps staff was Richard Howard Williams. Williams, then a captain of coast artillery, was one of a group of American officers sent abroad in August, 1914, to assist Americans stranded in Europe, and he did not get back for three years. He was in Belgium when the gray fog of the German Army rolled through. His mission completed, he was dispatched on the U. S. S. *North Carolina* to Constantinople to serve as our military attaché to Turkey, under Ambassador Morgenthau. He was the only attaché with the Turkish Army in the Gallipoli campaign and the only American who saw, from the land side, the tragic landing of the British Army. A German officer attached to the Turkish forces was so shaken by the sight of the butchery of the British that he killed himself later aboard one of the German naval vessels that had slipped through the Dardanelles after raiding Allied shipping. Williams was aboard the ship at the time. He had noticed the brooding melancholy of the man and asked the trouble. "I can't sleep," the officer complained. "I keep seeing those Englishmen piling up in front of our guns." After the British evacuated the peninsula, Williams went with the Bulgarian Army to Dobrudja against a Rumanian-Russian force.

In January, 1917, Washington called him home. It was apparent to the German Government by that time that we were coming into the war against them. Williams had been studying their allies at first hand for two years, and they did not relish the idea of letting him get away to use his knowledge against them, but still being at peace with the United States, they could not refuse him permission to leave. They did insist, however, that he travel via Berlin, and they delayed him there for eight days while secret agents did everything but X-ray him. When he got to Copenhagen he found shipping suspended because of the submarine blockade, and he was privately informed when, after three months' waiting, he was about to sail on a Danish ship for Sweden, that a German destroyer was waiting to stop the ship and take him off, war having been declared by the United States in the interval. The destroyer did stop the vessel and search it painstakingly, but Williams shortly appeared on Swedish shores, nevertheless, to get home later via Norway and a long detour by way of Iceland.

Washington promptly sent him to France to report to General Pershing at Chaumont, and there, because of his exceptional advantages, he naturally went into the intelligence section under General Nolan. He was still at Chaumont in October,

1917, when the Germans launched their greatest single Zeppelin raid, starting thirteen airships from Belgium for the greater English ports and industrial centers. Two had to turn back because of motor trouble, but eleven reached England and dropped their loads. On the return they were scattered by a violent storm. Six managed to return to their base, but five froze their engines in high altitudes over France and fell prey to Allied planes, anti-aircraft guns and their own helplessness.

Two—the *L-49* and the *L-51*—were driven down almost simultaneously about 40 miles from Chaumont. The *L-49* was captured intact, a party of Frenchmen too old for military service, who were out on a boar hunt, preventing the crew from firing a Very pistol into her envelope and destroying the ship by fire. The *L-51* struck the earth with its forward gondola, or control car, bounced upward, struck again and progressed across country in that fashion until eventually it wrenched the control car loose in a tree top, and freed of its weight, drifted away to be lost, with all hands, in the Mediterranean.

A PRICELESS SOUVENIR

An excursion to Soissons to look on while Pétain launched his attack on the Chemin des Dames had largely depopulated the American G. H. Q. that day. Williams was one of those who had remained behind, and he and a British general attached to the American headquarters jumped into a staff car and drove to the scene, arriving just after the crew of the control car of the *L-51* had surrendered to the prideful boar hunters.

Other officers, French and American, were on the scene. Williams was told that no papers had been found in the *L-51* control car or in the *L-49*, and the search apparently was about to be abandoned. Not satisfied with this, he suggested to his British companion that they follow the visible course of the Zeppelin along the ground as far as possible. The trail ended in a swamp and the two officers had found nothing on the way. The British general turned back, but Williams, with characteristic doggedness, waded into the swamp and soon came across a fragment of a German map. He continued to wade, finding more fragments, until he had explored the whole area of the swamp. When he returned to the tree in which the gondola had lodged he found his companion waiting there.

The latter recognized the significance of the find at a glance and was quite un-English in his excitement. Williams climbed the tree, incidentally, and found one more fragment of the map lodged in the limbs.

Working all that night with Captain Samuel T. Hubbard, Jr., in civil life a New York City cotton broker, the two succeeded in piecing the fragments together and found that they had a cross-section German code map of the North Sea, the Irish Sea, the Skager-Rak and Cattegat, with only the English Channel missing. It obviously bore an important relation to the German submarine operations, but without the German code the map was more interesting than important.

During the morning a young American officer at G. H. Q. spoke casually of having seen what he regarded as the most interesting souvenir of the war to date. Williams asked for details.

"It was a sort of album," the young man explained, "with photographs of all types of German naval vessels, heavier than air and lighter than air ships, and some printed matter."

It was the German code book, with additions for the proper visual identification of German naval and aircraft, Williams suspected at once, and he ordered the officer to find the possessor and pro-

duce the book immediately. When it was brought hurriedly to headquarters this surmise was confirmed. Two young American officers had climbed into the cabin of the *L-49* soon after the boar hunters had captured it in the name of France, and before intelligence officers had reached the scene. Seeing the book, one of them pocketed it instanter as a capital trophy.

With the code book in hand, the tremendous significance of the map was apparent; it was the key to the whole German submarine campaign. On Williams' request, as acting G-2, General, then Colonel, W. D. Connor, acting chief of staff, in the absence of General Harbord, ordered the map and code book dispatched at once to Admiral Sims at London. Captain Hubbard was made the messenger and was given a staff car and chauffeur.

THE KEY TO THE SUBMARINES

After an all-night ride Hubbard reached British headquarters at Montreuil the next morning, and assisted by General Macdonogh, chief of military intelligence of the British War Office, he crossed the Channel to Folkestone and proceeded by train to London, arriving at 11 P.M. He carried strict orders to deliver the documents only to

Admiral Sims or one of his personal staff. He found that the Admiral was in Paris and that his personal aide, Commander Babcock, was ill in bed in a hotel. Under the circumstances, Captain Hubbard went to the hotel, awakened Commander Babcock, ill as he was, and showed him what he carried. The commander figuratively fell out of bed, whistled his amazement and hopped to the telephone, calling British Naval Intelligence. "This is Commander Babcock, U. S. N.," Hubbard heard him say. "An officer has just arrived from American Army headquarters with extremely important documents which you should see at once."

A few minutes later two British naval officers reached the hotel, were given custody of the map and code book and left on the double-quick for the Admiralty. In the following week, before the enemy learned that his code and operations map were in the hands of the Allies, the British Navy made its greatest bag of U-boats. They always had been able to intercept enemy naval radio orders; with the code book they now could decipher the orders and, by virtue of the map, surprise numbers of submarines at various designated rendezvous.

A letter from Admiral W. R. Hall, chief of British Naval Intelligence, dated at the Admi-

ralty, October 25, 1927, to the chief of the Intelligence Section, General Staff, United States Army headquarters in France, reads:

"Commander Babcock, Admiral Sims' aide, has handed to me the important documents which you were good enough to send to Admiral Sims.

"I hasten to express to you my most grateful thanks for your kindness and promptitude in sending me this most valuable document, which I assure you will be of the greatest value. You may rely that any information contained therein which will be of value to the United States Forces will be at once communicated to them."

CHAPTER VII

STAFFS—FIRST ARMY CORPS A. E. F., THIRD ARMY, AND GENERAL STAFF WORK IN FRANCE

WHY is a staff? Officers and men of the line dragging themselves down a road after days or weeks in hell, fighting day and night, lousy, muddy, unutterably tired, emotionally shaken, their comrades dead or broken, now and then encountered a spick-and-span staff officer sizing them up with a presumably critical eye. An occasional ass will creep into any organization, so that eye actually may have been coldly critical, but with rare exceptions the criticism existed only in the imagination of resentful minds in racked bodies.

"Who the hell is he?" the line asked profanely of one another, and: "What's the large idea? I'd think a lot more of you, you swivel-chair warrior, if you were as dirty as I am and had been where I've been."

When the line is not bitter about the staff it is inclined to be humorously acid, and it is asking a little too much of human nature in the mass, I suspect, ever to hope that it will change. Even the old soldier who knows exactly how invaluable the

staff is, or the line soldier who has seen staff duty himself, is not always able to choke down his instinctive resentment at the contrast in the relative comfort and safety of line and staff.

Yet it is just as illogical of a line soldier to hoot at the staff as it would be for a railroad fireman to mutter at the superintendent of motive power or at the chemists who test the thermal units in his coal and the lime content of the water used in the locomotive boilers. Without a staff an army could not peel a potato, let alone fire a shot. In all its branches the staff is nothing more than an instrument for the service of the line, and the more mechanical and complex war grows the greater importance the staff must take on. It is the nervous system and the brain center of the army.

ORGANIZATION OF AN ARMY

In organization an army is essentially no different from such industrial corporations as the United States Steel Corporation, the General Motors Company or the Pennsylvania Railroad, except that a modern army is larger and more ramified than any or all of these. An army's business is to make war; these corporations make steel, motor cars and operate trains, respectively. Line soldiers make war only in the sense that puddlers and

blast-furnace crews, for example, make steel, lathe operators and valve grinders make motor cars, and train crews operate trains. Back of each is an army of technical men, executives, clerks, accountants, purchasing agents, salesmen, draftsmen, legal advisers, and the like. Line troops are the laborers, machine workers, their foremen and superintendents. These are the men who perform the primary functions of the organization, but without their staffs they could not turn a wheel. The treasurer or the metallurgist has no more business on the shop floor, except as an onlooker, than the staff officer belongs with a machine gun.

In times past, an iron furnace was set up alongside an ore bed and a few men, perhaps a family group, mined the ore, smelted it, wrought it into homely useful and elementary forms and sold it at the shop door. In times past armies lived off the country over which they fought, foraging, pillaging and exacting tribute, paid in loot, fighting only with swords or pikes, and as oblivious of transport, technical aids and administrative services as the original iron master was of advertising appropriations. As industry has changed and expanded, war has evolved with and in direct relation to it.

We began life as a people with an ingrained distrust of standing armies and of compulsory military service in peace or in war, and we held to

that prejudice in the face of repeated disaster down to the last war. Then, for the first time, we enforced equal liability to military service, with such incontestable results that, revolutionary as it would have seemed to an American of John Quincy Adams' or of Grover Cleveland's Administrations, it now is an accepted theory and practice of our Government. In our next great war the draft will be all inclusive and there will be no volunteers. I see no signs, however, of any growing willingness on our part as a people to support a standing army remotely adequate to defend us in war, or to prepare in peace, by universal service, a citizen soldiery for war. So for some time to come, at least, our Regular Army will continue to be a national police force and the skeleton organization of an army for war.

The Navy being our first line of defense, and it being apparent to all but the dullest wits that battleships and their crews cannot be conjured out of a hat upon a declaration of war, we support a fleet—a fleet not strong enough for safety, but strong enough to give any foe pause for thought. We go on, however, expecting the Army to sow dragon teeth at night and reap a great harvest of trained soldiers to-morrow. There is not and never can be any substitute for training and experience for fitting men for any task, and as the task grows

more complex the training becomes that much more imperative. I do not know how better to describe the Old Army's predicament on the outbreak of war than to compare it to a country doctor restricted for years to a pharmacopœia of salts, calomel and quinine, and an equipment of a clinical thermometer, a pair of forceps and a horse and buggy, expected to improvise instantly a motor car, a supply of antitoxins, a corps of assistants and the medical skill to combat a virulent epidemic of diphtheria. The notable thing is that the Army did, with the whole-hearted backing of the nation, after a fashion accomplish something like this in the last war.

In this war we made an incomparably better military showing than in any previous war; not so much that we were so good this time as that we were so bad in the past. There were three simple reasons for our better showing. The first was that we had Allies to sell us the war materials we lacked and which we could not make in time, and to stand between us and the enemy until we were ready. The second was an immeasurably more intelligent military policy on the part of our Government, together with a greater unanimity among our people. The third was that we had, for the first time in our history, a skeleton corps of officers trained in theory to high command and staff duties.

UNITED STATES TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR OFFICERS

There is no finer school in the world than the United States Military Academy, sweeping as this statement is, but I trust that the taxpayers do not suppose that it takes boys in their teens and in four years makes of them military experts competent to the defense of the nation. Does the University of Pennsylvania Medical School graduate hospital chief surgeons; the Harvard Law School, corporation counsels; the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, consulting engineers?

After four rigorous years, West Point turns a boy out with a sound academic education, a disciplined character, a soldierly physique and an apprentice's training in the profession of arms. That is a foundation that goes down to bed rock, but what the fledgling second lieutenant builds on that foundation depends upon the second lieutenant. His real education begins where West Point leaves off, and in the time of my eighteen years' service as a lieutenant, a not uncommonly long novitiate in the post-Civil War period, that education was left solely to the initiative of the individual. There was no study of war problems in the academy's curriculum then. There is now, but it must of necessity be only a passing glance at the subject.

There is a magnificent military library there, but

the cadet's time is so fully apportioned that he has the scantiest opportunity of using it for general reading on his profession. I graduated several points lower in my class than I should have had I spent less time in the library reading on matters not directly applicable to examinations. Many of the best of every class resigned from the Army as soon as they could, to exploit their education, character and self-discipline in civil life, where they brought higher dollar returns. Some of those who remained regarded their schooling as finished and drifted into poker playing, garrison small talk and a despairing clinch with boredom.

A young lawyer, doctor or engineer goes on with his education automatically—he can't avoid it if he practices his profession—but the duties of a young officer in the Old Army in peacetime demanded little of him that he had not mastered at West Point. If he went on, his own intellectual curiosity and ambition had to supply the motive power. When I graduated from the academy in 1879 there was not one postgraduate army school. To-day there are thirty-four, beginning, from the top downward, with the War College, then the General Staff School and the School of the Line at Leavenworth, and the various special service schools—Infantry at Fort Benning, Georgia; Cavalry at Fort Riley, Kansas; Field Artillery at

Fort Sill, Oklahoma, Camp Bragg, North Carolina and Camp Knox, Kentucky; Engineers at Camp Humphreys, Virginia; Signal Corps at Camp Vail, New Jersey; Aviation at Fort Sill, Langeley Field, Virginia, Chanute Field, Illinois, and Ross Field, California; Coast Artillery at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, and fourteen other special-service schools.

All these had their faint beginnings at Fort Leavenworth in 1881, when General Sherman, then General of the Army, founded the School of Application for Infantry and Cavalry. The first-year course was little more than a review of the students' elementary schooling, concerning itself with such fundamentals as penmanship, arithmetic and grammar. The second and final year was given over to the study of certain books on the science and art of war, the preparing and reading of papers by students and professors and some practical field work in surveying and reconnoitering. The assignment of faculty and students was haphazard. For seventeen years, or until the Spanish-American War, Congress did nothing more for the school, but with the assignment of the gifted young Lieutenant Arthur L. Wagner in 1886 to be instructor of military art, the institution began to take form and purpose, and his work was

continued and most ably developed by General John Morrison.

From the impetus of these courses a demand arose for instruction in the specific technic and tactics of the various arms, to supplement the study of strategy and tactics in general, and the first of the special-service schools—for cavalry and light artillery—was authorized by Congress in 1887, after much persuasion, but was not established until 1892, at Fort Riley, Kansas. The graduates of these early rudimentary courses pushed to the front so quickly in the Spanish War that Congress in 1900 authorized the creation at Washington of the Army War College for "the direction and coördination of the instruction in the various service schools," a graduate school for all branches of the service and for higher work in strategy and military information. Three years later we finally obtained an Army General Staff to anticipate the defense and mobilization problems of war, and with it an Army Staff College at Leavenworth to instruct specially selected officers in the duties of the General Staff and for service in the War College faculty. A School of Fire for field artillery was established at Fort Sill in 1911, and at the same post, two years later, a School of Musketry was founded. This was the

germ of the present great Infantry School at Fort Benning. By no great feat in arithmetic it will be seen that 1913 was only one year before the outbreak of the World War, and most of the special-service schools date well after this.

My first opportunity of attending one of these schools came in 1907, when I was assigned to the Thirteenth Infantry at Leavenworth. Though not detailed as a student, I managed to assimilate most of what the School of the Line and the School of the Staff had to offer. Two years later I was sent to the War College as a student, graduating in 1910, assigned to the faculty and later made president of the college on the recommendation of General Wotherspoon, at the same time serving as a colonel on the General Staff. After five years at the War College I asked to be relieved and was sent to Texas City to command the Fourth Brigade of the Second Division, concentrated there against eventualities in Mexico, and was there when the war opened.

The one year's course at the War College began in early September and continued until the following July, with a fixed schedule of instruction for every day of the course, adhered to strictly. The classes of thirty to fifty officer students were selected from all arms of the service on the recommendation of regimental commanders, and the like.

They included the best of the graduates from the Leavenworth schools, and we usually had two or three naval officers in a class. The object of the course was to prepare a graduate to grasp the fundamentals of any conceivable war problem, and to know how to go to work on it.

The first month was given to a study of the Franco-Prussian War, with special emphasis on the siege of Metz and its bearing on the Sedan catastrophe. Thereafter for defensive problems we defended the North Atlantic, Gulf and Pacific Coasts from imaginary invasions, and organized hypothetical expeditionary forces for offensive theorems. On the defensive our first task was to resist the landing of the enemy, if we could, with our small and scattered Regular Army; but to delay and impede him in any event, while we rallied the strength necessary to overwhelm him. A force of several divisions usually was predicated as the invading unit. No one dared breathe the word "draft" fifteen years ago; we put our reliance, as in past wars, on the National Guard and volunteers. There was nothing of the old-time Fourth of July sham battle about the work, and much more than strategy and tactics was involved. The problem included everything in the art of war—the supply, equipment, transport, mobilization of both troops and industries, recruiting,

training, replacements and disposition of the rapidly expanding army. Offensive problems reversed the picture and introduced the organizing of sea transport and other new factors.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD MAPS

The first necessity of such theoretical fighting is absolutely complete and accurate maps. New countries, poor maps; old countries, good maps, is a cartographical axiom. The ordinary atlas map of commerce is no map at all to a soldier; it is made for the layman who is interested only in the relative location of Altus, Oklahoma, and Quanah, Texas, the approximate course of the main roads, railroads, perhaps the more important streams and the imaginary state line. A railroad folder map on which the B. C. & D. is shown in geometrically straight lines and its competitors largely ignored would be only a little less useful in war. A proper military map is so intricately comprehensive that it is forbidding for ordinary lay uses; the untrained eye cannot see the forest for the trees.

The most complete map can be no more than a flat projection of the ground, but a good one gives a perfect picture in perspective to those who know how to use it. If the trained eye cannot recognize every major feature of the landscape after an

hour's preparatory study of the projection the map is of little value. It must be photographic in its accuracy; delineating, for example, every elevation, where the ordinary map is oblivious of anything less than a mountain range. Obviously, an officer cannot afford to guess at what lies over the hill from him. He should, in fact, be able, by study of the map, to foretell pretty nearly what his opponent will do and where he will go under any given condition. I am as much at home with a land map as an astronomer with his stars. I was map-minded to begin with; West Point gave me a good working course in cartography; I practiced map making as a young officer on the frontier where the country still was only superficially charted, and I have studied maps perpetually out of an innate interest, as well as professional need.

The French and the Germans are the best map-makers in the world, the Germans have written the best military textbooks, and both countries have been the scene of repeated campaigns. For all these reasons we used French and German maps for the most part at the Leavenworth schools and the War College, with the result that many of us found Western Germany, Lorraine and much of France as familiar as the hills and valleys of our boyhood. Much of the effective artillery firing in France in this war was due to the marvelously com-

plete maps made by French topographical engineers in peacetime. We have nothing comparable in America. The only first-rate maps of the United States are those of the Coast and Geodetic Survey and of the Geological Survey. The former has not penetrated far inland and the latter has mapped only sections of the country.

Tiring of fighting all our battles in France and Germany, we shifted occasionally to the Coast and Geodetic maps of the Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut coastal regions. At other times we disguised maps of such Civil War battles as Shiloh with German names, without a student recognizing the operation. For Mexican problems we used Mexican Government maps, which are reasonably good.

WAR COLLEGE STUDY OF CIVIL WAR CAMPAIGNS

On May 1 the War College class was divided into sections and each section assigned to an intensive study of some Virginia, Maryland or Pennsylvania campaign of the Civil War. Papers detailing every movement of troops on both sides were prepared to be read later on the battleground. Then about June 1, the whole class took to the saddle for staff rides over these battlefields. A detachment of negro cavalry from Fort Myer,

across from Washington, took care of the horses, served as orderlies and manned the wagon train which carried our food, camp equipment and personal baggage.

Fredericksburg was the first stop. First reviewing the general nature and purposes of the fight, class and faculty then would follow the course of the battle from point to point. This done, the students were set the problem of what the course of the battle would have been under the changed conditions of modern warfare. The same order was followed on the successive fields of Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomy, Cold Harbor, McClellan's Seven Days' Campaign on the Chickahominy, and Petersburg, with special emphasis on the transfer of Grant's army from Cold Harbor to the south side of the James River, a splendid job of staff work that would have been inconceivable in the early stages of the Civil War. After Petersburg, we rode to the Shenandoah Valley and followed Jackson's valley campaign, then the first and second battles of Bull Run, Antietam, South Mountain and Gettysburg. This concluded the course, but the faculty had to give the balance of the summer to preparing the next year's course of study.

On one staff ride, Colonel Faison, a member of the class, suggested that the distinguished Con-

federate cavalry leader, General Munford, was living at Charlottesville, and that it would be mutually interesting if the veteran should accompany us. General Munford accepted our invitation eagerly and joined us at Fredericksburg. At Chancellorsville he had been with Fitzhugh Lee, whose cavalry brigade had covered Jackson's march against the right flank of Hooker's army. There he led me to a little hill in the angle of the Brock and the Plank roads and showed me where Jackson, whose army was moving up the Brock road, had ridden to the crest of the hill and looked directly down along the length of Howard's lines not 500 yards away. The Northern troops had stacked their arms and were smoking and lounging while the cooks butchered cattle and prepared the evening meal. Jackson ordered Munford and the courier to remain under cover, but he himself stood for five minutes studying the Union positions without being observed. Turning to his courier he ordered him to go back and instruct General Rhodes, commanding the advance of Jackson's column, to continue up the Brock road to the turnpike, where he would join him. Jackson did join Rhodes there and turned his column down the turnpike. Where he would have attacked Howard's corps obliquely, but for his discovery, he

now struck the Union forces in reverse as well as in the flank, and routed them.

Howard's corps, of course, should have seized the hill as an elementary precaution, commanding the two roads as it did. Had they used the observation it offered they would have seen Jackson coming. It was an inexplicable case of negligence, for Howard was a good soldier.

The aged Confederate was greatly touched when the class, Northern and Southern born, alighted in the Wilderness to renew the cairn an earlier class had built of rough stones, to mark the spot where the Confederate general, Jones, fell in the first day of that battle. Each year the children of a near-by school would scatter the stones, knowing nothing of their significance, and each year the class would gather them again into a cairn.

The students needed the trip to send them back to their troops physically and mentally fit after the long winter grind in school. No officer who took these staff rides failed to appreciate their immense advantages mentally and physically.

This is a fragmentary picture of the methods by which the army prepared, as best it could, for the unknown task that lay a brief way ahead of it. The total the treasury has spent on the War College, the Leavenworth schools and all the special-

service schools since 1900, is an inconsiderable item in the Federal budget, and the Government rarely has bought more for so little.

CIVIL WAR MISTAKES AND DIFFICULTIES

There were confusion, waste and bungling in our war effort, but for a proper perspective it should be compared with what we have done in the past. The average literate American understands that the North did not do so well at first in the Civil War, but how and why he never has known or long ago forgot. The Union's floundering in 1861 and 1862 makes a sorry story, but it is not one that the nation should be permitted to forget, for it was characteristic of all our wars until the latest one.

There is no mystery as to why the numerically and mechanically inferior and beleaguered South held off the North so long and defeated greater Union forces so often and so soundly, nor was it due, as romanticists believe, to the fact that the Southrons were a more warlike people. It is true that there was a more militant tradition in the South; the prevalence of military academies below the Potomac is one evidence of that. It is true that there was a more general familiarity with firearms and a distinctly superior horsemanship in the agri-

cultural and baronial South than in the industrial North, and that Dixie had more visibly at stake in the quarrel, but these were superficial advantages. The controlling difference was that the South knew precisely what it was about and had an enlightened military policy as an instrument of its purpose, while the North, betrayed by Buchanan's Administration into an initial disadvantage, sedulously cultivated that disadvantage by its own weakness of will, confusion of purpose and ignorance of the *A B C's* of war.

While Lincoln was making his way incognito to Washington to take oath of office, the Confederate Congress was electing a trained soldier to the presidency and authorizing him to call as many one-year volunteers to the colors as he thought necessary. He called out 100,000. Two months later President Lincoln called out 75,000 militia for three months' service to suppress a force one-third larger and enlisted for four times that term. In less than a year the South, which had gone to war in defense of states' rights as a general policy, abandoned it utterly as a military policy, made Jefferson Davis the powerful executive of a highly centralized government and drafted every able-bodied citizen between eighteen and thirty-five into the army. It never had permitted troops to elect their officers or governors to appoint them above

the grade of captain, and now it took away the appointive power of the state executives entirely. Davis was a graduate of West Point, a veteran of distinction of the Mexican War and a statesman of long service in Senate and Cabinet. He thus was equipped to make intelligent use of his unprecedented wartime powers. The South was more nearly united on the war than was the North, but its solidarity was due as much, I think, to the Confederate Government's stern suppression of dissent as to any unanimity of sentiment among its people. In the North, Lincoln, a novice at arms, although a volunteer in the Black Hawk War, had to lead tactfully into war a nation split into a series of contentious factions, being hampered and bound on every side himself with the restrictions of the Constitution and tradition.

The firing on Fort Sumter found 183 of the Army's 198 companies scattered in 79 different posts on the far frontier, the remaining 15 companies protecting the Atlantic Coast, the Canadian border and manning 23 arsenals. General Twiggs, in command of the Department of Texas, surrendered nearly one-fourth of this army and all the public property in his care to the South on demand. While Buchanan and his Secretary of War, Floyd, sat supinely by, the South seized 235,000 army muskets from various arsenals. Its infantry

was well and uniformly equipped with arms, while Union infantry went to war with flintlocks, old English Enfields, German and Belgian smoothbores and every other relic that could be picked up here or abroad.

In the division of the trained soldiers of the Old Army, it is agreed that the South got much better than an even break in quality, but the more I have studied the Civil War the more I have come to wonder if the true inwardness of this advantage may not have been more that the South knew what to do with its trained soldiers and the North did not. It is true that the Union did not produce, until late in the war, generals comparable, on their records, to Lee, Jackson, Longstreet, the two Johnstons and other Confederate commanders, but was it the fault of the officers or of the system?

Of a total of 900 officers in the Old Army, 269 resigned to join the South and 26 were dismissed for disloyalty. Of these, 182, or 62 per cent, rose to the rank of general officer of the Confederate Army, among them the five great soldiers I have just named. Of the more than 600 officers, numbers of them Southern born, who remained loyal to the Union, only 142, or less than 24 per cent, rose to general-officer rank. More than half of the loyal 600 failed to reach the rank of colonel in the Union Army in a war that lasted four years.

The Union Army, being almost entirely volunteer and no provision having been made for utilizing these trained soldiers to command volunteer troops, several hundred men who had spent their lives preparing themselves for such an emergency were submerged and lost in the welter of state-commissioned and political soldiers, intrigue, wire pulling and military chaos. It was no fault of the Government that the services of Grant, the greatest of the Union commanders, were not lost; he got a commission only by chance that he was known as a former soldier to his neighbors in Galena, Illinois. Is it not likely that other great soldiers sank without trace in the confusion? It is a relatively small detail, but a significant one, that on the Southern side a full general commanded an army, a lieutenant general a corps, a major general a division and a brigadier a brigade, while the North had only major generals and brigadier generals for all four units, and a general commanding in the field had to apply to the governor before an officer of troops of any state could be promoted.

The single battalion of regular infantry and the few companies of regular artillery and squadrons of cavalry in Washington were swamped in the 40,000 or so uniformed citizens that poured confusedly in on the capital. Major Ganoe, in his *History of the United States Army,* has described

HOME AGAIN

GROUP ON THE DECK OF THE AQUITANIA

how the Capitol and other public buildings were turned into barracks for troops that did not know how to take care of themselves in camp and did not have the necessary equipment. A German regiment occupied the floor of the House. Beds were in the corridors, a sergeant sat in the speaker's chair, murals were defaced, members' desks broken up and the Congressional hall given over to pillage and abuse. Uncontrolled drunkenness made the residents of Washington more fearful of friend than of enemy. The farmer colonel and the apothecary major in many cases strutted in bar and lobby, drew their pay and did not go near their regiments for weeks. It is possible that they earned their wages better by their absence.

Already the country had spent in these few months enough to have supported a sufficient trained force for the ten years preceding. Recruiting posters promised that "as this regiment is to be constantly garrisoned in the forts around Washington, those anxious to enter the service will find in it the inestimable advantage of exemption from the hardships incidental to camp life." The first of the three months' soldiers quit and went home. General Patterson, who had occupied Harper's Ferry, then been forced to abandon it, tried to rally his men to remain beyond their enlistment period. He finally got to an Irish regiment and made a pow-

erful appeal to them, knowing the Irish character very well. He carried them with a sort of shout, but hardly had he turned his back when they holloed out, "Shoes and pants! Shoes and pants!" Soldiers turned out for drill whether and as they pleased. Pay was irregular, supplies scanty and orders were given only to be countermanded. The Quartermaster, Commissary and Ordnance Departments had neither means of supply nor subordinate officers who knew their duties. The men ate and drank unwisely, knew not even how to care for their feet, sanitation was that of a picnic ground, and sickness and disability got in their work at once.

It was with such a paper force of 30,000 men that McDowell, an able soldier, was given, on eight days' notice, the task of marching against Beauregard at Bull Run and defeating him before Joseph E. Johnston, whom Patterson was supposed to be keeping busy in the Shenandoah Valley, could join Beauregard. His raw army carried everything it could pack as it left Washington and threw most of it away the first day as the heat and physical effort told. Men fell out when they felt like it to rest their feet, get a drink of water or raid a vegetable patch. Mixed in with the amateur army were the wagons of sutlers—the army's refreshment concessionaires—picnic parties of con-

gressmen and their ladies in barouches and carrying opera glasses for a better view of the show, and a strange assortment of other sight-seers and camp followers in carts, on horseback and afoot. En route, Tyler, commanding one brigade, attacked without orders at Blackburn's Ford, was whipped, with no reassuring effect on the army, and forced McDowell to shift his plan from an attack on the Confederate right flank to a left-flank operation. An infantry regiment and a battery of militia turned for home in mid-March, their three months' term being up. These misadventures, together with his lack of proper maps or guides, forced McDowell to stop for two days, permitting Johnston, who had no reason to fear the impotent Patterson, to leave Winchester with his 6,000 men and join Beauregard on the evening of the twentieth.

McDowell's was the caricature of an army, yet the Southern forces were little better. That little lay partly in the fact that Virginia always had taken its militia seriously and had much the best trained and disciplined state troops, South or North. Jackson commanded a brigade of four Virginia state infantry regiments in position on Henry House hill, and J. E. B. Stuart commanded the Virginia cavalry, a body of long tradition and excellent horsemanship. The relative excellence of these partially trained troops and the accidental

arrival of General E. Kirby Smith's command of 4,000, who, hearing the sound of battle, leaped from the train on the Manassas Gap railway bringing them from the valley, and attacked the right flank of the Federal advance, saved the day for the South.

At first the Union Army came on awkwardly but determinedly, and by McDowell's good generalship turned the flank of the Confederate Army of equal strength entrenched in strong position of its own choosing. It was when Jackson held his brigade firmly in hand on Henry House hill in the face of destructive fire, while other confederate forces were going to pieces around him, that Bernard E. Bee pointed to Jackson and shouted to his men, "Look! There stands Jackson like a stone wall," giving to Thomas Jonathan Jackson the name by which he was known ever afterward, and rallying his own men by Stonewall's example.

McDowell alone had rifled field guns and his artillery could have shelled Jackson off the hill and won the battle, but through some fool order two batteries of twelve rifled guns galloped on the charge to within 200 to 300 yards of Jackson's position and prepared to go into action front with open sights. Stonewall's men rose and shot them to pieces with one volley. Turning the captured cannon on McDowell's army, they began his rout.

At first the Union forces merely quit and walked off in disgust. They had suffered a loss of only 5 per cent and were not disorganized, but the captured artillery set off the panic that turned the repulse into a disgraceful flight, covered by the one battalion of regulars. Five or six regiments of seasoned regulars would have destroyed the Southern Army, but it was just as well for the North, under the circumstances, that there were no such regulars, for in the long run the Union was the victor of Bull Run.

It rallied the amazed North to action as nothing else could have done, and deceived the South into underrating the resolution and potential power of the Union. Numbers of Confederate soldiers went home after Bull Run, convinced that the North had been taught its lesson. McClellan now took command of the Federal forces and began the job of building a serious army, a greater task than that of Washington at the outset of the Revolution, for some 300,000 troops of one sort or another were collected in the East now, with only 5,000 regulars to train and season them. Such a lassitude fell over the South that volunteering had to be abandoned. For a year both sides skirmished and trained without a real clash. Jefferson Davis was not idle, personally overseeing the mobilization of the South's limited industries in order to supply

his armies with arms, munitions, clothing and everything needful to war in earnest.

STAFF OF FIRST ARMY CORPS, A. E. F.

If this digression into history has contrasted 1861 with 1917 for the reader, it will have justified itself handsomely, and I shall return to staffs. In picturing a staff I naturally fall back upon the one I knew best, that of the First Army Corps. The staff of an army corps consists of only 54 officers and 415 men, though the First Corps commanded as many men as the combined armies of Lee and Meade at Gettysburg. The chief of staff has under him three chiefs of sections—the G-1 in charge of supply, the G-2 in charge of information and the G-3 in charge of operations—each with the necessary commissioned and enlisted assistants. My chief of staff, Malin Craig, was an Army boy, reared in posts, and a graduate of West Point, the Leavenworth schools and the War College. By diligent study and native ability he had made of himself one of the most accomplished officers in the Army, regardless of rank. I first knew him when he was aide-de-camp to General J. Franklin Bell. Later he was a student in my War College classes, then an assistant instructor. Soon after I was assigned to the command of the Forty-first

Division, Craig appeared in San Francisco and announced that he was going to be my chief of staff. I had not yet asked for one, but I could not have imagined a better. When I was given command of the First Corps, with the necessity of organizing a corps staff, I naturally asked that Craig accompany me as chief. In two years in Europe he never had a day's rest and he never saw Paris except the one night we slept at a hotel there on our way to the British front. The same was true of most of his staff.

He chose as his G-1 Major George Grunert, on the recommendation of General Frank McCoy at G. H. Q. and of General Harbord. Grunert, who was thirty-eight in 1918, had enlisted at eighteen in Battery B of the Second Field Artillery on the outbreak of the Spanish War and won a commission in 1901. Although he was unknown to Craig or me, he had acquired a military reputation that spoke for him. Harbord had served with him in the Eleventh Cavalry and spoke glowingly of his ability. A G-1 really is the general business manager of his unit, and in the Corps and later in the Third Army, Grunert proved himself a business executive of the first rank. Able men who are not loyal are not uncommon in the Army, loyal men who are not able are more frequent; not many combine ability and loyalty in the proportions that

Major Grunert did. He is serving now on the General Staff at Washington.

Our G-2, or intelligence officer, Major Richard H. Williams, also was a stranger to us, who came on the recommendation of G. H. Q.

Williams was the hero of the secret-service story I told in the previous chapter. Like Grunert, he was an enlisted man in the Spanish War, serving in the New Jersey National Guard and winning a war commission and later a Regular Army commission on his record in Cuba and the Philippines. Like Grunert, he is serving on the General Staff at Washington to-day. He was indefatigable and indispensable and had a special genius for his job. What he and his organization did not find out about the enemy was not worth finding out. He was affectionately known to his messmates as "Houdini" by virtue of the gum-shoed mystery with which he cloaked his operations, and they told many yarns at his expense. One of these stories concerned General Neville, who commanded the Marine Brigade at St.-Mihiel. Marine officers affect an overcoat more gaudy than their Army brothers. Neville's men had just driven the enemy out of a village, and the general, setting out to inspect the captured position, hung his new overcoat on the door of a dugout for the better freedom of his legs. Williams happening along, on the

alert as always to identify the enemy units against us, spied the overcoat and failed to recognize it as American issue. He cut off one brocaded sleeve, carried the sleeve back and, after a minute examination, pronounced it evidence of an Austrian division. General Neville meanwhile was demanding, with Marine emphasis, of his brigade what infernal vandal had mutilated his new coat.

I do not vouch for the story, but I do for another about Williams. Before the attack on the Argonne we were anxious to know precisely what troops the enemy had in the forest. We had identified a second-rate Landwehr division there several days before, and it was necessary to know whether this unit still held the line or had been replaced by a crack division. Every effort failed, but about twenty-four hours before the attack the G-2 of the Liberty Division telephoned Williams that a German had been killed and was lying in front of their lines. Williams directed them to recover the body at all hazards, and they pulled it in after dark, but reported that there was not a single item of identification on the body; everything had been removed from the soldier's clothing before the raid, as a precaution. Williams refused to be satisfied with the report and ordered the divisional G-2 to rip the clothing apart at every seam. Doing so, they found the round rubber

stamp of a clothing depot on the inside of the lining of the coat, and sent it to Williams. Our Intelligence knew that in the methodical German Army every organization had its own clothing depot, and a list of these depots was in our hands. By means of this list Williams identified the dead man as a member of the Landwehr division previously noted in the forest, and the attack plans were not changed.

Our first G-3 was Stuart Heintzelman, whose grandfather was a distinguished corps commander in the Union Army. An Army boy and West Point graduate, I had known him for years. He was forty-two in 1918, the primest age for war for officers above the rank of company commander, but he was too good for us to keep. Shortly he was promoted to be chief of staff of the Fourth Corps and then to be chief of staff of the Second Army. He was succeeded by Major Barber, who was followed by Colonel Montgomery, promoted to that rank while with us for conspicuous service in the Meuse-Argonne. Part of the Thirty-fifth Division was being hard pressed by a formidable German counter attack near Baulny on September 28. Montgomery, who happened to be at the front, dropped his staff duties, gathered an emergency force of engineers and led them to the rescue of

the line troops, saving the situation. Twice American engineers had been called into a breach in British emergencies, but this was the only time we had to turn our engineers to combat duty. Just before the Thirty-fifth Division was relieved its divisional engineers were serving in the front line, replacing the division's heavy casualties. Montgomery became G-3 of that Third Army which did not exist on November 15 and which marched 350,000 men 70 kilometers toward the Rhine on November 17 without a hitch.

The office of G-4, dealing with supplies, transport, labor and hospitals, properly is a field-army staff section, but until the First Army was organized, Major John L. DeWitt served with the First Corps as G-4. When I took command of the First Army later, I was reunited with him. DeWitt, who was thirty-eight in 1918, was an Army boy, the son of a military surgeon. Although not a West Point man, he was a graduate of all the higher Army schools. I first remember him clearly when he was a young lieutenant of infantry serving as aide-de-camp to General William Carter. I was adjutant general of the Lakes Department at the time and I attended maneuvers near Fort Benjamin Harrison at Laurence, Indiana, where Carter commanded. I noticed that the general re-

lied so heavily on his aide that he assigned to the young lieutenant any job that no one else seemed capable of doing, and the latter's earnestness and skill in doing these tasks left a lasting impression on me. DeWitt also is serving on the General Staff to-day.

My corps adjutant general, Major William A. Haverfield I have spoken of elsewhere. He was the former sergeant major of cavalry who was given a lieutenant's commission in 1917 and whose most cherished ambition was to return to his old First Cavalry after the war as captain and adjutant. He got the job. A regimental sergeant major is the adjutant's right-hand man; frequently he is the actual adjutant, and Haverfield knew the paper work of that office as few officers ever did. During the later stages of our advance from the Marne to the Vesle my advanced headquarters were at Fère-en-Tardenois while the adjutant general's force and the other noncombatants of the second echelon remained six miles or so in the rear, where shell fire would not interfere with their work. The Germans suspected that some headquarters would be found at Fère-en-Tardenois and shelled it persistently. From his headquarters, Haverfield could see the shells plopping about us and he protested to me that there was no excuse for taking

such chances. That was his way of showing that he was angry because he was not permitted to move up with us.

My original aide, Captain James G. Ord, son of a famous Army family, was a West Point graduate and a soldier by career. To restrict him to aide duties in a great war would have prejudiced his future, and I insisted that he go into the various sections of the staff and learn the duties of all. One day Frank McCoy, former White House aide and close friend of General Leonard Wood, telephoned me from G. H. Q. that he had a likely aide for me, a young field artillery lieutenant from a training camp, in civil life a Boston lawyer. I went to Chaumont to have a look, and P. L. Stackpole became my personal aide for the balance of the war. I have had many aides in my time, but never his equal. A Harvard graduate, a successful lawyer and a man of mature mind, he not only was a thoroughly efficient aide but an admirable companion. It means a great deal to a general officer in war to have as his only close companion a man of education, character and culture who can talk more than shop. Stackpole was of the highest type of young Americans who served as officers in the war. He had an intuitive social sense, which I lack, and a shrewd judgment of men, and he took

off my hands the social responsibilities of my position which, in serving with the French, are most important.

MOBILE MAP FACTORIES, A. E. F.

As G-2, Williams was in charge of maps, and he had a rolling factory on motor trucks that turned out maps as Detroit makes automobiles. As an old soldier and map student, I never had seen anything like it. Lieutenant Colonel Alexander, now a member of the faculty at West Point, was the G-2-C, or map officer, at G. H. Q. He had under him a Major Kirby of the Engineer Corps, a temporary officer from the Coast and the Geodetic and the Geological Surveys. Major Kirby was the designer of these mobile map factories, and one outfit was loaned to Williams for try-out purposes. No one was able to shake him loose from it thereafter, and when it caught fire from a short circuit and burned one afternoon at Moucheton Château, Williams scurried up another in three days. Maps were made from airplane and ground observation and from every other conceivable source of information, photographed onto a plate and reproduced in several colors with amazing speed, although each color necessitated a separate printing. A Lieutenant Taylor, also a Coast

and Geodetic Survey man, was the expert G-2-C in immediate charge of our rolling plant, with trained men from lithograph houses as his helpers. Every sergeant and corporal of the line, as well as all officers, went into battle with these maps, which not only were excellent projections, but carried such warnings as "machine-gun nest here," "this trench will be empty," "this trench lightly held," and "this trench heavily manned." Every sergeant of front-line troops was given an oblique photograph of the country immediately ahead of him, taken by aerial photographers. At St.-Mihiel I don't think any one in a combat unit lacked one of the 1/20,000 scale maps printed by Taylor and his men. They always turned them out in quantities beyond First Corps needs. General Pershing happened into Fifth Division headquarters one day, saw a stack of photograph maps in a corner and demanded to know why they had not been distributed. He learned that the heap was the surplus after every one had been supplied. Besides the rolling plants, we had a base plant at Chaumont, which was the greatest map-reproduction establishment in Europe, equipped with apparatus undreamed of by the French.

ARTILLERY CORPS AND ORDNANCE, A. E. F.

No picture of the A. E. F. would be complete without a glance in closing at the auxiliaries and other arms that supported the man with the rifle. The artillery corps of our Old Army was a small body of experts as highly trained as the technical staff of an industry; it was schooled overseas with the French, who since Napoleon's time have been the world's supreme artillerists, and it fought with French guns, all excellent, and using the 75 field gun, the most efficient man-killing machine ever designed. Under the plan formulated by General March when he was Chief of Artillery of the A. E. F., none of our artillery was permitted to join its division or other unit until it had completed a stiff schooling in France that included practical firing. Thirty-one divisional brigades of artillery, seven regiments of corps artillery—7,500 officers and 197,000 men in all—were trained in these camps. The railroad artillery, only two brigades of which received its equipment, manned 9.4-inch, 7.6-inch, 12.6-inch, 13.4-inch and 16-inch guns, all mounted on railway trucks. It likewise trained with the French.

Our Ordnance Department, which manufactures and buys arms and ammunition at home, had no factories in France, operating only repair, erec-

tion and charging plants and mobile repair shops. From very small beginnings, Ordnance grew to a strength of 1,803 officers and 12,205 men in France. It bought of the French, 1,978 75's, 814 155-howitzers, 346 155-cannon, 40,000 Chauchat automatic rifles and 4,658 Hotchkiss machine guns. From England it purchased 2,550 Stokes 3-inch mortars, 209 8-inch howitzers and 559 Newton 6-inch mortars, with the necessary ammunition. From France it bought and delivered to our Army 10,000,000 rounds of 75 ammunition and 1,250,000 rounds of 155 shells. Later we replaced the French Hotchkiss and the Chauchat rifle with heavy and light Brownings of our own manufacture—the best machine gun that appeared in the war. We had 93,000 Browning machine guns and 75,000 Browning automatic rifles at the end of the war, but with inconsiderable exceptions our artillery fired French and British guns to the last.

We were distinctly better off for rifles, having 600,000 late-model Springfields, the best military rifle extant, and ample ammunition in our arsenals when we entered the war. All our divisions went across with their own rifles, though some had to be equipped with obsolescent Krag-Jorgensens temporarily. Divisions that trained with the British used the English Enfield rifle for the time being, because of the difference in ammunition.

SIGNAL CORPS, A. E. F.

The Signal Corps of the A. E. F., which was charged with all forms of signaling and communications, grew to a strength of 1,462 officers, 33,038 men and 323 civilians. The field signal battalions, one of which was attached to each army, corps and division, made up the bulk of the organization. Telegraph battalions took care of wire communications to and in the rear. The corps also operated radio, press and intercept stations at the front, a weather bureau, cared for the carrier pigeons and ran the general photographic service. That we have a photographic record of the army in the Civil War was due almost entirely to the enterprise of a single commercial photographer, Matthew Brady. In this war, for the first time, the Army made the task its own.

MEDICAL CORPS, A. E. F.

On November 11 there were 16,407 medical officers, 8,500 nurses and 126,231 enlisted men serving in the Medical Corps of the A. E. F., and as many more at home waiting for transport. Many of the finest surgeons, physicians and specialists in America volunteered their services and were given positions of responsibility commensurate with their

reputation. Fortunately, a good physician and surgeon in peace is no less able in war; it is one of the very few instances in which a volunteer enters the service full-fledged. The corps was divided into two sections, that which served with the troops and that stationed at fixed establishments. Each division had a sanitary train of four ambulance companies and four field hospitals, with a combined strength of 50 officers and 901 men. In addition, each regiment had its own medical personnel of 7 surgeons and 48 enlisted men. Each army corps had its sanitary train of three ambulance companies and three field hospitals and each army a train of four of both.

When an American soldier was wounded on the line he walked or was carried by regimental litter bearers to the battalion or regimental first-aid station close up behind the line. From there he walked or was carried to an ambulance bandaging station at the nearest point to which motor ambulances could approach. The next step was the sorting station of the nearest divisional field hospital, where the less serious cases were held. The more seriously wounded were divided among the three field tent hospitals of a division and from there the hospital train of the corps, reënforced if necessary by the army hospital train, transported the wounded to hospitals far in the rear, such as

that at Mans, with 700 buildings covering a ground space of 33 acres. The chief surgeon of an army commanded two evacuation hospitals of 500 to 1,000 beds each, with the necessary hospital trains. The medical department bought nineteen hospital trains in England and two in France, each capable of transporting 300 to 400 stretcher cases. Other hospital trains were borrowed from the French when possible. At the height of the Meuse-Argonne battle we were using forty-five borrowed trains, so heavy were our casualties. In that battle the late Colonel Alexander Stark, chief surgeon of the First Army, commanded a medical personnel of 30,000 officers, nurses and men.

The week ending November 7 saw the greatest hospital roll in the A. E. F., with 190,888 beds occupied. At that time we had 283,553 beds in all in 153 base and 66 camp hospitals and 12 convalescent camps. By mid-December the number of beds had increased to 297,000 and construction under way would have brought the capacity to 550,000 beds.

I never heard of a case of typhoid fever, and, of course, there was no smallpox—the two scourges of our army in the past. Only influenza caused a serious rise in the death rate. Four out of five wounds that would have entailed amputation or death from septic poisoning or shock in the Civil

War were healed quickly and permanently. The wound from which Stonewall Jackson died would have been a trivial surgical case in this war; Albert Sidney Johnston bled to death at Shiloh from a wound in the leg that any first-aid station would have stanched to-day.

ENGINEERING WORK, A. E. F.

Our Army Engineers before the war consisted of a few officers and about 2,000 men, principally engaged on civil work such as the dredging of rivers and harbors. Under the leadership of General Jadwin, one of the builders of the Panama Canal, the corps grew to a force of 150,000, including 33,000 civilian employees—most of them Europeans—and 17,000 German prisoners. Hitherto I have foregone end-to-end statistics, but the buildings erected in France by our engineers, reduced to standard barrack width, would have reached from St.-Nazaire on the Atlantic to the River Elbe in mid-Germany. Port facilities, railroads, warehouses, hospitals, barracks and highways were its principal constructions. The road-service section, working entirely in the advanced zones, employed 28,250 men at the close of the war. At the front the digging, wire stringing and all preparation of defensive positions, as well as road and

bridge building, were planned and carried out by engineers, sappers and pioneers, with emergency help from line troops.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERVICE

The Chemical Warfare Service was born in July, 1917, when the Engineering Corps was charged with the task of supplying personnel and material for gas and flame offensive operations and the Medical Corps ordered to organize the Army's defense against these weapons. The Thirtieth Regiment of Engineers was transferred to the new service as its nucleus. In it were organized two Stokes mortar companies and four cylinder and Livens projector companies, gas having been discharged originally by means of projectors. In the later stages gas-filled shells fired by the light artillery played a more important rôle than projector gas waves, which had to wait on wind conditions. Twenty per cent of all artillery projectiles being made in the United States were gas-charged in the fall of 1918 and this proportion was to have been increased in January, 1919.

In September, 1917, the Chemical Warfare Service was made an independent organization under the command of Lieutenant Colonel—later General—Fries, who still commands it; the origi-

nal regiment was increased and the service changed with both offensive and defensive problems. In June, 1918, a Chemical Warfare Service was created at home and Colonel Fries' command became the overseas division, with an authorized strength of 1,315 officers and 17,205 men, which was never realized, however. In the infantry, regimental and battalion gas officers were selected from the line by their unit commanders and sent to a gas school at Chaumont. It was necessary to buy 400,000 gas masks in England before American factories got into production.

By the end of the war the A. E. F. had on hand 1,850,000 masks, 4,095 projectors, 36,000 Livens cylinders and 39,105 Stokes trench-mortar bombs filled with Aquinite and Collongite, villainously burning Greek fire-like compounds. Six companies of the First Gas Regiment operated with the First Army in the Meuse-Argonne, where they used against the enemy 1,185 Stokes smoke bombs, 1,345 Thermite bombs, 489 gas bombs and 236 Livens cylinders from which both gas and high explosives were discharged.

TANKS—ALLIED AND AMERICAN

The tank was the mechanical contribution of the British to the war, although it was conceived, I

believe, by an American. The first German infantry to encounter them swarmed over them like hornets on a rhinoceros, beating at the steel sides with gun butts and trying to stab their bayonets into the vents. The enemy never succeeded either in devising a satisfactory answer to the tank or in perfecting a dependable tank of their own. One of their anti-tank weapons was an elephant gun that frequently broke the shoulder of the man who fired it. The Thirty-fifth Division captured a hundred or more of these at Cheppy.

When we entered the war the French had two types of tanks, the St.-Chamond and the Schneider, both inferior. In 1917 they began building a lighter and much improved type, the Renault. Our command selected as a model what was practically a Renault, somewhat larger and motored with Liberty engines. We also adapted to our own use as many Renaults as we could buy from the French. General Rockenbach was made head, in December, 1917, of an organization that called for five battalions of heavy tanks and twenty battalions of the light type, with repair, salvage, depot and training units, the latter making up one-quarter of the corps strength. All tank forces were classified as G. H. Q. troops, to be allotted as needed.

The tank organization of a field army, on paper,

was 750 heavy and 1,450 light machines, but we got nowhere with this program. None would arrive from the United States before 1919, and our Allies could not make them fast enough for their own use. The French did undertake, however, to equip two of our battalions with 72 light tanks each. and the British allotted 69 heavy tanks to one of our battalions, with the proviso that this unit should be attached to a British Army for operations. These three battalions were our only tank units to fight, the heavy with the British, the light with us at St.-Mihiel and the Meuse-Argonne.

In the latter battle the tanks did particularly well, but suffered heavily. I noticed eight or ten in the Aire Valley, knocked out by direct hits from German guns, some possibly accidental, but most of them from point-blank-aimed cannon. When the great attack of November 1 came, only 16 out of the 144 were fit for service. Where these new weapons were used in close combination with the infantry, artillery and air service they were very valuable, smashing the enemy wire, rooting out machine-gun nests and bullying the German infantry. Service in these rolling forts was so strenuous that the crews had to be relieved daily. The tank has a great future in war.

A. E. F. AIR SERVICE

From our entry into the war and up to November 11, the A. E. F. received 6,364 airplanes, about evenly divided between service and training types. Of these 4,874 were French, 258 were British, 19 Italian and 1,213 American-made De Havilands, an English model poorly regarded by our pilots, and powered with the Liberty motor. The first of these planes reached France in May, 1918.

We graduated 2,200 pilots from the Air School at Issoudun, 279 pilots and 328 observers for bombardment from the Clermont school, 876 pilots from a school at Tours, 400 observers from the Châtillon-sur-Seine school and 150 artillery observers at artillery-training centers. There were two categories of pilots and observers. The first class comprised those who already possessed flying experience and were graduates of aviation training camps at home; the second was made up of men recruited from other arms of the A. E. F., the Air Service being open to transfer from any branch. The latter received their elementary instructions either at French schools or at Tours. Both classes were further instructed at Issoudun, except those designated for bombardment work, who were sent to Clermont.

Twenty pursuit squadrons, six day-bombard-

ment squadrons, one night-bombing squadron, eighteen army and corps squadrons and three instruction squadrons were in service by November 11. Twelve of the forty-eight squadrons flew American De Havilands. The Allies—British, French, Italian and American—at the end of the war had planes capable of bombing every important German city, and had the war gone into 1919 it would have been done. A dose was in preparation for Berlin when the Armistice was signed. As it was, our bombers executed 150 raids on military objectives and dropped 115 tons of high explosives. In all, we shot down 753 planes and 71 balloons and lost 357 planes in action. Incidentally, our photographing planes took 18,000 negatives of enemy positions.

For balloon materials we were independent of our Allies. The first American balloon company appeared on the front in Lorraine in February, 1918. When the First Army was organized fifteen American balloon companies, all of which had seen service with our divisions and corps, were assigned to the Army, supplemented by ten French balloon units. At the end thirty-five companies were in action with 295 balloons, all but twenty American made.

QUARTERMASTER CORPS AND ADJUTANT GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT

The Quartermaster Corps was a unit of the vast Service of Supply, and in addition to its usual tasks of supply and transportation, it was intrusted with the remount, veterinary, and baggage services, salvage and graves registration, including military cemeteries. From an advance guard of sixteen officers and twelve field clerks and enlisted men who landed at Liverpool in June, 1917, it grew to a force of 4,229 officers and 96,541 men, not including the 600 officers and 18,000 men transferred to motor transport and about 300 officers and 13,000 men shifted to the general transportation department.

The Adjutant General's Department is the paper-work organization of the Army, intrusted with all records, the drawing up of administrative orders, the settlement of personnel questions, examinations, promotions, printing, identification, recruiting and prisoner records. It is the coördinating link between all other departments of the Army. Its peak strength was 58 officers and 700 men attached to G. H. Q., supervising the work of the field adjutants. The department does not exist in the French Army, its functions being performed by the office of the Minister of War.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT

The Judge Advocate General's Department is organized in five sections and is the Army's legal, judicial and police bureau. The first section had to do with general questions of military law and administration, the application of war legislation and questions of naturalization and repatriation. The second supervised the work of field judge advocates, reviewed court-martial proceedings, sat in review on disciplinary questions and all matters concerning the administration of military justice. The third section was concerned solely with those convictions by military courts that involved dishonorable discharge of men, the dismissal of officers or the death penalty. The American Army had not been long in France before the power of enforcing the death penalty, no matter how flagrant the crime, was made subject to the approval of Washington, and that rarely was given. Although the understood penalty in all armies for desertion in the face of the enemy is death, the United States always has been chary, to the point of sentimentality, in enforcing the law. With 190,000 desertions in the Union Army in the Civil War, the penalty was inflicted on just seven luckless soldiers.

Offenses that would send a man to the guard-

house for a short tour in time of peace were punished by fines in France. Although our soldier, at a dollar a day, is the best paid in the world, he is so accustomed to spending that he is highly sensitive in the pocketbook, and fines were an effective measure of discipline. More serious offenders were assigned to disciplinary battalions organized in each division and were kept at hard labor with the division both at the front and in rest camps. Only in emergency were they permitted to fight alongside their comrades. It took a grave offense to send a man to a military prison in the rear. Most of such jail cases were A. W. O. L., strays picked up by the military police and men who had committed civil crimes among the French. Many of these were desperate characters, gangsters and gunmen, and the grief of the sob sisters over the victims of Hard Boiled Smith and other A. E. F. jailers was as maudlin as a Chicago jury's. These men were not to be controlled by kind words and embroidered mottoes.

The fourth section of the Judge Advocate General's Department concerned itself with the legal aspects of army finance, pay, contracts, accounts, claims, allowances, insurance, workmen's compensation, and the like, and the fifth dealt with questions of international law, the interpretation of treaties and agreements, our relations with the Al-

lied and enemy governments, and military occupation of enemy territory.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL'S DEPARTMENT

The Inspector General's Department, organized by General Washington in 1775, is the oldest staff department in our Army and its sphere extends over every branch of military affairs except purely tactical and strategic operations. It is the eye of the commanding general multiplied many times. Inspectors served with every division and corps and kept the high command informed daily of how orders were being carried out, the discipline and morale of the troops and the competency of their officers. The Divisional Inspectors General kept in close personal touch with the troops on the eve of battle, during battle and as they were being relieved, reporting to G. H. Q. only such facts as they observed personally. Other inspectors were detailed on special investigations. They are most useful members of an army, but unloved, I fear.

THE PROVOST MARSHAL AND MILITARY POLICE

A Provost Marshal General, functioning under the first section of the General Staff, commanded the military police, who controlled traffic and main-

tained order in all American areas, the Prisoners of War Escort Companies and the Criminal Investigation Department.

ARMY SERVICE DESERVES REWARD

The Army deserves well of the country. The chief of staff, General Summerall, speaking informally to the House Military Committee recently, said so well some things about the service that I shall quote them as a benediction.

"The Army exacts all that an officer can give in peace and it may take his life in war," he said. "The Government should recognize this and give it a status in accordance with its mission, with what it has done in the past, is doing to-day and may have to do again in spite of all our efforts to avoid it. No man can command successfully American soldiers or officers unless they have confidence in his sense of justice. The Government, above all, must show them that it treats them according to reasonable standards of justice. You cannot treat any man unjustly without arousing in him a sense of bitterness, resentment and antagonism that will injure whatever native ability he may have. You can apply it to your business or your professions and the result always will be the same. While we can not pay in money for the services of an army, there are many things more prized by the soldier than

money, property or civic rights and power. Among the basic elements of human nature are ambition and a sense of justice. These are the stuff of business efficiency and they are no less indispensable in the military service. All countries have adopted a system of military grades, thus giving to each officer an opportunity to rise to a position commensurate with his ability, age and length of service. This is called 'promotion' and 'rank.' Relative to the high positions of civil life, such rewards are small, but they are more precious to the soldier than any material consideration.

"An illustration comes to me. When I was a second lieutenant I served as aide-de-camp to a general officer. He was one of the finest soldiers and most dominant characters I ever have known, and if I have been able to apply knowledge of the profession of arms to any degree, it is very largely because of his example and principles. He was a distinguished officer of the Civil War, in command of an artillery brigade. He lingered many years after in the grade of field officer and toward the end of his life he was made a brigadier general. It was a very parsimonious reward to be doled out to a man whose services to his country had been inestimable. He fell ill in 1917, in very advanced years, and Congress passed one of those humane pieces of legislation that are further reaching in effect than you gentlemen know. It permitted three officers on the retired list of Civil War service, of whom he was one, to become major generals without increase

in pay. I was in the War Department when I heard of it, and I took his commission immediately to the Secretary of War and to the President and asked them to sign it. Then I carried it to his home, where he was lying unconscious, death close at hand. Standing over his bed, I said, 'General, I have brought you your commission as a major general.' Consciousness came to him and he looked at me with complete recognition. He clasped the roll to his breast, a tear trickled down his cheek and he died while I was in the room. That piece of paper was the realization of a life's ambition. I repeat, to maintain an unhappy army of low morale would be the greatest extravagance in which the Government could indulge."

Money and machinery are the two panaceas of our national medicine chest. Neither can defend liberty, except incidentally, for only men worthy of liberty are equal to its defense. A nation that is rich, vain and unprotected only provokes war and hastens its own ruin; the richer it is, the more it tempts the envy of poorer, sterner peoples; the richer it is, the more likely its people are to be soft, indolent and arrogant. Nor have mere numbers ever saved a nation grown effeminate. It never troubles the wolf, Vergil observed two thousand years ago, how many the sheep be.

As with men, so with nations; it is the fate of the indolent and the timid to see their rights be-

come the prey of the active and the bold. Or, as John Philpot Curran put it: "The condition upon which God has given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which condition, if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt."

THE END

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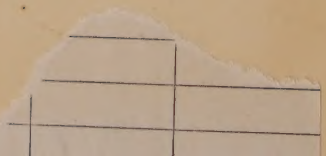
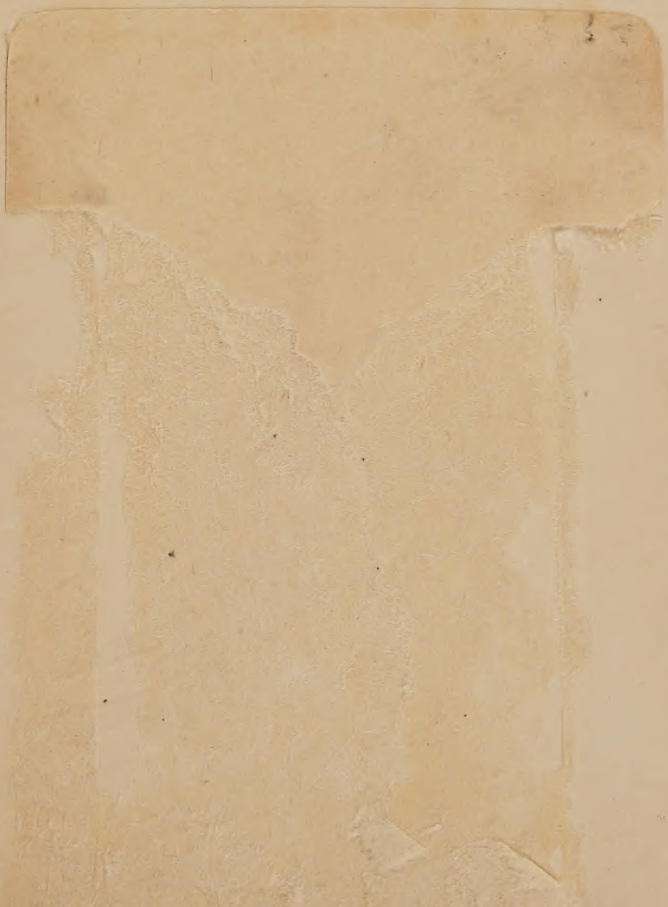
RONALD L. SCOTT

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